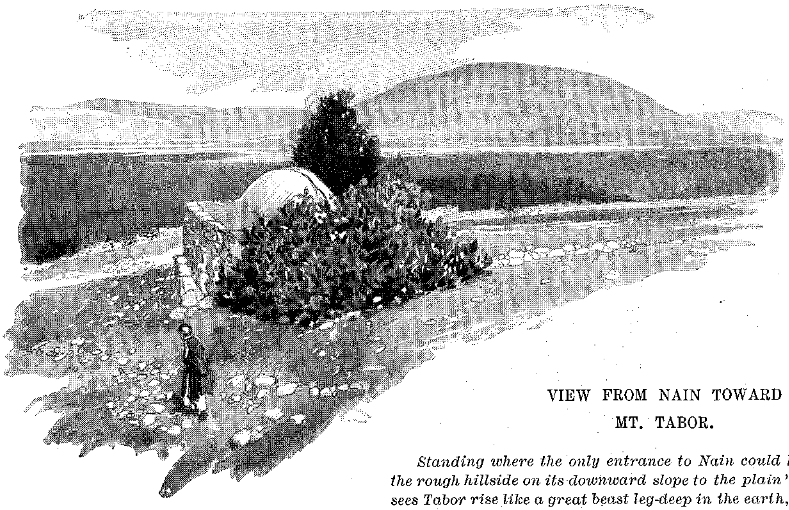
McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XIV. MARCH, 1900. No. 5.



VIEW FROM NAIN TOWARD MT. TABOR.

Standing where the only entrance to Nain could have been, "on the rough hillside on its downward slope to the plain" (Stanley), one sees Tabor rise like a great beast leg-deep in the earth, its round back immobile against the sky. The plain of Esdraelon almost ends here, narrowing to comparatively small arms that meet the hills bordering the Jordan valley. But just before one, on the farther plain, at the foot of the mountain, was fought the first great battle of the series that have made Esdraelon the fighting ground of the nations. The battle was between Barak and Sisera, whose armies occupied the sides of Tabor and the plain below respectively. The list is long: the Eastern Bedouins (Midianites) harassing the brethren of Gideon, the defeat of Saul on Gilboa, Pharaoh's invasion, the Syrians, the Maccabees, the Romans, the Crusaders, and, lastly, Napoleon! Warring for thirty centuries, with a few intervals of repose.—Artist's Note.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

PART III.—THE CALLING OF THE DISCIPLES.—THE BEGINNING OF JESUS' MINISTRY.

WHEN Jesus had been baptized and had been tempted, He returned to the place where a multitude gathered to the Baptist and were waiting for the revelation of the Messiah. Perhaps we do no injustice to the Prophet in supposing that he expected some visible display or some conspicuous act on the part of the Master. It seemed fitting that Jesus should declare Himself on a large scale, and His servants, for the most part,

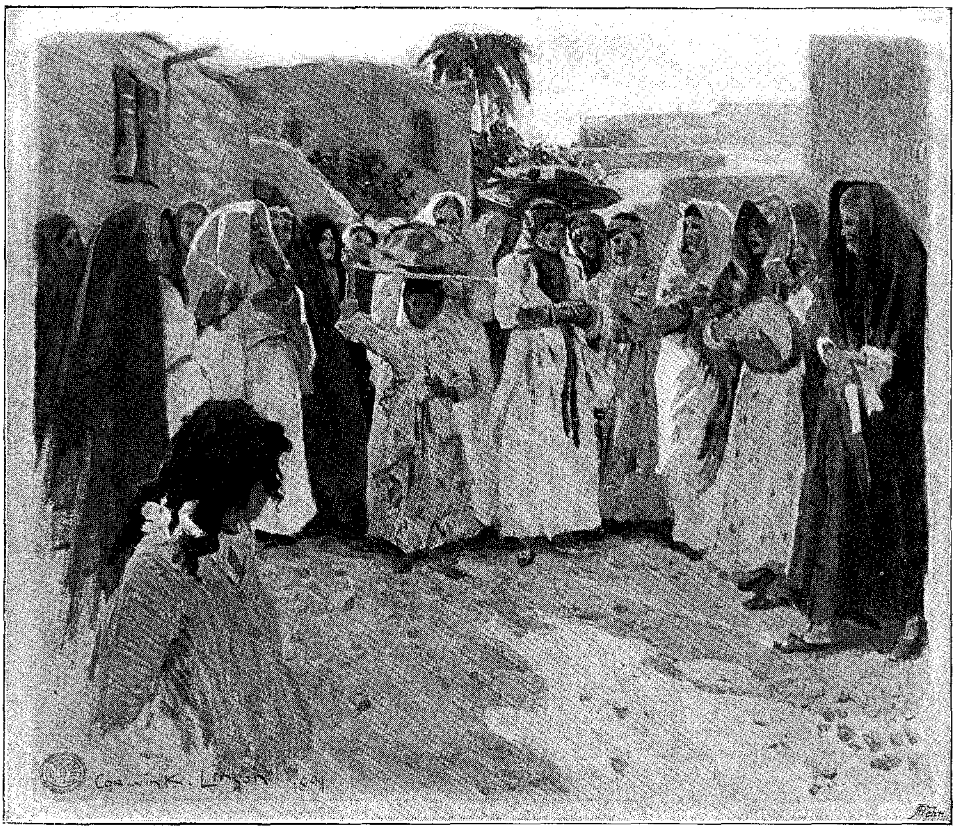
THE TESTIMONY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST (opposite page).—*John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world! This is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man who is preferred before me.*—John i. 29-30. John has been preaching and baptizing. About him are some of those "priests and Levites" of the Pharisees, sent from Jerusalem, like spies, to question him and report upon him. Suddenly, a figure is seen approaching. Jesus has returned from the scenes of his temptation, and John turns abruptly:—"That *He* should be made manifest, am I come. This is the Son of God!" The raiment of John—"of camel's hair and a leathern girdle"—indicates the dress of the Bedouin. Formerly the coarse outer garment was usually of camel's hair, but now it is very rarely so, for wool is now much the less expensive material.—Artist's Note.

CANA (KEFR-KENNA) FROM THE ROAD TO NAZARETH (next page).—Kefr-Kenna is four or five miles northeast of Nazareth. It is another burnt-gray, mud village, and lies on a slope on the border of a plain. It is not perfectly certain that this is the "Cana of Galilee." Twelve miles, or less, north of Nazareth lies a deserted, ruined village, called Kana-el-Jelil. This may be the ancient Cana, but it is out of the natural line of travel. The country about Kefr-Kenna in the springtime is most lovely, and, with its green meadows and flowering hill slopes, shows well the contrast between Galilee and bare Judea. Not that flowers do not embroider Judea also; but there they disappear earlier, and are never so abundant, nor so large. In the early season, the verdant carpeting of the plain of Esdraelon is brilliant in patterns of red and blue and gold. In this view, far over the intervening hills, can be seen the white head of Mt. Hermon.—Artist's Note.

Copyright, 1900, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

CANA (KEFR-KENNA) FROM THE ROAD TO NAZARETH.

would have considered it bare justice to the new enterprise. As it was, the Master moved among John's hearers unrecognized and unobtrusive, so that to the eye He did not suggest the Messiah about to inaugurate the final religion, but rather a private person in search of a friend. And this was what Jesus was really doing, and was always to be doing, as He moved with men in the ways of life and modestly joined Himself to group after group.



A WEDDING PARTY—NAZARETH.

"I saw, this afternoon, a wedding party, a group of some thirty men preceded by a drummer, and followed by a smaller contingent of women. An interval of fifty yards separated the two groups, the women chanting to the beating of a tambourine, and the whole company moved down the street, gay in color, joyous as Bacchantes. As their chanting and rhythmic poum-poum became fainter in the distance, it left upon the mind an impression of quaintness, a flavor of something distinctive and strange, as of a memory of some procession of ancient days."—From the Artist's Journal, November 27, 1898.

Among the ill-assorted crowd, which had been collected, partly by a fashionable excitement, partly by genuine religious feeling, was a young fisherman from the Lake of Galilee, to whom had been given the supreme advantage of a mother of the same stock as Mary—for indeed Salome was the Virgin's sister, and John was therefore Jesus' near kinsman. This mother was of the noble Jewish type, and her soul was inspired by the devout imagination of the Prophets, so that she had created a spiritual horizon before the minds of her sons, and taught them that the chief good in life is not high places in this world, but in the Kingdom of the Messiah. When a man has been so trained, his ears are open to the faintest sound of the spiritual world; and at the rumor of the Baptist this Galilean went to hear him. Salome handed her son over to John, and he prepared him for Jesus. Already this fine nature was longing for the Master and ready to bid Him welcome. Jesus in Nazareth, John in Bethsaida, they had nearer ties than age, and blood, and common station; they were one in soul. It required but the accident of a meeting, and the chief service of the Baptist rendered to Salome's son was the last. "Behold," the Prophet said to some of his disciples as Jesus passed, "there is He whose Divine purity and sacrifice will save a world," and the young Galilean left the Prophet and followed Jesus for ever.

"Master, where dwellest Thou?" were

the first words John said to Jesus, and they were to be the endless question of his soul; and the answer to him and his friend Andrew was never to end, "Come and see." The two—His first fruits—went with Jesus to His lodging, and there they spent the night. Upon them the sudden darkness of the East fell with gentle, concealing curtain, and no one knows what passed between the Master and them, for Andrew was not given to writing, and John was silent on his spiritual secrets; but next morning the tender green was seen above the ground. Jesus had now two disciples, and the Kingdom had begun. During the day Andrew found his brother Simon, and we may assume that John had won his brother James, which doubled the number of the company. On the day following, as they make their first journey together, the disciples see a neighbor of Bethsaida, the town of Peter, and a man of like spirit. They describe him to Jesus, and the Master, who can read every soul, and knows how to deal with each, understands Philip. "Follow Me," He says with a certain straightforward authority which a plain, blunt man could appreciate, and Jesus has five disciples. As they go on their way they come to Cana, and Philip now recollects that he also has a friend who is waiting for the Messiah. So he brings Nathanael, with quick insistent words, to the Master, who satisfies Him also, and adds the sixth to His disciples.

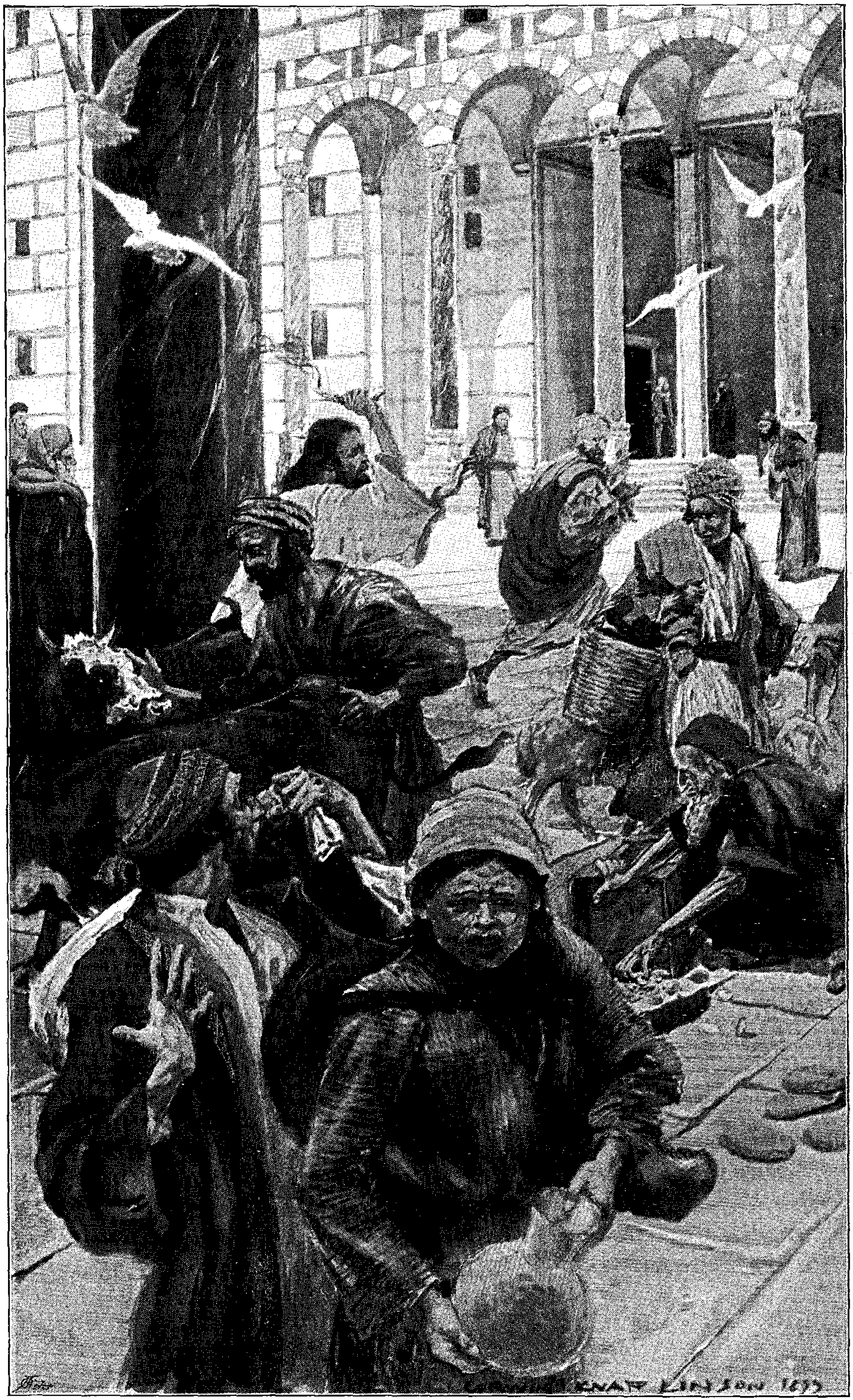
It was on lines of such simplicity that the Master began and continued His enterprise. No one ever proposed to do so great a work; no one ever had so ingenuous a plan. No reformer has ever appeared so influential as Jesus, none made so little noise. No Evangelist can be mentioned beside Jesus; none has been so calm. Follow Jesus in the little synagogues of Galilee or the Temple of Jerusalem, on the mountain side or the lake shore, into private houses or judgment-halls, and His manner is the same. If there be two exceptions, they only prove the rule—where He cleanses the Temple with a certain violence, and where He pours forth His invective on the Pharisees; and there we are amazed. This hot indignation and dramatic anger were unlike Jesus, and prove the intolerable abuses of contemporary religion. His was not the manner of this bustling and feverish world: it was the grand manner of the Kingdom of God, beautiful in its simplicity. Our Master did not set Himself to attract mobs; He tried to come into contact with individual souls; He was uneasy with a following, gaping at miracles and waiting for a dole of bread; He was at home with a few disciples concerned about spiritual things. His idea was that (almost) every man could be reached by reason, whether he be Pharisee or publican, although, of course, in the end he might not obey. Jesus did not therefore scold, or terrify, or perplex men, nor was He given either to empty appeals which have no real meaning, or to playing on the emotions by pathetic images. He rather plied His hearers with such clear, sweet, persuasive reasoning concerning the love of God, the misery of sinning, the greatness of the soul, the excellence of the Kingdom of God, that His voice was like the lyre of Orpheus, which made Tantalus forget his thirst; and His disciples were made willing in the day of His power because all that was noblest within them consented and gave joyful welcome to His appeal.

This method of Jesus rests on two principles He was ever preaching or exemplifying: and the first is the paramount value of character. While the Pharisees had taught the people that religion consisted in repeating certain shibboleths and performing certain rites, and that he who was orthodox in doctrine and ceremony was a good man, Jesus insisted that religion stood in the condition of the soul, and that he whose soul was holy alone was good. It were better to stamp a spiritual pattern on one soul than to persuade a thousand men to say, "Lord, Lord," or to wash their hands before eating meat. The Kingdom of God was within—an atmosphere of humility, sacrifice, purity, love, a spirit of heavenly thoughts and unselfish

---

THE FIRST PURIFICATION OF THE TEMPLE (opposite page).—*And Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting: and when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple . . . and said . . . Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise.*—John ii. 13–16. In the Temple, shops for the sale of oil, wine, salt, oxen, sheep, and doves were lawful in that part of the Court of the Gentiles just below, or under, Solomon's Porch, on the east side. But the encroachments of dealers in going higher up the steps leading to the upper courts, in order to attract more custom, finally led to the occupation of the Porch itself, defiling the whole space with the filth of the animals, and the air with the babble of traffic.

Slighting allusions have been made touching the possibility of one man driving out so many with so slight a weapon as a "scourge of small cords." But these criticisms are shortsighted, and cannot be offered understandingly. For it was not the weapon, it was not the muscular arm, it was not mere force; for then, human power alone exerted, Jesus would certainly have been beaten. These dealers were breaking the law and defiling the sacred house. Any one of the congregation of sufficient courage could protest against them. They knew themselves to be out of their right places. They knew the public to be on the side of Jesus in this matter, and the consequences of resistance would have been disastrous to themselves. The just wrath of Jesus may have struck terror among them. He may have exerted a divine power that drove them against their wills. But I prefer to think that He did not need to use any other power than that of conscience, and I leave out the supernatural altogether, reducing it to simple Right against Might, and Might was the coward!—Artist's Note


KNAPP LINSON 1899

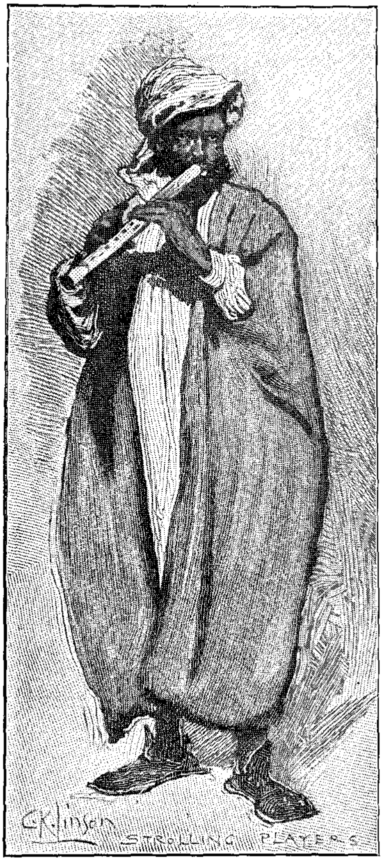
THE FIRST PURIFICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

actions. It came therefore slowly, surely, quietly, as each man was inwardly changed into the Divine likeness. And Jesus believed that the best means of accomplishing this change was the influence of a person. What all the doctrines and all the rules in the world cannot do, may be attained effectually and unconsciously by a friendship. In the company of a friend who lives with God and brings God near to the soul one is ashamed of himself, and aspires after better things. He slips his past, and puts on a new shape; he catches his friend's spiritual accent and attitude; he begins to think with him, and ends by acting like him. Jesus proposes to save His disciples by giving a new character to the soul, and this He would convey by uniting His disciples and Himself in a lasting and spiritual private friendship.

As soon as Jesus had collected His six friends, the beginning of the world-wide society, He could not be long hid, for now He had claimed to be a Master, and must take a Master's place before the people. And Jesus made His entrance into life as the Christ, not in the Temple, nor in a synagogue, nor at a funeral, nor in a sick-room, but at a marriage feast.

It seems that the mother of Jesus and His family had removed from Nazareth to Cana about the time that He left His home and went to be baptized of John, and that a marriage was to take place in the circle. As the Virgin carried herself on the occasion with the anxiety and authority of a near relative, either the bride or bridegroom must have been of her family. The choice will therefore lie between the son or the daughter of one of Jesus' elder brethren; and since we read that He was formally bidden to the marriage, and the marriage feast was held in the bridegroom's house, we may safely conclude that the bridegroom was the stranger, and the bride of His family. Between the bride and Jesus there would have been a close and pleasant tie in Nazareth since her infancy. It was not in His manhood and public life that the Master first learned to love children and became their friend. Between the children of Nazareth and the gentle Carpenter there must have been much pleasant traffic, as they loitered by His door and watched Him at work, yet never so busy but that He could fling them some gay, gracious word, or wandered with Him on the hillside at even-tide, where He would show unto His young playmates the wonderful beauty of the flowers and of all His Father's works. Among the children this little maid would be especially dear, as being of His own people, and between her and Jesus there would spring up an intimacy, so that to Him she would turn in the little joys and sorrows of her life; and when her chief joy came, this bride would most of all desire that Jesus, who seemed to her the very perfection of holiness and wisdom, should be at her wedding and give His blessing.

Before that day arrived, the change had come in Jesus' life, and He had gone out from Nazareth, and been baptized into His Messianic work. Behind Him lay for ever the little home, and the simple toil of the workshop, and the pleasant leisure hours, and the fellowship of the family circle. Before Him now were lonely nights of vigil, and repeated temptations of the Evil One, and days of exhausting spiritual labor, and conflicts of hot debate, and woeful persecu-

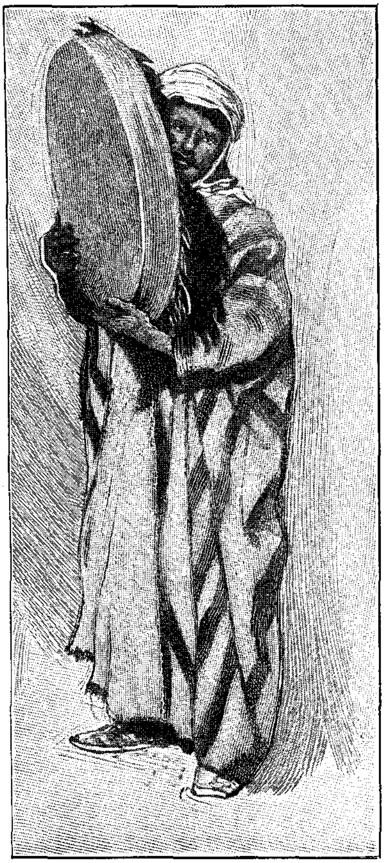


STROLLING MUSICIANS.

The early strolling musicians of Palestine were mendicant Bedouins of the country. The two modern ones shown here came from Africa, and were entertaining the citizens of Bethlehem when I saw them.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

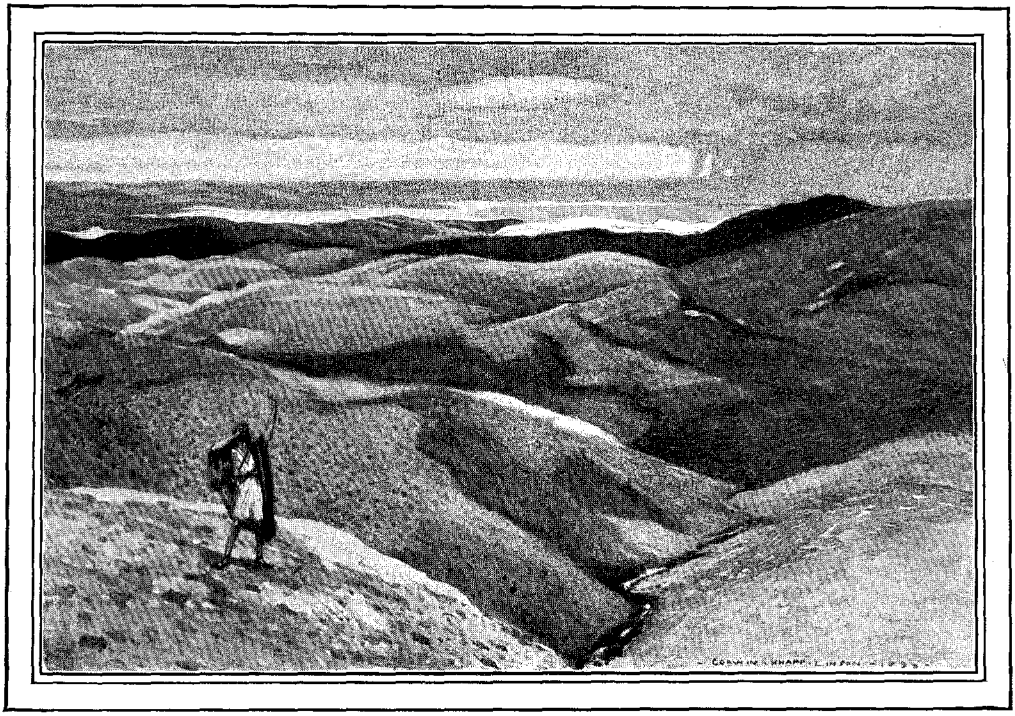
tions. Already He had tasted the Messianic life in the Jordan and the wilderness. His people knew that He had gone to be a Teacher; He only knew what that meant. It was not to be expected that at the beginning of His enterprise Jesus should turn aside from great affairs to attend a village wedding; it was hardly fitting that the Messiah should introduce Himself and His disciples to the people on so simple and joyous an occasion. No one guiding himself by conventional rules, no ordinary man, had dared. It was altogether characteristic of the Master to leave the Jordan and arrange this journey so as to be present at His friend's wedding, and altogether characteristic of His mission that this should be its revelation. When the Messiah comes forth from the shadow, it is at a marriage feast.

It is likely that He had been despaired of; it is certain that His band of disciples could not have been anticipated—who were now invited on very short notice—and it was too late now to reinforce the feast. There was enough of bread, but the wine for that humble home was harder to obtain, and it threatened to fail; and if it should seem to any one that this would matter little to temperate folk, he has missed the inwardness of the incident. Two families would be put to shame on a high day in their life because they had bidden their guests and had failed in hospitality, the bride's almost as much as the bridegroom's. Their marriage would be common talk in Cana for years, and to them a shame for life. The Virgin, with her motherly sympathy and quick understanding of narrow circumstances, takes in the situation, and turns to her Son. He had ever been her resort in every little strait of those years, and He had never failed to bring her help. She could hardly have imagined what He would do, but she had learned to believe that any matter might be left with Him. Calling Him aside, His mother told Him so that none but John heard, "They have no wine."



His answer was kindly and respectful, however it may sound in our ears, which have lost the beautiful accent in "woman"; but it marked a certain change in the relation between Jesus and His mother. Hitherto He had been a private person, with no obligations save to her—ready to hear her advice, willing to give way to her, concerned only that she should have comfort, satisfied if she were satisfied. Now He was the Anointed of God, with the charge of a high work laid on Him, for which He must make the last sacrifices, to which He must give all His time, in which He could take no directions save from God. Unto the last hour of His life would the Master love and cherish His mother; but with the great affair of His calling she must not meddle. Unto her had come that hour of mixed pain and pride to a mother, when her son goes out on his own course and when even she must be second to his life work. She must now stand aside and watch Him in silence, while He did what she did not understand, and went beyond the care she would have bestowed upon Him. Her faith was sometimes to fail in the days to come, but at Cana she was calm and confident. Mary turned unto the servants, "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it."

Jesus was soon to do greater wonders in raising the dead; but when He turned the water into wine, we have an altogether delightful opening to the public life of Jesus. It was an act perfectly becoming the circumstances, because it was so thoughtful, so genial, so courteous, so overflowing, conceived to crown this marriage with dignity and joy. As in the other extreme of human experience, He would come to a funeral and



THE VOICE OF ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS.

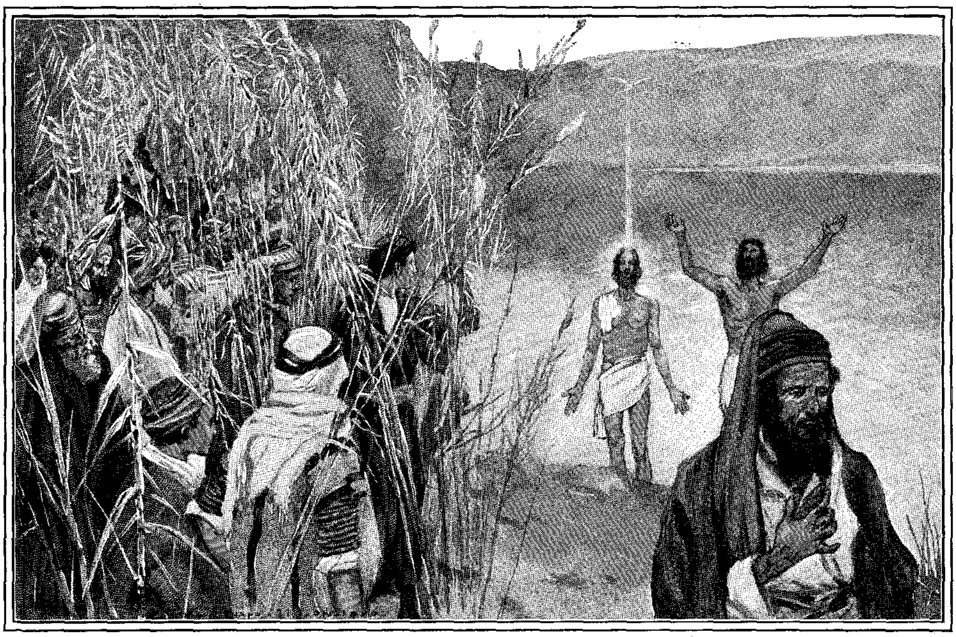
The voice of one crying in the wilderness.—LUKE iii. 4. In calling out in the wilderness, the voice of John could not have been spent on the winds. There are shepherds, solitary comers and goers, or groups of wayfarers, at nearly all hours. These, hearing, could communicate with others, who would flock to him until finally he would have a gathering. But John was impelled by the Spirit to cry out his message, many hearers or few, wandering over these desolate wastes, and in his journeyings covering a great territory. *And he came into all the country about Jordan.*—LUKE iii. 3. "The wilderness" is a term embracing a large part of the country. From the Dead Sea to almost the very border of Jerusalem, this desolation stretches itself in successive rounded hills, deep, savage chasms, rolling land. Its fruit is stones, its foliage scrub brush, its inhabitants the fierce hyena. In some places enough herbage is found in winter to pasture flocks of goats, but elsewhere it is a very desert of rock. This particular view is that of the wilderness looking down to the Jordan valley and the Dead Sea from the height of Scopus, near Jerusalem.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

share the sorrow, and intervene with His word of power, and give a son back to his widowed mother. For He was to be in every situation that which was needful and that which is fitting, so that from Cana to Calvary one is lost in admiration at the sweet reasonableness of the Master's life. If Jesus once used a term of bitter contempt, and called a man "that fox," it was Herod Antipas, the most contemptible creature in the Gospels. Once He broke out into invective so scathing that we read it with trembling unto this day: it was against the opprobrium of religion in all ages—the Pharisees who professed instead of doing, and proselytized instead of saving. Once Jesus turned on a faithful friend, and called him a devil: it was when Simon Peter advised Jesus to play the coward and avoid the Cross. Once he rebuked His beloved John: it was when the hot-tempered disciple would have called down fire upon a Samaritan village for discourtesy. Once He grew suddenly angry: it was when meddlesome disciples would have kept little children at a distance. If coarse-minded men tried to put a guilty woman to shame in His presence, He would not lift His eyes till they had departed. If a fallen woman washed His feet with her tears, He detected her penitence, and sent her into peace. If He dined at a Pharisee's house, He gently ridiculed the scramble for seats; if He went into a publican's, it was to set at liberty the soul of His host. When the Galileans wished to make Him a king, He hid Himself; when the Judæans wanted to crucify Him, He yielded Himself. When an honest scribe asked a plain question, He satisfied him; when certain tried to trick Him about Cæsar's penny, He put a fool's cap on them. Take Jesus where you will, He is ever beyond criticism. He never confuses either men or circumstances, never spares a knave or a hypocrite, never hurts a penitent or a good man. Whether He denounces or approves, agrees or refuses, your reason says, "Well done."

Jesus came from the awful solitude of the wilderness and the temptation of the Evil One. He threw Himself into the joy of a marriage feast, and would delight to speak of Himself afterwards as a Bridegroom. He spent nights in prayer on the mountain side, and by day would enter into the games of the children. Every day He denied Himself, being poor and homeless, and He feasted also with publicans and sinners. His meat and His drink were to found the kingdom of God, and unto that end He died upon the Cross, but He was not indifferent to the flowers of the field; or the glory of the sky, or the springing of the seed, or the birds of the air. Jesus was chiefly intent on the salvation of the soul with its vast possibilities and opportunities, but He entered kindly into the labors, joys, humor, sorrows of ordinary human life. Nothing Divine was foreign to Him, nor anything human. Jesus stands aside in His gravity from a world that was crying, "What shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" He also stands in His sympathy apart from the Baptist with his raiment of camel's hair and leathern girdle. He only has never come short and never exceeded; He only has compassed the length and breadth and depth and height of life, who

"Saw life steadily and saw it whole,"

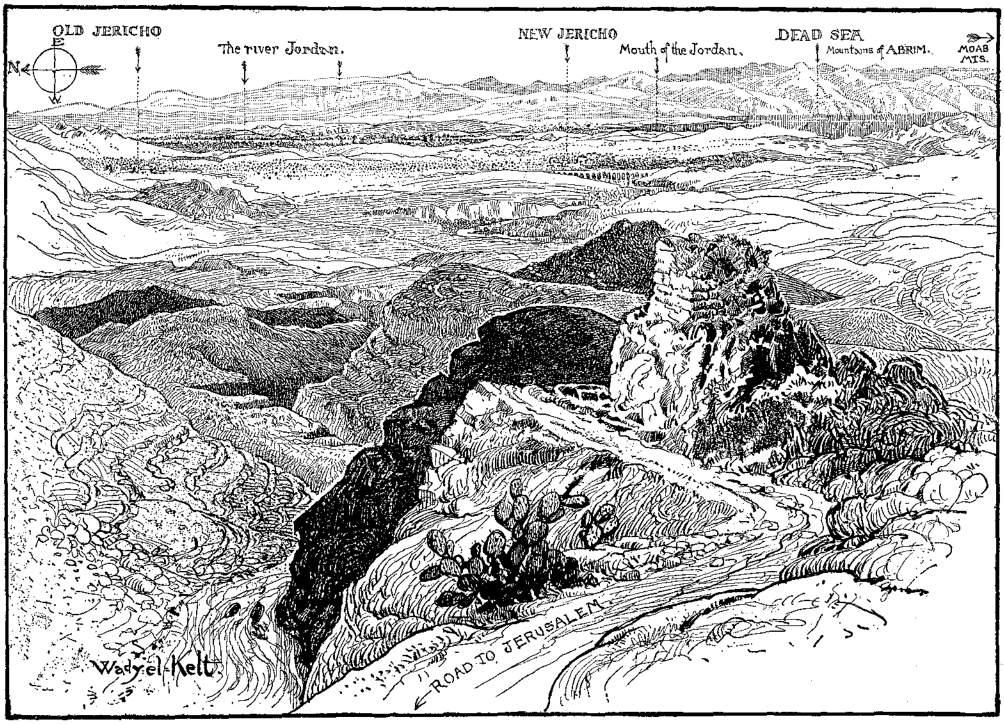
and in His presence and at His word the water of life, in all its vessels of love and labor, culture and religion, has turned into wine.



THE BAPTISM.

And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water; and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove.—MATT. iii. 16. Three places in particular are indicated where John might have baptized. St. John, who alone of the gospel writers mentions a place, calls it "Bethabara beyond Jordan;" and further on he records that Jesus "went away again beyond Jordan into the place where John at first baptized." The place shown in the picture is the traditional spot near Jericho. But according to Stanley, "the indications of the narrative point to a locality further north than the scene which the tradition of the churches—influenced, doubtless, by the convenience of a spot near Jerusalem—has selected." No one knows just the location of this Bethabara, but it is placed far north, near Bethshean. On the river banks were congregated those sent from Jerusalem, the curious from Jericho, the peasant, the soldier, the devotee ever ready to follow any new religious movement. Just such a gathering would be seen to-day, save that the soldier would be a Turk, and not a Roman. I have imagined John as suddenly realizing that this is the man for whom he, with many other souls as ardent, has been seeking, and breathlessly parting the reeds to better take in the scene.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

During his public life Jesus visited many districts within His fixed boundary of the Holy Land, from the banks of the Jordan, where He made His first disciples among

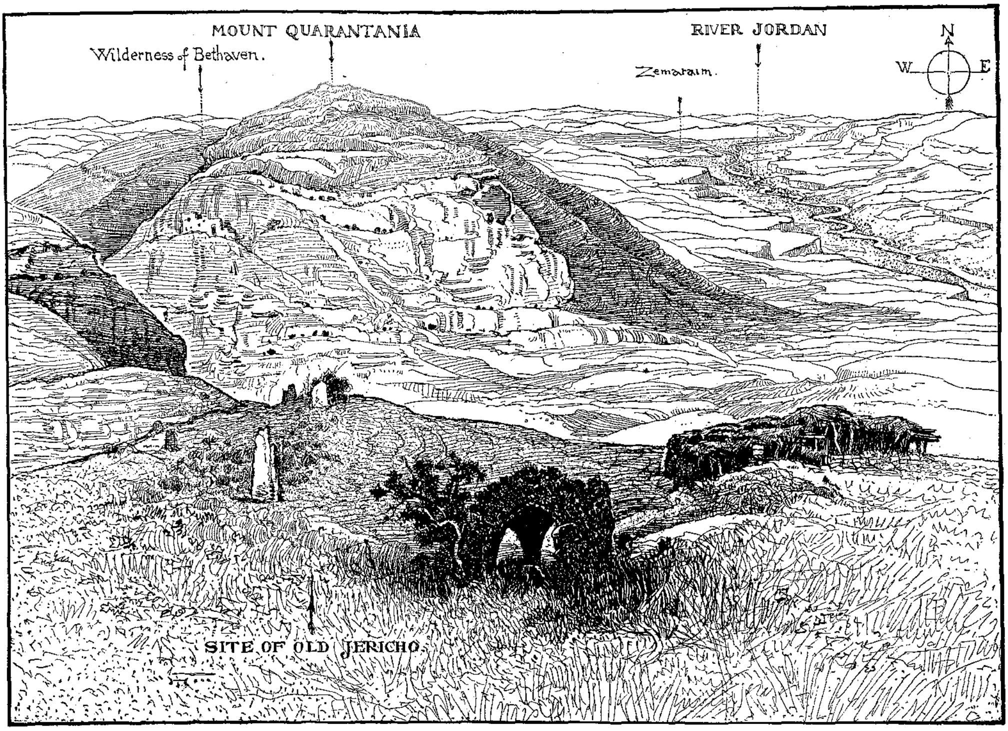


THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA.

A pictorial map drawn from the ridge overlooking the road from Jericho to Jerusalem and whence, directly east, are in full view the stony hills and gullies of the Wilderness, the plain of Jericho, and the upper end of the Dead Sea.

pious Jews, to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, where He was amazed at the faith of a Canaanite woman; from Sychar, where He gave a Samaritan to drink of the water of life, to Cæsarea Philippi, where St. Peter made his classical confession. His name will, however, be associated with four places only: the village where He was born; that other where He spent His private life; the town which He made His own by word and miracle; and the city which crucified Him; but, among the four, one has a final preëminence. In His own day it was one of the many ironies of His lot to be called a Nazarene, and to have it flung in His face that no good thing could come out of Nazareth; while, in fact, He was born in the home of David, and the people of Nazareth disowned Him with rude violence. In later days it has been one of the glories of His fame that, while He selected Capernaum for its candor and kindliness, and made it His residence, and while He never entered Jerusalem except of necessity, and Jerusalem gave Him nothing but a cross, it is not to the heap of ruins by the Galilean lake, the very doubtful site of Jesus' own city, that the multitude of pilgrims make their way, but to the Mount of Olives, and to the Church of the Sepulcher.

Among the chief cities of the world, Jerusalem had (and still has) a place beyond parallel. She was chosen in the first flush of Hebrew nationalism, and established by the founder of the royal dynasty, round whose person gathered a perennial fascination, and whose name, under the hand of each new prophet, blossoms afresh into magnificent predictions. Jerusalem stood on the site of an ancient fortress, and was beautiful for situation, being girt about with hills, and of striking elevation. Austere, strong, commanding, massive, it became this city to be the capital of the Hebrew people and the shrine of the Hebrew faith. Here the throne of David was established, and from Sion went forth the Law. Here also in due time was built the Temple of Jehovah, and the ark came to rest. Unto this place, from the ends of the land and of the world, came the pious Jew to worship God in His House on the great festivals, going up with a song, his children and his kinsfolk with him. Far away in some foreign land, the exiled Jew poured out his heart in unequalled threnodies, wherein he thirsted for God as the hart for the water brooks, and envied the bird which made its nest under the eaves of God's House. The Jew carried Jerusalem not simply in his



MOUNT QUARANTANIA AND THE VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

A pictorial map drawn from the site of old Jericho, showing Mount Quarantania honeycombed with hermit cells, and the Jordan between its rugged benches. These benches are barren, but the river-banks proper are rich in vegetation.

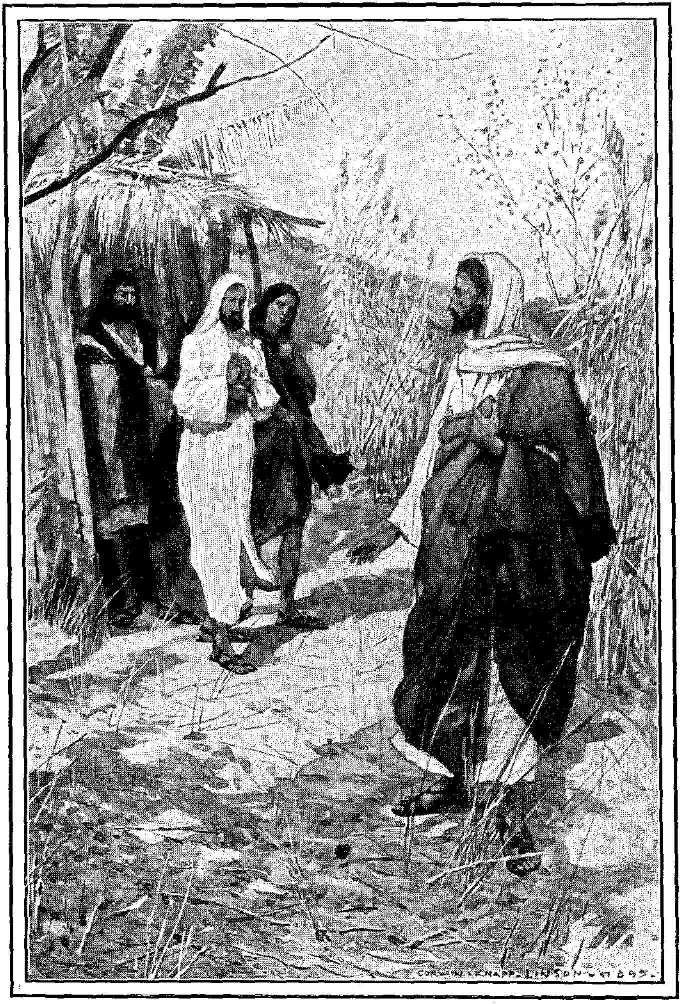
memory or in his loyalty, but in his heart, till this city grew into the very hope and ideal of God's kingdom, so that St. Paul compared the state of grace unto the new Jerusalem, and St. John saw the Holy City coming down from Heaven as a bride adorned for her husband.

The dispersion of the Jews and the loss of national independence did not reduce, but rather reënforced, Jerusalem, giving her a stronger and more pious hold on her children. More than ever she became the center of union for a people politically broken and persecuted, more than ever an authoritative guide in the growing perplexities and difficulties of their life. Here, as in a citadel, was preserved safe from harm the pure creed; here was held forth the example of divine worship; here the supreme court of thought and conduct sat. If any one stepped forth from private life, and presumed to teach, to Jerusalem he must come for approval; from Jerusalem he could neither escape nor hide. If he went into the wilderness, there would her agents find and question him; if he kept himself to Galilee, there would her spies dog him. He might go to distant cities of the Gentiles; but his case would be reported to Jerusalem, and a decision issued. As soon as Jesus assumed the position of a Rabbi, He came within the province of Jerusalem, and sooner or later must be judged by the authorities of the Jewish Church.

Jesus began His ministry in Galilee, and seems at once to have won the good-will of the people, so that He paid His first visit to Jerusalem as a Prophet with some reputation, and it appeared as if He might have the provinces behind Him. This matters little in any country, and in that land it mattered nothing; it was only at the best a success of estimation. Galilee did herself honor by her reception of Jesus, and one can understand her ready appreciation. The atmosphere in that northern province was simple, unaffected, liberal; the atmosphere of Jerusalem was conventional, narrow, artificial. It were wrong to conclude that Galilee had never produced great men, for she also had her prophets and heroes; or that Galilee was rude and uncivilized, for that province was saturated with Gentile civilization; but there is no doubt that in Jesus' day the native Galilean was considered unlearned according to the standard of culture in Jerusalem, and that his very accent was an offense in the capital. He was but a poor ally in a conflict with the central Power—quick to respond, quick also to desist, full of sympathy, but easily cowed; a man whose enthusiastic hosanna would die away into a timid quaver before the fierce, strident cry of the Jew of Jerusalem, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" Against the sullen and massive strength of Jerusalem the bright spirit and kindly devotion of Galilee would dash itself in vain. It is difficult to imagine any one from the provinces conciliating Jerusalem; but when one came from Nazareth, a by-word for Philistinism, and came not with the theology of the schools, but with a fresh and winsome Evangel which had in it the breath of the wind and the fragrance of the flowers, it was not difficult to prophesy his fate.

If any one could have awaited the judgment of Jerusalem with confidence, it was Jesus, for here the light of ancient faith had burned most clearly, and Jesus was the very glory preached by the Prophets. If Isaiah alone had not made the scholars of Israel ready for the Master, then it would seem as if neither prophecy nor scholarship were of any use. From the eighth century the best minds of a nation were being trained to recognize the likeness of the Messiah, and yet the most famous and honored could not distinguish it from that of a heretic and a criminal when He stood before them. It is, beyond measure, distressing—so sad an irony on all human study; it is almost incredible—so immense a stupidity. One must, however, remember, in order to appreciate the situation, that from that very date on to Jesus' day there had been two schools of religious thought in Jerusalem with very different tendencies and effects. One was ritual and dogmatic, which laid the emphasis on sacrifices and observance, on nationalism and customs, so that one who kept the Temple rites and made many prayers and hated the Gentiles was a good Jew. The other was moral and spiritual, laying stress on the character of the heart, on the conduct of life, on the knowledge of God, so that he who loved mercy and did justly and walked humbly with God was the true son of Israel. The Priest was the type of the one party, although, owing to circumstances, the Pharisee was its defender in Jesus' day; the Prophet was the forefront of the other, and between the two there had been a long and irreconcilable feud, which indeed has extended to all lands and all ages. Among the Priests there were some brave and good men, from Phinehas, who executed judgment, to Zacharias, the father of Jesus' forerunner, and there were liars and charlatans among the Prophets; but on the whole and as a class the Priests were a hindrance and burden to Israel, from Aaron, who taught the people to worship the golden calf, to Caiaphas, who led his nation to the great crime of history; and on the whole and as a class the Prophets were a strength and inspiration, from Moses, who gave to Israel the moral code, unto John Baptist, who prepared them for Jesus. Unfortunately there can be as little question who, to appearance, won. The Priest was established, endowed, honored, obeyed; the Prophet was solitary, feared, persecuted; the Priest had every advantage of prejudice and custom; the Prophet had only the secret respect of the reason and conscience. It was easy to satisfy the Priest—follow the ritual and you may do as you please; the Prophet demanded holiness. The Priest taught that you belonged to an exclusive nation—the favorite of God, but the Prophet would on occasion suggest that Nineveh was as dear to God. So the Prophet was defeated and slain, and the Priest rejoiced in his insolence at Jerusalem. And Jesus was a Prophet in whom the intensity and spirituality of all the Prophets, from Elijah to the Baptist, had been gathered up and glorified.

The collision between Jesus and Jerusalem was inevitable from the beginning, and, as it happened, it came on Jesus' first official visit to the capital. As a lad at a critical period of His life He had visited the Temple, and there He had been inspired by the teaching of the Rabbis. Now He saw things with larger, deeper eyes. Unto Jesus the Temple of Jerusalem was the visible symbol of His Father's House, although there was ever before His eyes that House not made with hands, eternal and spiritual in the Heavenly Places; and the honor and purity of the Temple were dear to the Master. To Jesus as a Prophet the dangers of an elaborate ritual must have been very present, and to Him as a Man the barbarity of the sacrifices must have been a keen offense. Conceive what must have been the horror and disgust of this tender and delicate Soul as He witnessed that carnival of butchery—the streaming altars, the stench of carnage, the gory priests, the gutters running blood. It was characteristic of Jesus, however, that He let this savagery of worship pass, as it had been without doubt to pious souls of the past a material picture of the hideousness of sin and the duty of surrender to God, as at least it was not a hypocrisy and a worldly gain. There was that, however, going on within the outer places of the Temple which Jesus could not for an instant tolerate, because it had nothing to do with piety, because it was the very destruction of religion. Since an immense number of unfortunate animals were needed for the sacrifices, certain enterprising traders had started a cattle market in the outer court; and as it was necessary to change Gentile coins into shekels wherewith to pay the Temple tax, other enterprising bankers had started a money exchange. Within the very precincts of God's House cattle were bought and sold, with loud, heated bargains, and the chink of money was heard from morning to night, and it occurs to one at once that it would be the traders, and not the simple folk from the country, who would have the best of the transactions. As Jesus looked upon the scene—the big, coarse cattle dealers bullying some poor Jew of the Dispersion, the sly money-changers cheating a widow on the turn of exchange—He was very angry. Availing Himself of His prophetical authority, be-



THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

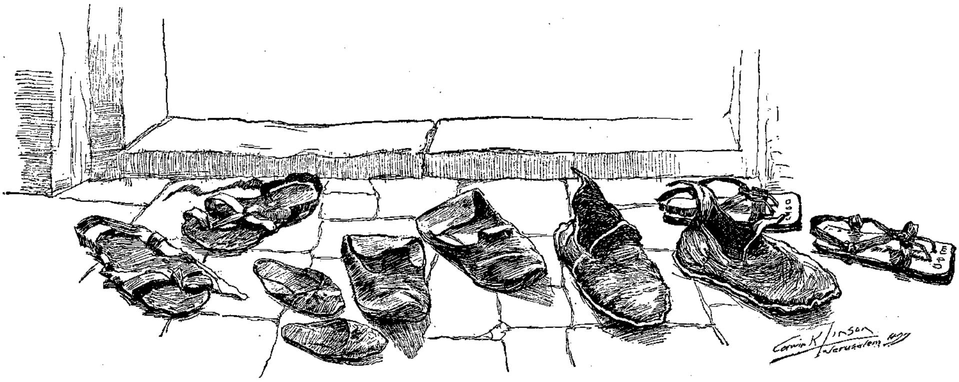
Again the next day after, John stood, and two of his disciples; and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye?—JOHN i. 35–38. It is the day after the public witness of John. Jesus has but just returned from his terrible experience in the wilderness, with the suffering of it still upon His face. John now is with his two chief disciples, and knowing that he is to give place to the One greater than he, he repeats to his followers the significant words. He is standing under one of those shelters common in the Jordan valley, made of reeds and palm leaves, and used merely as protection from the sun and the night dews.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

fore which this herd of hucksters trembled and cowered, and supported by the good-will of the people, He drove far the cattle and upset the money tables, using a whip of small cords, and declaring that they had turned a House of Prayer into a den of thieves.

If one should look at this action from a worldly point of view, it can hardly be called an auspicious opening to Jesus' prophetical career in Jerusalem. His conduct was unguarded and uncompromising, showing little sense either of the awfulness of Jerusalem or of the obscurity of Galilee. By one stroke He offended the Priests, whose interests were bound up with the Temple merchandise, and the Pharisees, who stood by the customs of the past. What would this daring young Prophet do next? Who would be safe? If the hucksters were cast out to-day, it would be the turn of the Priests with their empty sacrifices to-morrow, and the Scribes with their empty doctrines the day after. If we, on the other hand, regard the cleansing of the Temple from a spiritual standpoint, then it was grand and a good omen of Jesus' prophetical work. One had arisen who revived the ancient spirit of Isaiah, and who dared to attack the abuses of religion before the eyes of all the people. Nor was He a hermit like the Baptist, or a mere iconoclast, for He was one who rejoiced in everything human, and wrought miracles of mercy. His gentleness was to the weak, His anger against the strong; and if He was eaten up with zeal, it was the zeal of God's House.

The cleansing of the Temple declared Jesus to be on the side of the Prophets and against the Priests; and on that visit the authorities marked the Master as a turbulent and dangerous demagogue, whom they must watch and might have to suppress. It was not their policy to show their hand or to act rashly, since they were not indifferent to the favor of the people; and the influence of John Baptist had to be reckoned with. The Prophets had been a power—very disturbing to Priests—and they had secured one advantage at least for real religion—that a Prophet must be heard. It would be madness to silence Jesus at once; He was, at least, a candidate for the prophetship, and even such an iconoclastic action as the cleansing of the Temple was sanctioned by prophetical usage. People were already quoting from the Psalms in His favor, and He had Himself used certain words of Jeremiah in a very bold fashion. Let Him rather be put to a conventional and unobjectionable test: and so the rulers came to the Master, representing with smooth courtesy and plausible words, that as He did the Prophet's work He would show them the Prophet's sign. It was not that they doubted or wished to criticize Him, but they had a responsibility in this matter of religion, and the sign was to be simply for their satisfaction and His confirmation. Jesus replied with one of His characteristic riddles, which He used to baffle dishonest people and to stimulate His disciples' thought. Destroy this Temple—by which He evidently intended the worn-out system of sacrifices and forms—and in three days—a proverbial figure for a short time—I will raise it up; by which He meant that He would create a new and nobler religion. He would, in fact, replace the Church of Judaism by the world-wide church, His new mystical Body. His critics could make nothing of His answer at the time, but they stored it away, in all its audacity and perplexity, and some two years later it served the rulers' purpose, for by this very answer, twisted to their own meaning by perjured witnesses, the Master's life was sworn away.

(*To be continued.*)



SLEDGING TOWARD THE POLE.

By Walter Wellman,

Commander of the Wellman Arctic Expedition of 1898–1899.

AN EXTRAORDINARY ARCTIC DISASTER.—SLEDGING AS A MEANS OF REACHING THE POLE.—NIGHT IN AN ARCTIC CAMP.

AN extraordinary disaster* was that which overtook my sledging party in Franz Josef Land last March. We had covered about 140 of the 700 statute miles which lay between our winter quarters and the very top of our earth. Then, on March 20th, I fell into a crack in the ice and hurt my right leg. It appeared to be a trivial injury, and so I kept going; but as a matter of fact, it was fatal to the hope of reaching the Pole or even of beating the record; and as the leg grew worse and worse, there was the greatest danger that we should go on till at least one of us could never return. But fate interposed with what at the moment seemed a most cruel hand to save us from worse things beyond. March 22d was a day of storm from the northeast, and we could not make the dogs face the blast. By evening the wind had died away, but as the nights were still pretty dark, we crept into our sleeping-bags at six o'clock, with orders for breakfast at three in the morning and an early start. At midnight we were roused by the ominous sound of ice crashing against ice, accompanied by a slight jarring of the frozen crust which lay between us and the sea. In an instant all five of us were outside the tent. We could see nothing. The storm had blown up again, and the air was filled with drifting snow. Two men were detailed to make a reconnaissance, the others creeping back into the tent out of the blast. But in two or three seconds there came another movement of the ice; another low, sullen, rumbling sound.

A crack had opened directly under our sleeping-bags, and in its black depths we could hear the waters rushing and seething. Running out of the tent into the darkness, one of us stepped into an opening, wetting his foot, and no sooner had he withdrawn his leg than the crack closed like a vise, and with such force that the edges of the blocks were ground to fragments and the *débris* was pushed up into a quivering ridge. Ten feet away lay a dog with his head cut clean off by a similar opening and closing of the ice upon which he had been sleeping. How the animal had managed to get caught in the trap we could not imagine; but there he was, as neatly beheaded as if an executioner had done the job. The remaining dogs were howling dolefully. Some of our sledges, with their precious stores, were already toppling into the waters where the ice had upheaved underneath them. Under our feet and all around us the ice was shaking and breaking—here pushing up, there sinking down—and the violently agitated sea was spouting through the openings. We were caught in an ice-quake.

For a few moments, oddly enough, we did not fully realize our danger. To none of us was an ice-pressure a new thing, and familiarity had doubtless bred in us, if not contempt for the ice-king, certainly a somewhat superfluous confidence in ourselves. But when, a few moments later, the very pieces of ice upon which we stood reared up and assumed angles of from thirty to forty-five degrees; when our entire camp started revolving as if it were in a maelstrom; when we saw our tent, sleeping-bags, and cooking-kit threatened with destruction by a rushing mass of sludge and water, we knew that whatever was to be done must be done right quickly. There was no panic. There was not the slightest sign that any one of us was even excited. We cut the harnesses of such dogs as we could get at, that they might save themselves. In the very nick of time three of us sprang out upon the floe which held the tent, tilted though it was with one edge down in the boiling sea and the other up in the air; and after a sharp struggle, we succeeded in rescuing the precious sleeping-bags, the cooking-outfit, and the tent itself.

Obviously it was imperative that we run away from this convulsed spot as quickly as possible. But whither should we go? In the darkness and storm it was impossible to see anything around us but the shaking, quaking ice-blocks. I asked Paul and Emil to go hunt a sound floe, if such a thing remained in the Arctic seas, upon which we could take refuge. They instantly set out, scrambling over the rolling, shaking slabs, and as they disappeared in the gloom I said to myself: "Well, that's the last I shall ever see of those boys." Yet I was not much concerned about it. For some reason, which I never expect to understand, I was unable to get up more than a sort of indifferent interest in what was going on. The most acute sensation I had was in a thought of how much more pleasant it would be back in the snug bag, and whether it was really worth while to stay out in this bitter wind trying to save things.

---

*See McClure's Magazine for February, 1900, for Mr. Wellman's account of his expedition up to the time of this disaster.—Editor.

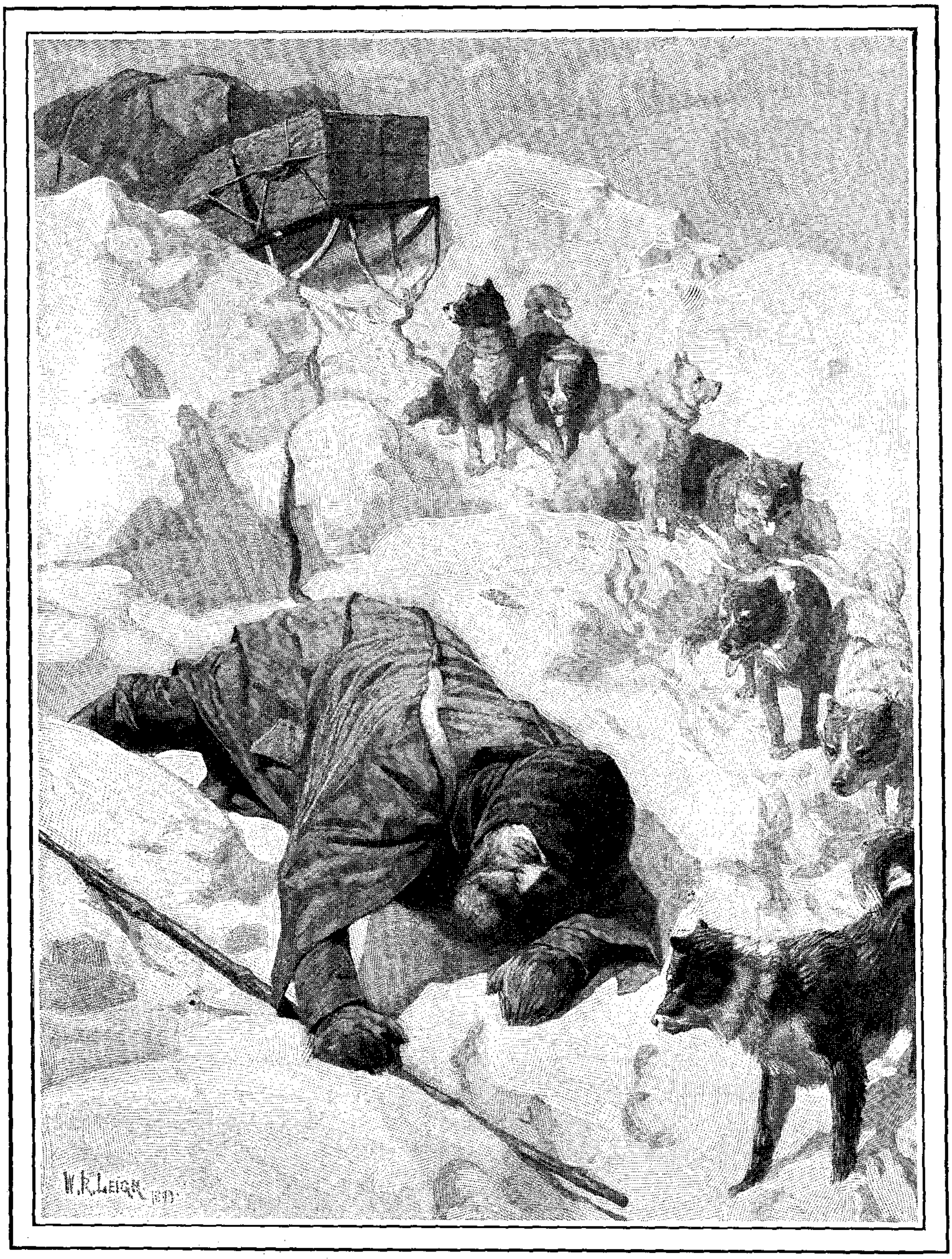
In a few moments Paul and Emil returned with word that twenty or thirty rods away they had found a floe which appeared to be sound and safe. Then, for the first time, we all began to feel as if there was something worth hurrying for. Laying hold of a sledge, we hastened with it over the quaking pieces and across a chasm in which the water was running like a mill-race, to a place of safety upon the large floe beyond. Three trips there and back we made, each time finding the chasm considerably wider than before. It was all we could do to get the third sledge over, and when we attempted to return for the fourth there was before us a river—a mad-rushing, ice-strewn current. The spot where our camp had stood, and where but a few moments before we had all been at the work of rescue, was in a volcanic state of eruption. Masses of ice were gushing up into the air like flames. The brittle blocks were crushing, grinding, snarling, biting at one another. The sea was rushing wildly through and over the *débris*. From within this swirling maelstrom of ice and water came the doleful howling of a number of dogs whose fastenings we had been unable to cut. We stood at the margin of the upheaval and listened. The volume of cry from the dogs became fainter and fainter. Soon it dwindled to the moan of a single dog. A second more, and there was no sound to be heard save the cracking, crunching of the ice, the swishing, hissing of the waters. As I stood there in the storm by the wreck of a great hope I noticed how strangely like the roar of a fierce conflagration were the mutterings of this polar paroxysm.

Without a word we turned back to our rescued sledges, moved them farther on, and, as soon as we felt quite secure, stopped and put up the tent, to escape the force of the wind. While cook was preparing coffee and oatmeal we made an inventory of our losses. One-third of our dogs and all of our dog-food were missing; also 300 or 400 pounds of bacon and condensed food; bags of reserve clothing and footwear; all our ski and our canvas canoe; and, worst of all, our basket of instruments. The Polar dash was at an end. It would be almost like suicide to go on.

When the light returned and the storm had abated, we walked back to the place where our camp had been. A strange scene lay before us. Where our tent had been pitched there were now masses of pressed-up ice, rising in places thirty feet above the level of the sea. The solid crystal sheet, from eight to fifteen feet in thickness, had been shattered into a million fragments, turned bottom up, block packed on block; and in between the elevations were pockets of *débris*—the powdered, pulverized detritus produced by these titanic forces. Now all was still and calm, and where the sea had rushed up and formed little pools in the sludge, new ice was forming in the thirty-degrees-below-zero temperature, and all was shining brilliantly in the morning sun. Not a trace of sledge, or dog, or canoe, or ski, or anything whatsoever that had been ours, was to be seen in the wreck. Had the strongest ship that was ever built been caught in this convulsion, it would have been ground into kindling wood and the kindling wood into powder.

Now we could plainly see the cause of the disaster, hitherto inexplicable. We had pitched our camp about half a mile from an enormous iceberg, fragment of a glacier, that had drifted here perhaps years before and grounded. It was about as big as a modern New York or Chicago "sky-scraper," rising forty feet above the surface of the water, with its feet upon the earth perhaps 150 feet below. There it stood, like a mountain, now only a hundred yards away. The storm that blew up while we slept had started the whole field of ice into motion. It had driven the ice down upon the great berg just as the sawyer moves his board against the saw, or as you may push a piece of cardboard against a fixed knife. And our camp had been right in the line of the cut!

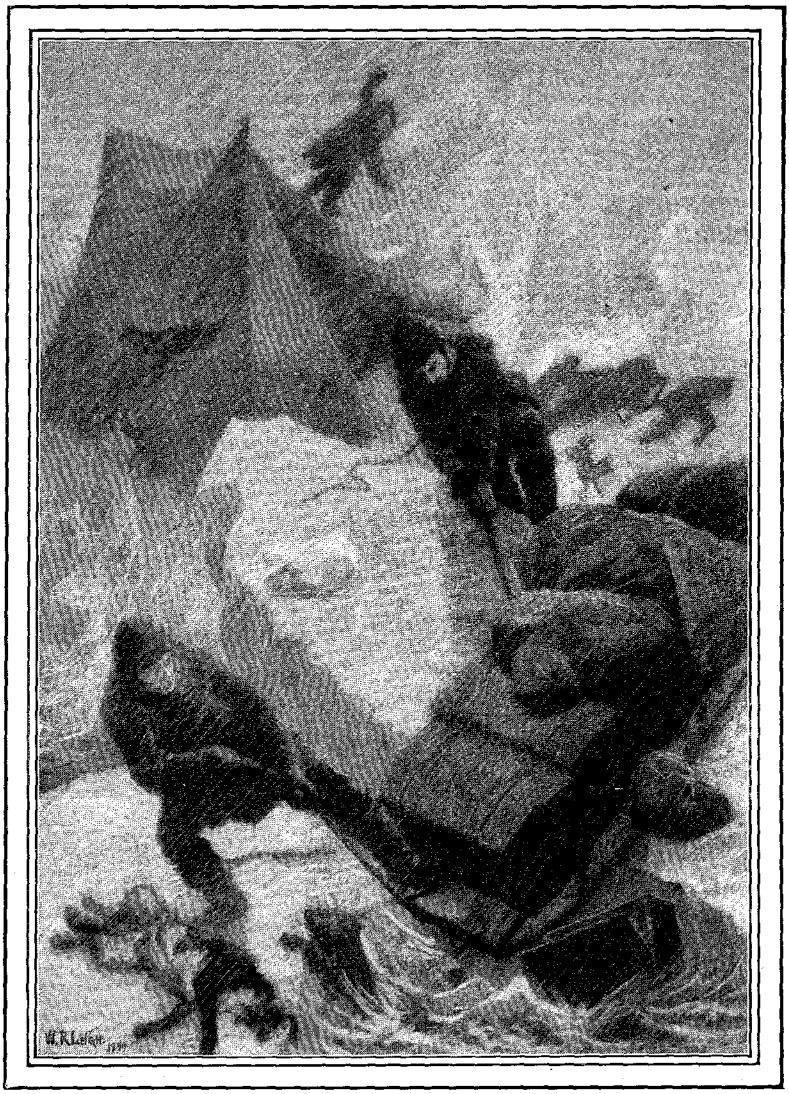
It was all plain enough. The mountainous berg had sawed the ice-sheet, and into the channel thus formed—here, as elsewhere, nature will have no vacuum—the pressure of billions of tons, coming from rear, right, left, had jammed, rolled, revolved, uplifted, down-thrust, crunched, crushed, powdered the fragments of floes in a death struggle for mere place to exist. All along that coast, as far as we could see this bright morning, the one spot—the one little rood out of all these millions of acres—where our camp could have been pitched only to be destroyed was the very spot where it had been pitched. All other spots for miles and miles were just as they had been. Start an ant crawling across a newspaper. Take a pair of shears, shut your eyes, make one random clip, and cut the insect in two. We were the ant creeping across the surface of this great ice-sheet, and that is what chance did for us—the one out of millions that saved at least one human life.



"ON MARCH 20TH, I FELL INTO A CRACK IN THE ICE AND HURT MY RIGHT LEG."

THE ONLY WAY TO REACH THE POLE.

It is only by sledging that any one now proposes to reach the North Pole. The old idea of an open polar sea and the navigation of the very top of our earth in a ship is abandoned. After Andrée's disastrous attempt to find a royal aëronautic road to the Pole, no one else is likely to try that method. The plan of all modern Pole-seekers is to get as far north as possible with a ship, establish headquarters upon the land, and thence make a dash for the Pole and back again with dog-sledges. Nansen varied this plan by leaving his ship when she had drifted farther north than man had ever been before, within 415 statute miles of the Pole; and if he had had a supply depot in north Franz Josef Land to return to, so that he could prudently have remained longer in the field, he might have made the ninetieth degree.



CAUGHT IN AN ICE-QUAKE.

To march from an outpost in any of those far northern lands to the Pole and back is a very large order; but there are men of experience who still think it can be done. How difficult the task is only those who have actually attempted it can know. The popular idea is that the feat may be performed if one will only give enough time to it; that he should push one depot of supplies out beyond another, advancing step by step, through a chain of such stations, till the Pole be reached. This would all be very well if we had the land to work upon. If we had land running to the Pole from lower latitudes, say the eightieth parallel, attainment of that objective of man's adventurous ambitions would be a simple matter. But we haven't. So far as we know, there remains between the most northerly land and the Pole about 500 miles of sea. It is possible to travel over the ice which covers this sea, rough and shifting as it is; but it is useless to establish depots there, for the odds are a hundred to one they can never be found again. Returning from his attempt to reach the Pole, Dr. Nansen made no effort to find the "Fram," because she was drifting to and fro, though at no time could she have been more than 150 miles from him, and the probabilities are that on his southern journey he passed within thirty or forty miles of her.

The season of the year during which one can travel over the ice-sheet is limited. The winter months are too dark, and the summer months—oddly enough—are too warm. The best season is from about the 1st of March to the end of May—say a hundred days in all. Before March, the sun is far below the horizon, and the gloom too dense. After May, the snow is too soft and sticky, and the ice too much broken up. It is true that some traveling might be done in October and early November, after the snow has hardened again, and this suggests the plan of using the 100 days of spring for reaching the Pole, and the autumn for returning to headquarters. But it must be remembered that, after once leaving the land and taking to the sea-ice, no game can be had; everything the travelers eat, and the fuel for melting ice and cooking food, must be carried with them. The more they carry the slower they must travel. Two pounds a day is the minimum ration per man, of the most approved modern "condensed" food. This means 200 pounds per man for a journey of 100 days, to say nothing of weight of sledges, instruments, tent, fuel, sleeping-bags, and packing. With the help of dogs this much may be carried, and the period of absence from land may be extended to 125 or even 140 days, though at first the loads will be very heavy. If, however, a party sets out upon a journey of nine months' duration, nearly 600 pounds per man would represent the minimum load simply of food for men alone and excluding all other things, among them the sustenance of the dogs,—clearly an impossible burden.

So there is nothing for it but a quick journey out from the land and back again. It makes no difference whether the base used be North Greenland, Franz Josef Land, or a ship that has drifted into the inner polar sea—it is necessarily "a dash for the Pole," and nothing but a dash. It is, practically, a campaign of 100 or 115 days, beginning in the midst of the Arctic winter and ending at the commencing of summer. The man who can get his base established just right; who can so organize his party and so arrange his weights and his motive power as to be able to cover an average of ten miles a day, and who can manage to avert all serious accidents, has the Pole within his grasp.

Ten miles a day, a mile an hour, seems very little. But try it once, if you want to know how difficult it is. Our party was as well organized as any party could be. We had the best of everything, and not too much of it. Simplicity is the first essential of a successful sledge trip. Yet work as hard as we could, we made an average of only six miles a day, about the same as Nansen and Johansen had made. Of course our loads were heaviest these days, for we were carrying four months' supplies. Each of the five of us had a sledge and a team of dogs. Much of the road was very rough. The previous fall, before the ice had frozen solidly, northeast winds, driving down against the land, had smashed the floes into a forest of hummocks and ridges. Between these elevations there were pockets of deep snow. Winding in and out, up and down, over and through these obstacles, we made our painful way by dint of much lifting, shoving, pulling, and an incessant shouting at the poor dogs.

BEHAVIOR OF THE DOGS ON AN ARCTIC JOURNEY.

Without dogs one can do nothing on a sledge trip. Reindeer have been suggested, but they are not equal to dogs in rough ice. Horses or ponies have been tried, but with indifferent results. On a smooth road they are, of course, superior to dogs, but amid hummocks and pockets they are of little avail. Besides, if we had a smooth road, the Pole would have been discovered long ago. One great advantage in the use of dogs is their ability to endure anything in the way of cold. Fifty below zero has no terrors for them. I remember one camp we made. It was in February, shortly after our start, and before the sun had risen. A storm came down upon us from off the glaciers of the near-by land. We were upon a level, snowless stretch of ice, and the wind fairly blew us off our feet. Only by bracing to leeward with a ski-stick could one stand at all. The dogs were determined to run with the wind, and it was almost more than we could do to keep them anywhere near the course. Much of the time we had to drag dogs, sledges, and all, with the icy wind blowing the breath out of our bodies. The storm increased in fury, and as it was absolutely impossible to camp on this smooth, bare ice, we looked eagerly for some hummocks or ridges where we might make the tent-pegs hold, or at least bury them in the snow so that they would not be blown miles away the moment we let go of them.

At last we found some small hummocks, and stopped to make camp. Usually this is the most pleasant of tasks. One takes keen delight in preparing for the night, and heavenly it seems to crawl in out of the wind, and to hear the lamp sing as it boils the coffee and the soup. But this was a most bitter camp-making. It seemed impossible to do anything. The air was so filled with snow that we could barely see one another.

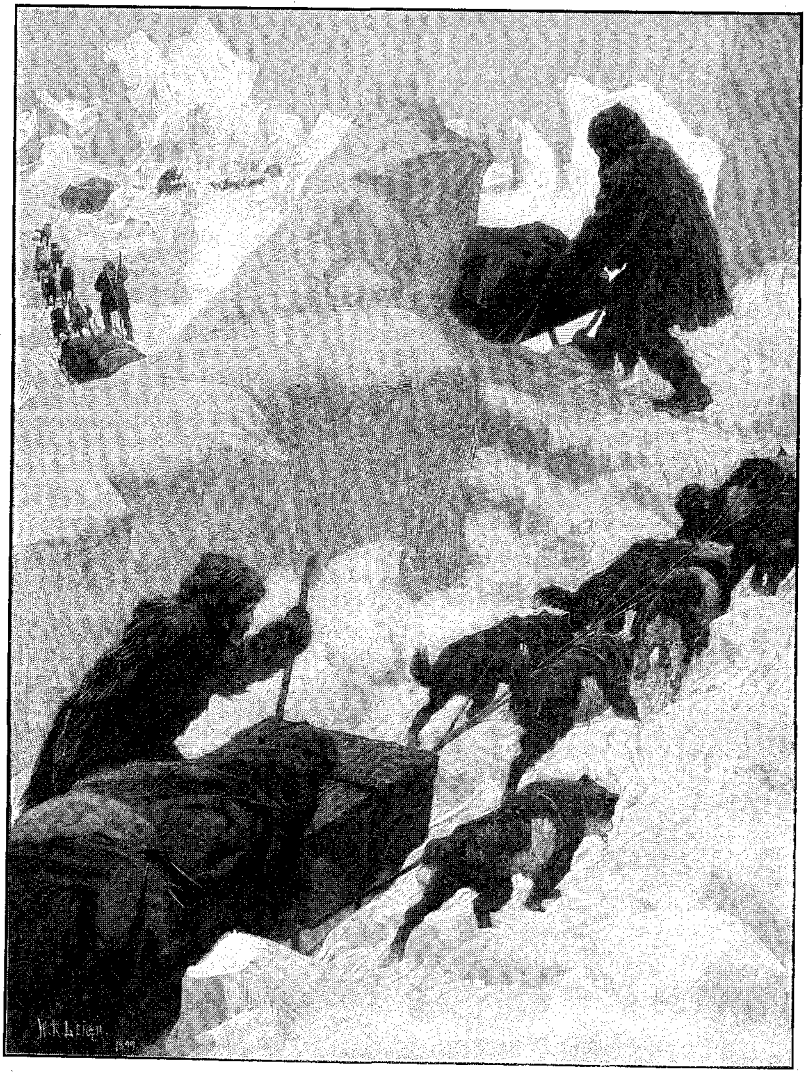
"Make the dogs snug first," I said, "or they'll perish."

So we scooped out a sort of trench, and buried the dogs in the snow, and then tried to rig up some sort of shelter for ourselves. It was not easy. No tent could stand in that blast, and so we fastened down the ends of the canvas, crawled under, boiled some coffee, and spread the sleeping-bags. A few hours later the violence of the storm was moderated, and I looked out to see how things were coming on. There were the dogs, lying on top of the snow, as happy as they could be, though a stiff wind was still blowing and the temperature was about thirty-five degrees below zero. In trying to make these dogs comfortable I had frozen my nose and my cheeks, and some of the men had suffered similar trifling frost nips. So after this we permitted the dogs to hunt their own shelter. It was never too cold for them. Sometimes on breaking camp in the morning we had to dig them out of snow-drifts; but once a dog has shaken himself vigorously, straightened out his cramped legs, quarreled with one or two of his neighbors, and wagged his tail a few times at his master, he is ready for business.

A Siberian dog will pull only a quarter as much as a man can pull, and he needs about a pound of food per day, or half as much as the man. But he requires no sleeping-bag or tent, no extra clothing and boots, no water has to be melted for him, he smokes no tobacco. Best of all, if he gets hurt, or becomes ill or exhausted, you don't have to drag him on the sledge or turn back. You convert him into fresh meat for the survivors. That is the economy of dog-sledging in these dashes for the Pole. Your four-legged comrade drags fifty or sixty pounds of load, and he carries twenty-five or thirty pounds of meat "on the hoof." But killing these faithful fellows who have worked in harness by your side, who lick the hand that is about to smite them, and look up into the murderer's eyes with true dog trustfulness, was the bitterest of all the bitter things we had to do. We killed only half a dozen, using a rifle, and did the job off a little way from camp, behind a hummock, in a sneaking sort of way, as if we were ashamed of it, as we were.

Good boys, those dogs. I became very fond of my team, rogues though they were, some of them. Dogs name themselves, and mine bore the cognomens of "The Deacon," "The Dandy," "The Assassin" (the latter had killed only half a dozen of his brethren the previous winter), "The Lady," "The Fox," "The Judge," and "The Sport." "The Assassin" was the leader, and a noble draft dog he was. He pulled just like a mule. His only fault was that he wanted to be at the head of the whole procession all the time. If put behind another sledge, he would not "track," but cut cross-lots at every turn of the trail. He broke two sledges in this way in the rough ice, to say nothing of some of my good resolutions. I tried to discipline him by putting him back among the team; but he felt the disgrace, and wouldn't pull at all, so I had to make him leader again. With all their mean tricks, I loved these dogs. You see, I had to work right alongside them, with a harness over my shoulders. On good ice the dogs would pull the load, but whenever the sledge stuck in a rough place or a pocket of deep snow—and this was once in three or five minutes—I had to keep it going, or start it, if it stopped. The dogs would pull only when they felt motion behind them. They had a shy way, too, of watching me out of the corners of their eyes, and when the sledge dragged a little hard and they saw I was not pulling, they stopped short, as much as to say: "How do you expect to get along if you don't do your share of the pulling?" But I fooled them by pretending to be working very hard when actually I was not moving ten pounds. At every stop they got even with me by twisting themselves up into knots, tangling their trace lines in the most hopeless way, and then lying down to rest while I, with frost-nipped fingers and such patience as I could command, straightened things out.

But there were compensations for all these annoyances in the fine way the beasts worked. It was not necessary to beat them, and whipping or beating was not allowed on this trip. It was wonderful what we could do with these dogs by talking cheerily to them. They didn't know what we said to them, but they were as keen to scent the tone in which we said it as they were to smell a bear or a seal. When we were blue and talked snappishly or petulantly to them, they became discouraged too, and didn't work half so well. Brace up and sing to them, and call them "old boy," and put a jolly ring in your voice, and they would pull their legs off for you. All but "The Fox"—he was a born shirker. He used to go lame all of a sudden, so that he couldn't pull; and at first I sympathized a good deal with him and called him pet names. Then I discovered that he was shamming and that a gentle touch with the end of my ski-stick served to cure his lameness in a jiffy. But the habit of going lame when he became tired he never got over, and for months he tried two or three times a day to deceive us, always with the same result.



"WINDING IN AND OUT, UP AND DOWN, OVER AND THROUGH . . . OBSTACLES, WE MADE OUR PAINFUL WAY BY DINT OF MUCH LIFTING, SHOVING, PULLING."

THE ARCTIC TRAVELER'S GREATEST HARDSHIP.

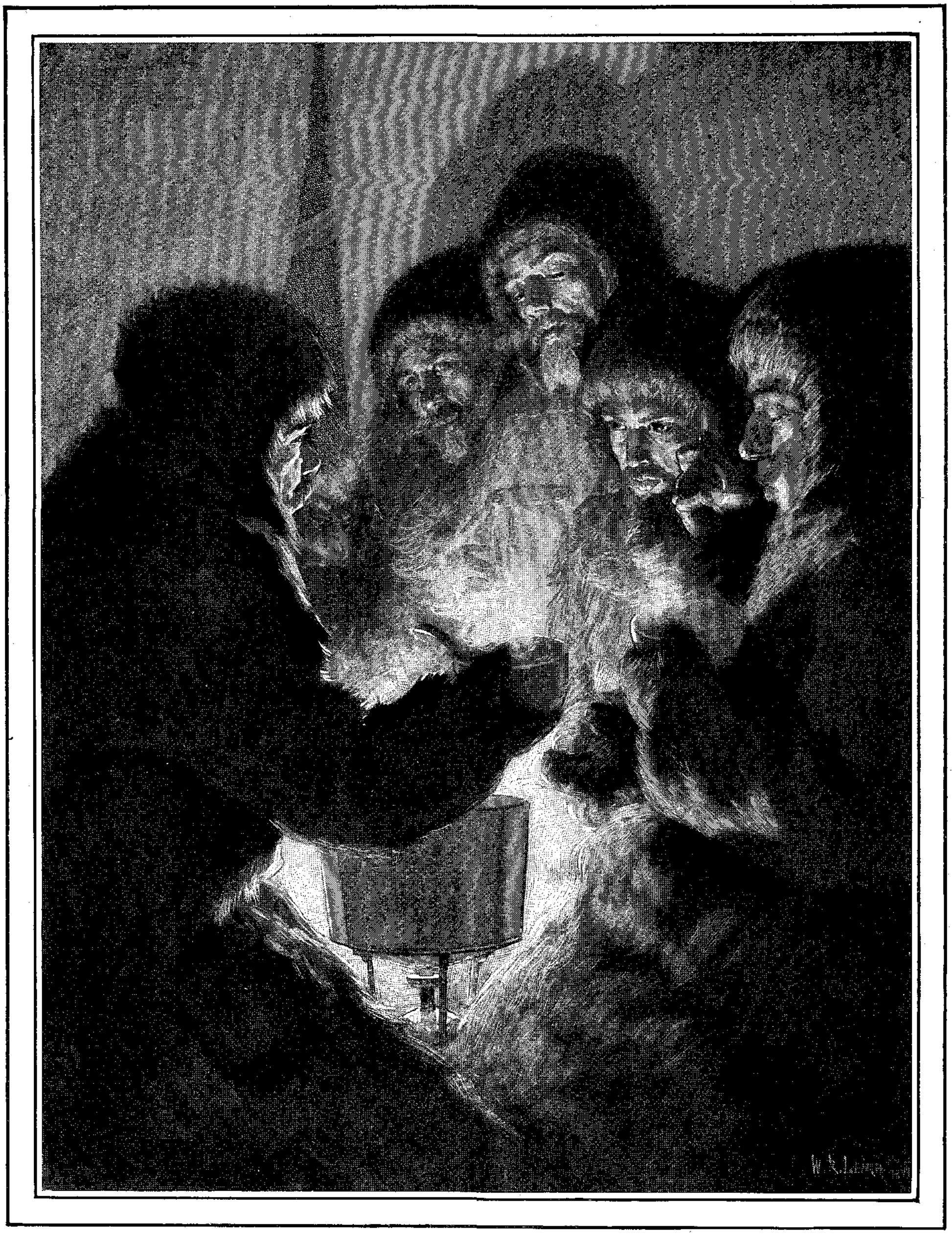
Of course we had our fair share of suffering on this sledge journey. The cold is not the worst—that is, directly: so far as actually feeling cold was concerned, we had no trouble, and a few frost-bites didn't count. Hardest to endure was the indirect effect of the cold, coupled with the absence of a fire to dry things. The camping hour arrives. You have been working hard all day, pulling and tugging, in a temperature ranging from twenty-five to forty-five degrees below zero, and perhaps with a nice cool wind blowing from the north. Outside you are a mass of frost, and inside your skin is wet with perspiration. Be careful in pitching the tent that you do not leave your mittens off more than a few seconds, or you will not only freeze your fingers, but find the mittens frozen so hard you can't get them on again. The best way is to put them inside your jacket till you want them. When the tent is pitched, one man goes to cut fresh ice—ice, that is, at the top of the hummocks, fifteen or eighteen feet above the sea—and break it up fine for melting over the petroleum-gas lamp. This is the only way to get water, and it is not an easy way, for the ice is almost as hard as a rock. Another man feeds the hungry dogs their meager rations of frozen meat. Poor beasts, it is a small bit, and is swallowed at a single gulp, and then nothing more than snow for them to eat till the next night. It makes one very sad to see the hungry fellows sitting about watching with wide eyes their busy masters, and wagging their tails in expectancy of a crumb or two. But it is a hard life for both man and beast, and rations must be strictly adhered to, no matter how many good dogs go to sleep in the snow with empty stomachs. They'll jump into their work all right in the morning, just the same.

Two men get the big sleeping-bag off the sledge and carry it into the tent. There they try to unroll it. Half an hour of tugging, yanking, pounding is needed to accomplish this feat, so fast is it frozen from the moisture of the previous night's use. When it is spread flat in the snow, we begin getting in. Preliminary to this we beat and scrape some of the snow and frost off one another's clothing, but it is impossible to get it all off. The remainder goes into the bag with us. We don't take off any clothing, not even our moccasins or our hats. Yes, we do take off our rein-skin shoes, but it is only for the purpose of turning them inside out that they may the better dry during the night, and that we may take out the senne grass or hay which we have worn in them to absorb the moisture and keep the feet dry. The art of keeping warm feet is to keep dry feet, and three or four pairs of woolen stockings and a nicely packed bunch of this hay work to a charm. Whatever else we got in this excursion, we did not get cold feet. Scattered out to freeze, the hay can be shaken entirely free of frost next morning, and so will be fairly dry to put on again. But what a job it is to turn these frozen moccasins night and morning with our frost-nipped, tender fingers! More than once have I seen a big, brave fellow shedding tears and swearing together while at this job—it hurt so.

We start kicking our way into the sleeping-bag. It is frosty, icy, hard in there, and it takes a lot of kicking and shoving to straighten it out and work our way well down in. By the time this is done supper is ready, and this brings in the only glorious hour of the day. Hot soup, hot coffee, biscuit, a piece of cheese; bacon, sometimes raw, sometimes boiled in the soup; oatmeal porridge; a nice chunk of butter, hard as a rock, but it tastes good in the coffee; and a big drink of ice-water, when we are lucky enough to have any water left over. If there isn't any left over we go thirsty, as we can't afford to use more oil. We sit up in the bag like birdlings in a nest, and eat this supper with voracious appetites, and with mittens on our fingers. The steam is converted into frost, and the white particles fall all over us; but we don't mind that as long as there is anything to eat. The saddest moment is when everything is gone and the ration exhausted.

Then a pipe for consolation—a pipe, and the pleasant task of writing up one's journal in a temperature of seventy degrees or more below freezing. There was once a time when I didn't believe it possible for a man to write two or three hundred words in half an hour in such cold, with bare hands; but now I know it can be done, and, what is more surprising, the man can actually read what he has written.

The next thing is to push one's self all the way down into the now fairly well thawed-out sleeping-bag; pull up the flap and button it tight, and get snuggled for the night. All this is easier said than done. The predominant idea of comfort in a sleeping-bag prevailing among my Norwegian comrades was to slide down somewhere near the bottom



"SUPPER IS READY, AND THIS BRINGS IN THE ONLY GLORIOUS HOUR OF THE DAY."

and telescope themselves together; but I had always to have a smell of fresh air, no matter how cold it was. There were four of us in one bag, and none of us was small, and we had to lie "spoon-fashion." When one turned over, all had to turn. As we were packed in like Smyrna figs in a box, and as I occupied one edge of the bag, where the cover-lid was drawn down over me as tight as a drum-head, it sometimes took me a quarter of an hour to turn over. It was quite an athletic feat, but it had its advantage in that it helped one to warm up. The effort to turn about-face usually started perspiration, though the jacket I wore was so stiff with frost that on first getting into bed it was difficult to bend the arms. We always wore our mittens in bed, at least during the first part of the night, when we were struggling to get our blankets straightened out. These were like pieces of sheet-metal to start with; but the heat of our bodies and the persistent bending and breaking of them finally licked them into shape. Surprising, this body heat of a vigorous man! In the course of a couple of hours it thawed most of our clothing into wet compresses, made the blankets limp and soggy, and even softened parts of the sleeping-bag itself. Something like a hundred minutes after buttoning the flaps down over our heads we found ourselves lying with pools of water under our bodies, while frost still adhered to our trousers. By this time two or three of my Norwegian bedfellows were snoring like threshing-machines, trolley-cars, boiler-shops, and batteries of artillery. Then, generally without much loss of time, I suppose I joined in the chorus.

All these and countless other annoyances are small matters when once you get accustomed to them and as long as one is in full possession of his health and strength. But I cannot conscientiously recommend an Arctic tent as a hospital, nor a dog-sledge in rough ice and bad weather as an ambulance.

A TRIP DEFERRED.

By M. Grace Pope.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

"I DUNNO ez I ought to marry you this spring, Ephraim. I dunno ez I ought. We could wait until fall jest ez well. I hed rather 'twould be in fall."

"Surely, Millie, ye wouldn't keep me waitin' fer ye all summer. The house is all ready an' waitin' fer ye. I jest finished buildin' a new wing to it. The apple blossoms is all out now; an' the place lookin' its puttiest. 'Tain't clothes, is it, Millie? 'Cause if 'tis, what ye hev on is good enough, if ye ask my jedgment."

Millie shook her head slowly. "'Tisn't clothes," she said.

"Yer father's bin dead two months now," Ephraim said. His voice took on a softer tone. "We'd be married quiet like."

"No; it ain't account o' father exactly," Millie assured him.

"Then what is it? Tell me, Millie."

The girl's blue eyes had a far-away look in them. She made no reply.

"Tell me, Millie." His tone was more positive now.

A deeper pink flushed the young girl's face. She was laying little creases in her handkerchief, seemingly to gain courage. At last she spoke.

"I dunno ez I like to tell you, Ephraim; but ye see, 'fore father died, he was always sayin' he wanted me to take a trip to New York. He was born there, ye know; an' he said he was a-goin' to take ev'ry one o' his children there, an' he took Joe an' Sister Mary, an' then he died 'fore he hed time to take me. An' I can't forgit thet 'twas his wish. I feel somehow ez though he'd be happier ef he jest knew I'd gone, ye see. 'Sides," she added, with the consciousness that her father's wish was echoed by her own desires, "I'd always set such store by goin' to New York myself. I want so much to go."

"'Twould take a lot to go, Millie."

"I've saved some, though," she answered. "I kin lay by enough 'fore August, an' then we could be married when I come back, Ephraim."

The revelation of the one cherished dream of her life, even to her lover, had been no easy task for the girl. Her voice had in it a helpless little trembling note, and there were tears in the eyes she kept so persistently fixed on the lap of her simple black gown.

"Well, now; jest don't ye worry about thet, Millie. What's the matter with us goin' to New York together?"

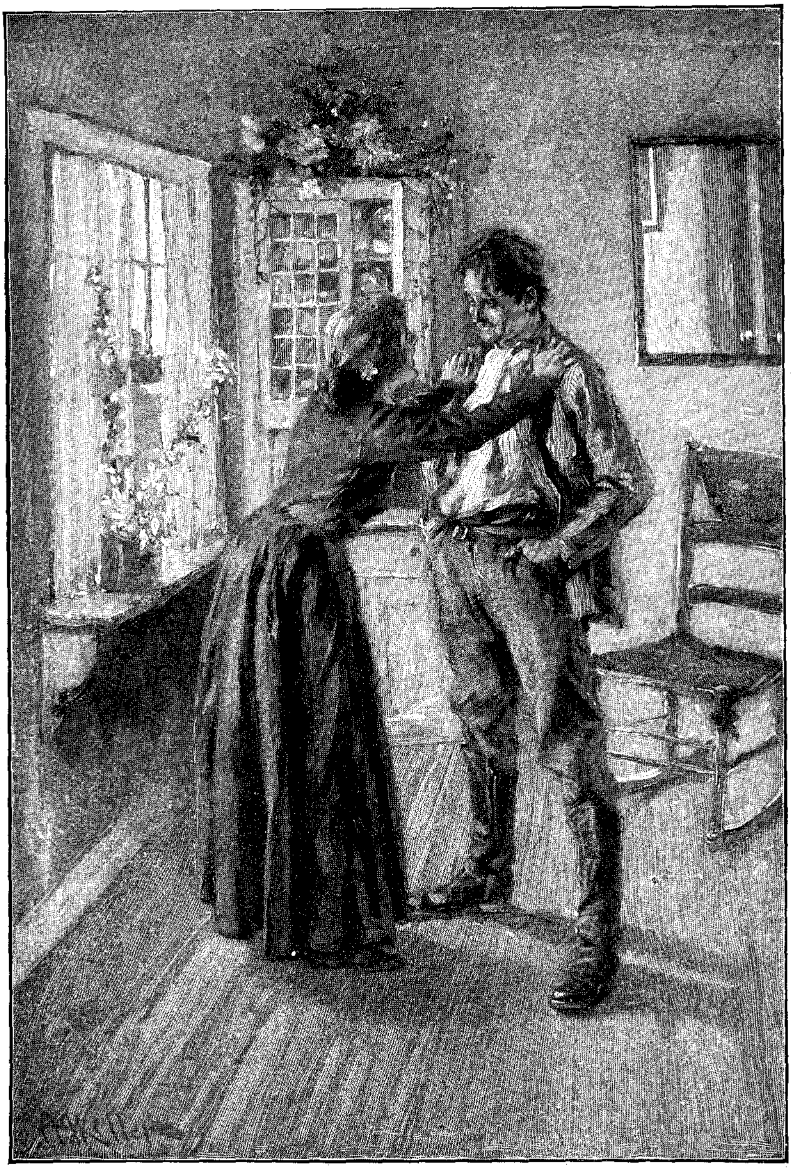
"Oh, Ephraim! Will ye, though? Will ye take me? A bridal tour, do ye mean?"

Millie did not hide her eyes now. They were lifted to the young man's face, looking like two big shining sapphires under the fringe of the fair brown lashes.

"Well, not exactly thet, ye know, Millie. Ye see, ez I jest finished the wing to the house, I can't go now. But we kin go in the fall, an' nothin' to hinder."

Millie was eager to make the visit at once. They talked for some time; but the man was persistent, the girl's nature gentle and yielding, as her sweet face showed. She loved him; and he had his way.

"I'm goin' to take a trip to New York in the fall," Mrs. Ephraim Shuttles told the good women of the neighborhood, with a thrill of very pardonable pride, when they called to pay their respects after her installation as mistress of the house with the new wing, on what was known as the Old Hill Farm. The information caused quite a little flurry of excitement in the neighborhood. Ephraim was looked upon as a thrifty farmer, and Millie acquired a kind of prestige as the wife of a man who could afford a journey to New York.



"'WILL YE TAKE ME? A BRIDAL TOUR, DO YE MEAN?'"

"I ain't never ben there myself," Mrs. Pritchett told her, "but I've a cousin who was there a whole week. He thought somethin' uncommon must ha' ben goin' on there thet week, there was such crowds o' people. But he didn't find out."

"Deak'n Craft's first wife's sister was there wonst when she was a gal, an' she's ben a-takin' on airs over it ever sence," old Mrs. Moffitt informed Millie; and when Mrs. Shuttles was not present, the subject of the prospective trip gave quite an impetus to the summer conversation.

It proved to be a bad year for the crops. Heavy rains fell just before harvest, and the long golden-green stalks of the wheat were beaten to earth like a defeated army. Worms destroyed a great quantity of fruit. Millie could not go to New York that year. Some other time, when the money could be more easily spared, she should go.

And Millie was hopeful. But Mrs. Pritchett, who enjoyed the reputation of "always speakin' her mind," shook her head in conversation with Sister Beckett. "Mark my words, Mis' Shuttles ain't no more like to go to New York 'n I am this blessed minnit."

In the spring, Millie's baby came, a lovely little creature like a white April blossom, and, alas! almost as fragile. For two years the child lived; then they made for it a tiny mound in the Valley Cemetery, and something out of the mother's life went, too; although another, a happy, healthy, rollicking boy, was lying in the lost baby's cradle.

The years went by. Two girls came to the house among the apple blossoms; and more and more into futurity retreated the mother's visit to the metropolis. Even when the children were old enough to be left, it seemed as though the promised visit was as far away as ever. Farm machinery had to be purchased, fences repaired, a ten-acre meadow bought for a cow pasture. Crops were poor frequently; and sometimes a field adjoining the hill farm could be bought advantageously. More pasture land meant more milk in the dairy; more acres to cultivate meant a greater number of hired men to cook for. Millie's confident, "I am goin' to New York next year," changed to, "Mebbe I will go."

Mrs. Pritchett gave it as her opinion that "Mis' Shuttles 'll be an angel 'fore she ever hez a chance to go anywheres. An angel 'ud make no call on Ephraim Shuttles's pockets."

Still Millie often spoke of it at home as a settled fact, until one day she timidly suggested that her long-deferred visit be made the following autumn.

Ephraim's look plainly indicated disapproval. "Lawsy me, Millie!" he said, "are ye still a-harpin' on New York? Why, you an' me are gettin' to be old folks now. I guess if ye've got on all these years 'thout goin' to New York, ther ain't no powerful hurry in the matter ez I kin see."

"I've always meant to go, Ephraim," Millie reminded him very meekly; but he made a gesture of impatience and left her. The subject was not mentioned between them again.

However, when she was deprived of the satisfaction of talking about it, the hope of going took stronger and stronger hold upon her. Had she dwelt less upon it in the past, she might have talked it over with the neighbors; but that was something her woman's pride forbade. For her life, it seemed she could not hit upon a reasonable excuse for not going, and in her sensitiveness she fancied that there were sneers when, in reality, the kind hearts around her felt only pity. Her lack of "grit" gave rise to a slight feeling of contempt among some of the women who were cast in heroic mold, as was Mrs. Pritchett; but they loved gentle Millie far too well to make ill-natured remarks at her expense.

One winter Millie began to droop, quite suddenly it seemed to Ephraim, but to others the change in her had been a gradual one.

"I just ain't strong. That is all," she told them; but the doctor who was called in looked grave when he left the house.

"Your wife needs rest and change," were his parting words to Ephraim as he drove away, and the husband thought of the trip he had promised his wife before their marriage.

"How'd ye like to go to New York now, Millie?" he asked, sitting on the bed and looking at her tenderly; for the physician's face had alarmed him even more than his words.

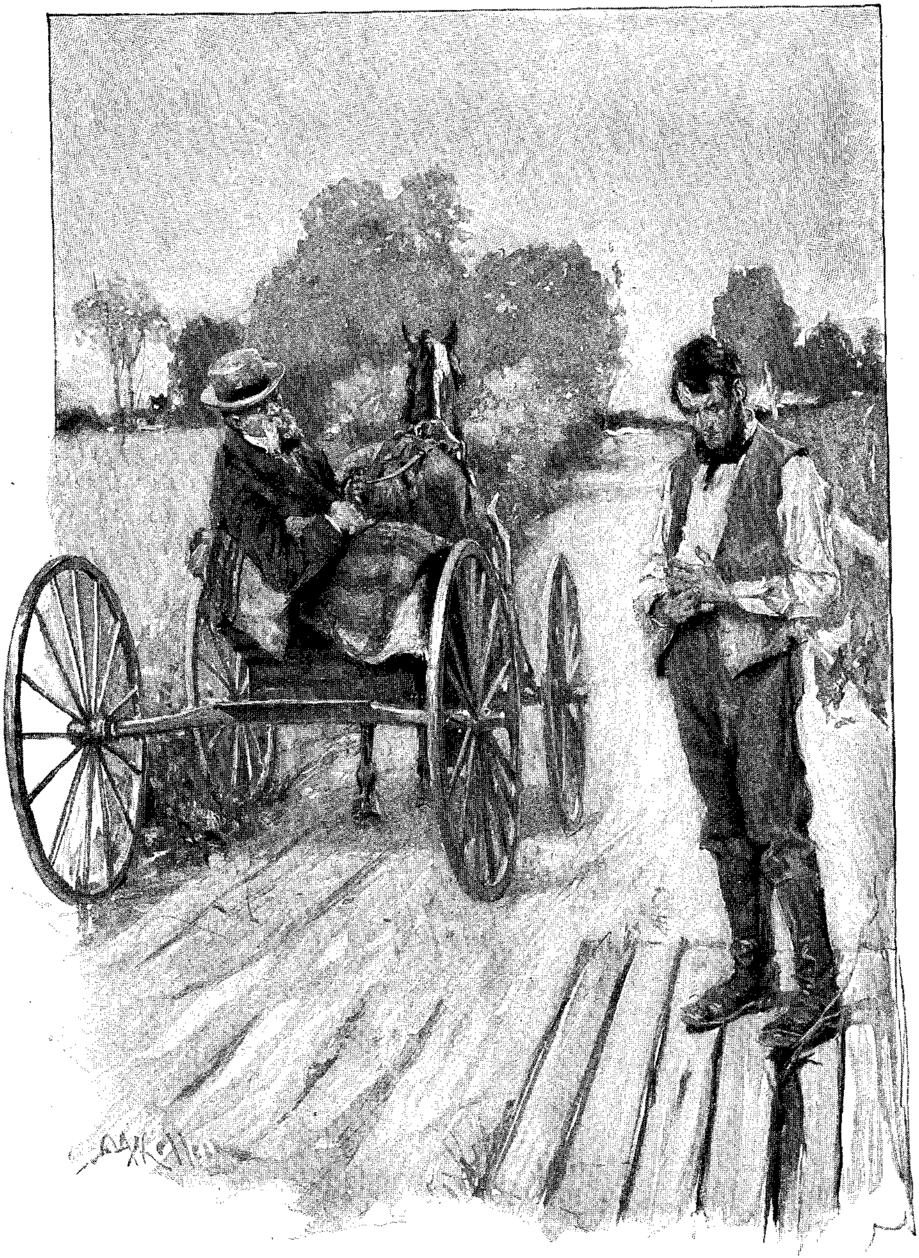
The light of a great joy was in the wife's face. "I am so glad ye thought of it, Ephraim," she said. "It seems ez though if father knew, he might ha' thought hard o' me all these years fer not goin'. When I'm stronger, I'll go. I've thought about it so much."

There was no reproach in her tones; but the man said brokenly: "I didn't know ye cared so much about it, Millie. I didn't know."

But the realization of that one supreme hope had come into Millie's life too late. She grew no stronger. The older daughter had slept for years beside the tiny first-born in the valley; but the other, a bright-faced, bonny maiden of fourteen, was her mother's faithful nurse and companion.

One day, as Millie lay white and wan among her pillows, there came a letter from her son, who was working in a distant city. It contained a check for one hundred dollars for his mother's trip to New York. The tears welled up in Millie's eyes, and ran slowly down her cheeks.

"Why, mother, you aren't a bit glad!" her daughter said in surprise. "We've always planned it, and we thought you'd be so glad. You see, brother an' me always



"'YOUR WIFE NEEDS REST AND CHANGE,' WERE HIS PARTING WORDS TO EPHRAIM."

talked it over, an' he said he was goin' to give you the money to go. You remember the time his colt died, how bad he felt? He was goin' to let you go with the money he got for his colt. He's been savin' ever since he went away. But it takes so long. I've saved mine, too; an' you never guessed."

She ran from the room, and quickly reappeared shaking a small tin box triumphantly above her head as she approached the bed.

"Who says I haven't helped, too?" she asked. "Here are my savings. These will help out brother's. We want you to go everywhere and spend lots. I'm goin' myself when I'm grown up."

Millie could not speak.

The young girl laid the coins in a little pyramid on the bright patchwork quilt of the bed, first the dollars, then half-dollars, then twenty-five-cent pieces, and lastly nickels and dimes.

"Here's what I got fer my canary bird,

here's the dollar I got at the County Fair fer my bread, here's fer the wild strawberries I sold last year to the Boston people——"

Thus the girl counted over her precious savings, and the mother thought of the baby voice that but a few years ago was numbering her small pink toes:

"This pig went to market,
 This pig staid at home;
This pig had plenty to eat,
 This pig had none."

The smile on the mother's face was a sad one.

"You'll have just lots, won't you, mother?"

A faint flush dyed Millie's cheek. "Why, child, ye needn't hev done that. Yer pa'll send me ez soon ez I'm a little stronger."

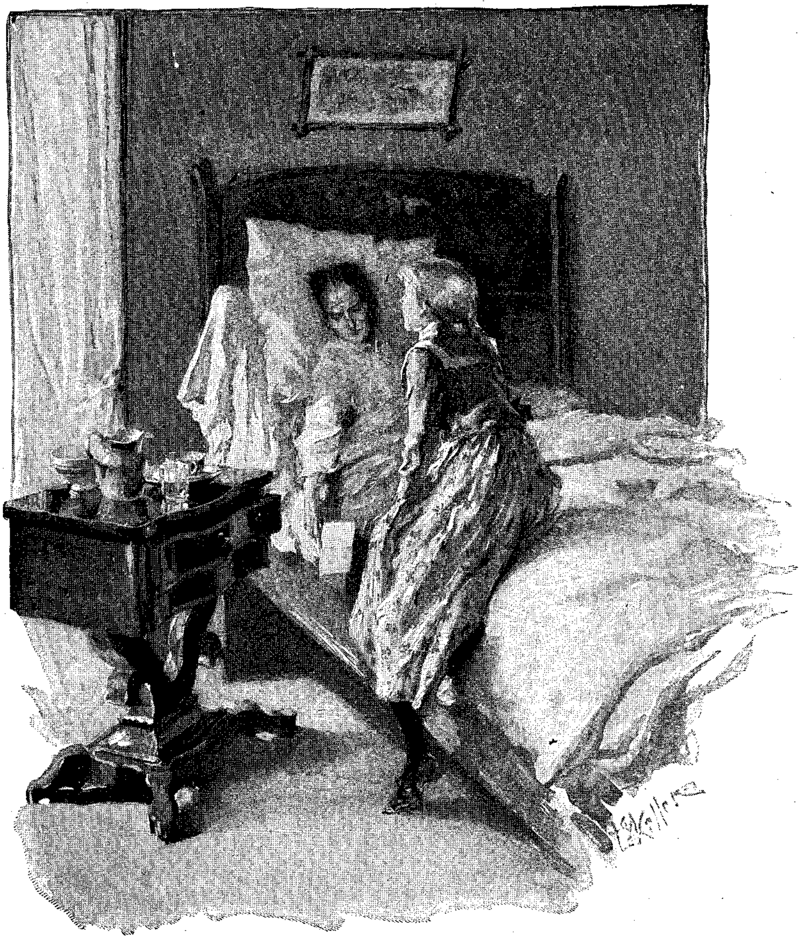
"I don't believe father'll ever give you the money, mother," she said with conviction.

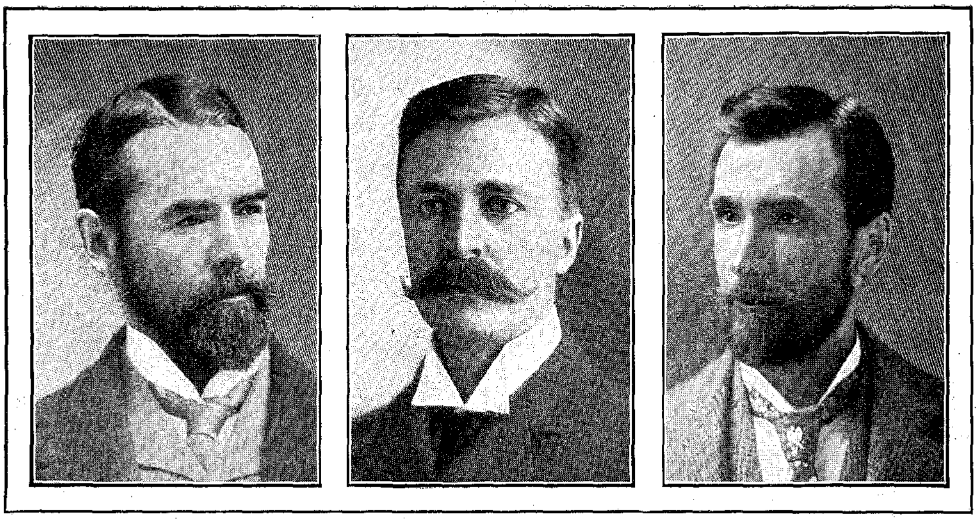
The childish frankness was like a stab to the mother; but she only said very quietly: "Yer father didn't know how I felt about it. Men see things different, I guess."

Two days afterward Millie died.

"Well, Mr. Shuttles," Mrs. Pritchett remarked to the widower a few days after the funeral, "no one kin say ez ye didn't give Mis' Shuttles a han'some buryin'. Ye spared nothin'. But if yer wife could ha' hed her wish, don't ye think she'd 'a' took a plainer coffin an' thet trip to New York?"

"'WHY, MOTHER, YOU AREN'T A BIT GLAD!' HER DAUGHTER SAID IN SURPRISE."





John Hislop,
Assistant Chief Engineer.

E. C. Hawkins,
Chief Engineer.

M. J. Heney,
Contractor.

"THE THREE HEROES WHO MADE THE ROAD."

BUILDING A RAILROAD INTO THE KLONDIKE.

By Cy Warman,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Story of the Railway," etc.

A JOURNEY OVER THE NEW WHITE PASS AND YUKON LINE AND THE TRUE STORY OF THE ROAD'S CONSTRUCTION.

In an unguarded moment Close Brothers of London came into possession of an invisible piece of property known as a franchise. Some enterprising gentlemen had acquired the right to build a railroad in Alaska; but being unable to raise the necessary funds, they sold this right to the London firm. The money went by way of a loan. If the borrowers failed to build the road, or to begin to build it within a given time, the English capitalists were to have the privilege of taking over the franchise and constructing the line. The borrowers failed, and the lenders concluded to build the road themselves. An interesting fact, a thing almost unheard of in the history of American railways, is that these men, way across the continent and beyond the broad Atlantic, came to this conclusion without ever having seen the country or having a representative look the ground over. They organized a company, and made Mr. S. H. Graves, of their Chicago office, president.

Graves was building a big reservoir in Colorado. E. C. Hawkins was his chief engineer, and John Hislop was Hawkins's assistant. Now the president of this imaginary railroad, that had not even been surveyed, did as bold a thing as his London associates had done. He ordered Hawkins and Hislop to Alaska to build a railroad from the head of Lynn Canal across the steep, rough range to Lake Bennett. There were no side cañons, there was no room to swing for the heavy grade and the summit. In building a prairie road you cut across lots, to save mileage. On a mountain, you strive to increase your mileage, in order to get over the hill. At one place on the Yukon River, we steamed for two hours and a half, and gained a mile. I figured that the steamboat company's six steamers would burn a thousand dollars' worth of wood a week, steaming round the bend, and suggested cutting a way for the river through the narrow neck of land.

"Yes," said the captain, "and make another White Horse Rapids. These twelve miles of loops and bends make it possible to do the trip at all." And so it is with a mountain railway—you must have mileage.

By May, 1898, a start had been made in locating the road. It was to begin at Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal. But now nearly every ship that came up through the canal from the outside world brought discouraging news to the locating engineers. Those who wanted the enterprise to fail spoke first, and then others echoed their prediction that the road would never be built. But the path-finders worked on patiently, faithfully, as a man paints for the sake of seeing his picture, yet with no hope of a sale. Rumors of war reached England, and the English capitalists shook their heads. The United States declared war with Spain, and London ordered the work of road-making in America to stop. Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet one Sunday morning at Manila. Spanish ships, guns, men, all sunk in a sea of smoke and a heaven of flame! It was awful, but it was grand. England applauded, and the applause ran round the earth. The Anglo-Saxon heart beat wildly. The London capitalists cabled to America to build the line in Alaska. The path-finders rejoiced, and went to work with a will. Heney, the contractor, who always walked erect, took on a Chilkoot slant, and actually leaned back, glad to know that the road would be completed, for whatever he did he did with his whole heart.

The work of the locating engineer was not easy. The snow was still heavy on the shadowed side of the hills. At many points the face of the mountain was so steep that they had to resort to ropes and often to triangulation. It was a long time between Easter and wild flowers in the Alaskan hills. Upon one occasion, Hislop set out with a pair of snowshoes and a sandwich to explore a mythical pass that lay over Atlin way. After climbing over rocks, snow, and glaciers for hours, he gained the summit, only to find it some hundreds of feet higher than White Pass. Going down the north slope, the engineer began to look for the "broad open valley" that was said to go with this "Warm Pass," as it was called. In a little while he found himself on the banks of the Otter River, broad and swift. All night he traveled down this stream, hoping to strike the Dawson Trail. Often the river swept through cliffs, and the traveler was forced to climb over steep bluffs. The underbrush grew dense and tangled. The snow down the river became soft, and he was forced to take off his snowshoes. Presently he came to an open gulch, or narrow valley, that swept down to the river from the south. Turning into this cañon, he came, late in the afternoon of the second day, within sight of the smoke at Log Cabin, and rejoiced that food and rest were at hand. At dusk, when within a few miles of the police station, the path-finder came to another river, cold, swift, wide, and deep. That night he passed in a cold, drizzling rain. The next morning, far up stream, he found a shoal where he could wade the river, and late at night, on the third day, he reached the Northwest Mounted Police post at the head of Middle Lake.

At another time Hislop and Heney became snowbound on the summit of White Pass. They were somewhat separated, when Heney found their camp-cook freezing in the snow. He wanted to help the man, but the man wanted to die. Heney kicked him, cursed him, and dragged him along the trail. "You fool, you're not fit to die—you're not fit to live. Stand up, or I'll disfigure you so your friends won't know you over there, over there."

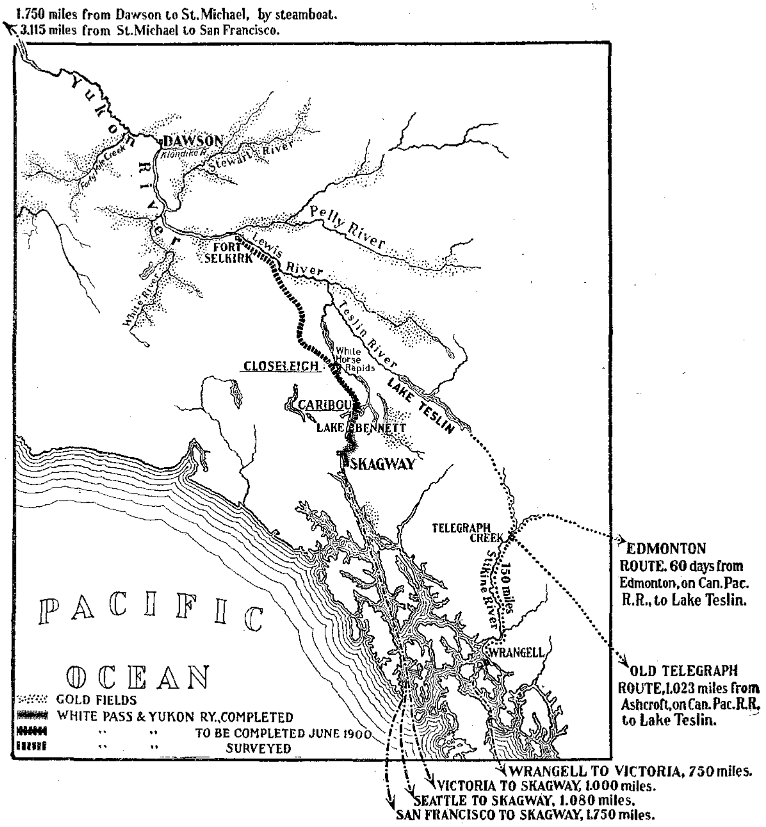
Now, when Hislop chanced to hear the Irishman talking in this way, he guessed that Heney had gone crazy. Hurrying through the storm, he soon found his friend patiently dragging the half-dead cook down the trail. After much hard work they succeeded in saving the man's life, much against the man's will.

The day the engineers unloaded in Alaska land began to "boom." Every man who had a lot along the Skagway River wanted ten times its value, because railway corporations are supposed to be heartless and soulless, and to have nothing but money. Moreover, you can rob a railway company, as a Turk kills a Christian, and lose no sleep over the matter.

The youthful municipality of Skagway, whose future depended upon the railroad, threw any amount of bother in the way of the path-finders. The trailers and packers, whose business would go when the railway came; the Chilkooters, and highwaymen with lots to unload, all labored early and late to hinder and hurt the enterprise.

After much anxiety a franchise was secured from the town of Skagway for a right of way along the bluff on the east side of the town. The right of way, however, was not cleared for the railway builders, and after waiting some time, the representative of the company asked for right of way through Broadway, one of the principal streets of the place. A very stormy mass-meeting was held on the evening of June 14th, when it was decided to grant the railway temporary use of the street until the way along the bluff could be cleared, and by the town turned over to the company. Although a majority of the people at the mass-meeting favored the granting of the right of way, a noisy minority objected, and declared that they would prevent the company, if need be, by force, from building in Broadway. It was three o'clock in the morning when the meeting adjourned. Most of the participants slept late, and when they awoke they saw a railway along Broadway, a little locomotive chu-chuing forward and back, and men with firearms hanging on their hips tramping the ties. The town failed ever to make good its agreement to provide right of way along the bluff; but the company afterwards purchased land there from the individual owners and laid track, so that it now has two lines through the town. All passenger trains still run up through Broadway.

For the first few miles out of Skagway, the road runs along the low river-bank through a dense forest of small timber. Near the forks of the Skagway River it leaves the river, and begins to climb the side of the mountain. Following the east fork, it swings far to the east, to the foot of Warm Pass, then back to the west branch of the river, climbing up over the shoulder of a rugged mountain. This is Rocky Point, where the road was so hard to locate. Sometimes, in order to gain a distance of a few hundred feet, the men were obliged to climb for hours over, or around, high, almost perpendicular cliffs, and then slide down to the line again. A little further along, they were obliged to put in a switchback; but this is only temporary. The cañon can be bridged a few hundred feet below.


1.750 miles from Dawson to St. Michael, by steamboat.
3.115 miles from St. Michael to San Francisco.
Yukon River
DAWSON
Klondike R.
Stewart River
Forty Mile Creek
White River
Pelly River
FORT SELKIRK
Lewis River
Teslin River
White Horse Rapids
CLOSELEIGH
CARIBOU
LAKE BENNETT
LAKE TESLIN
SKAGWAY
TELEGRAPH CREEK
Stikine River
150 miles
WRANGELL
PACIFIC OCEAN
GOLD FIELDS
WHITE PASS & YUKON RY. COMPLETED
" " TO BE COMPLETED JUNE 1900
" " SURVEYED
EDMONTON ROUTE. 60 days from Edmonton, on Can. Pac. R.R., to Lake Teslin.
OLD TELEGRAPH ROUTE, 1.023 miles from Ashcroft, on Can. Pac. R.R. to Lake Teslin.
WRANGELL TO VICTORIA, 750 miles.
VICTORIA TO SKAGWAY, 1.000 miles.
SEATTLE TO SKAGWAY, 1.080 miles.
SAN FRANCISCO TO SKAGWAY, 1.750 miles.

MAP OF THE WHITE PASS AND YUKON RAILWAY, SHOWING THE PART ALREADY COMPLETED, THE PART NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AND THE PART SURVEYED FOR FUTURE CONSTRUCTION.

When the building began in earnest, the company found it easy to engage good, strong, sober men as common laborers at thirty cents an hour. "They were not the ordinary railroad laborers, and spent very little money for drink," said the locating engineer. "Many of them were college graduates.

Upon one occasion the company surgeon, having an operation to perform, sent out on the grade for assistance. A skilled physician was found among the graders. He came in, assisted the surgeon, and then took up his pick again."

Midsummer saw a thousand men working on the road. They would blow down the side of a mountain, fill the trail, or wagon-road, at the bottom of the gulch, climb down, clear the trail, and then climb back up the steep cliff to the grade again. It was slow work and expensive; but thousands of pilgrims were passing over the road at the bottom of the cañon every day. It must be kept open. Even the railway people wanted the travel to continue over White Pass, for rivals were already building an aërial tramway over Chilkoot Pass to compete with the railroad.

A band of men working in a mining region are like a herd of range steers feeding in a narrow field. They are due to stampede at any moment. Every time a travel-stained prospector came down the trail, the graders would question him eagerly, and if he told a rosy tale, a half dozen, a score, or fifty men might be missing at the work next morning.

On the 5th of August, Hislop and Heney went up over the summit, down Lake Bennett, around by Little Windy Arm, and back by Too-chi lake and river. In thirty-four hours they made eighty miles of mountain, lake, and river. At Log Cabin, coming back, they met hundreds of their graders, many of them carrying their shovels (worth $16 each then) away with them. The men began to ask eagerly where the "new diggin's" were. When Hislop and Heney declared that they had only been out reconnoitering, that they had seen no new diggings, nor even heard of any, the men hooted, yelled, and hurried on, without the slightest notion of their destination. At Lake Bennett, they found men with boats and scows to rent or to sell, and full of the story of the late "strike" and the wonderful richness of the Atlin district. And on they went. Hundreds were already there—hundreds homeless, houseless, foodless, sitting on the shore watching the army crossing over the beautiful blue-green lake; and they laughed, and said, "See the poor fools come." Five hundred and sixty men stampeded from the White Pass grade alone. When we stop to consider the other hundreds, as helpless, who rushed into this tentless country, veritable tramps, without a dollar or a doughnut, it is easy to understand how so many men came to want, and curse the country, good country though it be, and wondrous fair to look upon.

There, briefly, is the Atlin "boom" and the cause of it.

Following the stampede of the graders came an order through the Northwest Mounted Police, notifying the path-finders that the road for the present must end at the international boundary line. It was not until October that permission was finally secured for the construction of the line into Canada. On the fifth of that month, they broke ground in British Columbia, Captain Cartright and Judge Dugas officiating for the Dominion. Winter set in almost immediately. Early in November the lakes froze over. As the snow got deeper, and the wind from the north blew more constantly and with greater force, the work of construction became more difficult. During the latter part of November, the weather was very stormy and the thermometer often thirty degrees below zero. Yet whenever the men could work sheltered from the wind, they did not complain of the cold; but this could not always be. Frequently for days at a time a gang of men would be able to accomplish nothing. The ground that they succeeded in clearing of snow in one day's labor they found had again drifted full over night, and another day would be spent in doing the same thing over again. Finally the grade was completed to the summit—part of it on snow—and the bridging was begun. The snow would be shovelled off the grade and track laid to a bridge opening; then the construction of the bridge would go on until track could be laid over it and on to the next opening, and so on. It was slow work, but the men kept steadily at it. At the bridge below the tunnel, when the winds were blowing fiercely and the snow drifting, the men experienced a great deal of difficulty. In one instance, after the sills were in place and the posts and caps all framed and ready to be raised, the men spent one whole day putting up a single bent; and the day following they succeeded in raising only two bents; and this with all the men at work that could be employed, and a steam hoister to raise the timbers. The men became numb with cold, and the snow drifted so that it was almost impossible to see. Often they could not see across an opening forty feet in width, and the loudest shout could not be heard. A post would be swung up and got almost ready to be dropped in place, and then a gust of wind would sway it out of line and out of reach of the men. But by perseverance, they finally succeeded, and the bridges were all in place. The track was laid to the summit on the 16th of February, and the first passenger train, with a load of excursionists, went from Skagway to the summit of White Pass on the 20th day of February, 1899.

At last, in considerably less than a year, this twenty-mile hill had been climbed. It had been a big job. At one time, during the construction, all the company's buildings, offices, furniture, and field notes were destroyed by fire. It had cost a lot of money, a few limbs, and many lives. Robert Brydone-Jack, a very promising young engineer, who had been elected by the stockholders to represent their interests, and whose heart and soul were in the accomplishment of the work, was stricken down with spinal meningitis, and after a very short illness, expired. The first intimation that his wife, who resided in Vancouver, had of even his illness was in the news that his body had been brought into port on the steamer "Rosalie."

Hugh Foy, an old and experienced railroad builder, had been general superintendent of construction from the beginning of the work. His health was not the best. Mr. Heney had urged him to take a rest in a milder climate, but he refused to do so. At the feast on the summit, on the 20th of February, he was one of the happiest and busiest of men. A few days later a heavy snow storm came on, and two engines were snowed in between the summit and glacier. He was out all night with them, caught cold and pneumonia, and died on the 28th of February, the day on which he had arranged to begin his vacation, his body being carried to Seattle by the "Rosalie" on the very trip on which he had arranged to sail as a passenger. It is war, this conquering of a wild, new country. It costs something. But it is necessary.

Here, now, we come to the passing of the trail—the terrible Dead Horse Trail, that had claimed so many dumb beasts. The first ten miles had already gone with the building of the toll-road—ten miles of toll-road that earned its enterprising owner ten thousand dollars during the time it took to build the railroad. Along this awful trail now lay the dried husks of horses so close together that you could walk for many rods stepping from one hide to another. Marking the progress of the road-makers on the mountain-side, the crafty packers had pounded the poor horses over the cruel trail, literally driving them to death. Most of the animals perished, however, at the hands of the heartless Cheechawkos, the gold-mad "tender-feet," who believed that a horse could live and work on Saratoga chips. But the packer hated the road-maker. The railway would ruin the country, he declared. Still the work went on. The boom of the blast and the smell of powder smote the ear and nose of the packer, the trailer, and the toll-man. Sometimes they were blasting rock; sometimes they thought they were blasting rock, but after hours, days perhaps, would find that it was only ice. Finding no "bottom," they built the road on ice, in places, ballasting it with snow, and ran trains over it all winter without an accident.

On the 1st of December the hours of labor, which during the summer had been eleven or more per day, were cut down to nine, and the rate of wages was raised from thirty cents to thirty-five cents per hour. This continued until the first of March, when the time was again extended to ten hours, at thirty cents per hour. The men objected to this, and asked for a reconsideration. The company refused to reconsider; and the men, encouraged by a few professional strikers, packers, Chilkooters, and short-sighted shopkeepers, concluded to strike. In three days, 1,200 men dropped their picks and shovels, passed under the paymaster's window, received their time-checks, and joined the vast army of unemployed.

A passing glance at this strike, away off yonder in Alaska, is worth while. Here were a thousand or more men, sober, industrious, intelligent—wonderfully so for day-laborers—following a lot of "wreckers" who had no more interest in their welfare than Satan or the Sultan has; who were indeed using them to the purely selfish end that the congestion of freight and passengers at Skagway might continue and the outrageous rates for transporting across the range be undisturbed. Incredible as it may appear, the strikers looked upon these confidence-men who were leading them out of employment into idleness and anarchy as their friends, and upon their former employers as their enemies. A subscription paper was immediately circulated in the supposed interest of the strikers, and those who wanted their friendship, or rather their money, subscribed liberally, writing their names boldly in big letters. Many of these professed friends attended the daily meetings held by the strikers and encouraged them, that their names might be remembered when the men returned to work. A minister gave his meeting-house to the men to meet and sleep in, and was looked upon by some of the railway officials as a disturbing factor, but he seems to have been the one unselfish friend the men had.

By the end of a week, many of the men had spent what money they had. To the amazement of the townspeople and the chagrin of the strikers, the railroad company made no effort to end the strike. The company argued that it had had no hand in bringing the strike about; and, moreover, it was money saved to the company if the men remained idle through the month of March. The company would not have closed down and thrown a thousand men out of work in a far-off corner of the earth; but since the men had seen fit to quit of their own motion, the company was not at all put out.

By the 13th of March the strikers had reached that period in the natural progress of a strike when a meeting may easily be turned to a mob and law-abiding citizens be converted into red-mouthed, howling anarchists. They were in session all day, and again at night. Some one made a fiery speech; the smoldering embers of discontent were fanned into flame, and the assemblage swept into the street, crying, "To the shops, to the shops!" Now the real purpose of the leaders was only to go to the shops, terrorize the few employees still at work, and force them to join the strikers. But a mob knows no law, and listens to no reason. The more reckless of the crowd (who always take the lead upon such occasions) understood that the shops were to be wrecked and burned. Hundreds of the men would have no part in this business, but followed out of curiosity, and so, unwittingly, encouraged the real rioters.

On the way to the shops, at the upper end of the town, the men were met by their friend, the minister, who tried to persuade them to return. He held them only for a few moments; but long enough for Mr. Hislop to telephone to Heney, who was at the shops. The resourceful Irishman ran a locomotive outdoors, and then fixed headlights all about so as to illuminate every avenue leading from the town to the shops. When the mob came into the glare of the light, they hesitated. Heney called to them to retreat, but they would not. They advanced again. Heney, backed by Dr. Whiting, the fighting chief surgeon of the company, and a handful of faithful employees—some with guns, some with clubs, but many with nothing but their naked hands with which to defend themselves against the howling mob—halted the leader. The leader told Heney his voice was shaky. The doctor, who manifestly believes in the heroic treatment of desperate diseases, clubbed his rifle, and smote the impertinent rioter, felling him to the ground, and breaking his gun-stock at the same time. The mob fled. The wounded man, whose name was White, was carried into the shop. Now the doctor took off his coat, dressed the man's wound, and turned him over to the tardy United States marshal. The following day White had a hearing, and got six months at Sitka in which to think it over. That ended the strike. The men began trailing out to the grade, but only a few were reëmployed. The weather was bad, and the men could not earn thirty cents, or half of it, in an hour; so the company concluded to go slowly until the snow left the hills.

The company was now running trains to the summit, and making money, and yet was charging just half what the toll had been over the toll-road—half what the packer had paid for the privilege of passing along the planked trail. By the 1st of June, 1899, a full force of men were at work. On the 20th, they began laying track beyond the summit. They put down three miles of steel that day. Two shifts working twelve hours each were now employed, for there was no night in Alaska. Not a lamp nor a lantern was used. Early on the morning of July 6th, a river steamer that had come up the Yukon landed 200 passengers at Bennett. Across the front of a tent they saw a sign: "The White Pass & Yukon Route. R. R. Ticket Office." Many rushed in to buy tickets, but there was no railroad—not a rail nor a tie to be seen.

"We'll take care of you," said the ticket agent, blandly. "The train leaves at 2 P.M. sharp."

"Where'bouts does it start frum?" asked a man in a broad white hat.

"It will leave from this depot at 2 P.M."

With that the agent ceased to be a source of information. He gave his individual attention to the stamping of tickets, the counting of money, and the weighing of "dust."

When they had all bought tickets, the pilgrims sat and listened to the ceaseless ring of the steel spike-mauls on the steel rails. Many went out to see the men at work. The end of the track had been two miles out when they landed. It was nearer now. Some of the prospective passengers wanted to help the workmen, so eager were they to continue their journey, for many had "dust" that was spoiling to be spent; more had "dust" to get, and longed to reach Seattle. More than one was singing, softly:

"Oh, cable this message along the track:
The Prod's out West, but he's coming back;
Put plenty of veal for one on the rack,
Trolla lala, la la la, la *la*."

Finally, amid the wildest enthusiasm, the last spike was driven, and the first through passenger train pulled out on schedule time. July 20, 1897, the first pack train had crossed the range from the head of Lynn Canal. July 20, 1898, the first locomotive was run on the White Pass and Yukon line. February 20, 1899, the first passenger train was run to the summit of White Pass, and the first through passenger train on July 6, 1899, only a little over a year from the commencement of the work of building the road.

When it was seen that the road would be completed, those who had predicted its failure began to prophesy that it would never earn operating expenses. As a matter of fact, the twenty miles from Skagway to the top of the hill earned enough to pay the cost of the expensive extension to Bennett—paid operating expenses, and left a balance. The first $130,000 earned after the line was completed to Lake Bennett showed a net profit of $100,000 over operating expenses. It cost in the neighborhood of $25,000 to run the road during the month of August, the first full month after the completion of the line. The gross earnings that month were about $200,000. Not a bad month's work for a forty-mile road, and all for the transportation of a few sight-seers, and the flowers for Dawson's grave.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Now that the daring capitalist has built this railway over White Pass, what will he do with it? Atlin is a myth, Dawson is dead, and the whole "Klondike boom busted." Men had been saying such things for months. But when we stepped ashore at Skagway, early in August, 1899, to my amazement the place was full of people, busy, happy. Piles of freight were upon the wharves; steamers were constantly coming and going; yard engines were puffing about the sheds or screaming along the bluffs. The streets and hotels were full of people—miners, pilgrims, tourists, and pleasure-seekers. Captain Hovey's black troopers were building a white city at the edge of the town. Seven hundred tons of freight lay at the wharf waiting to be transported over the range, and our steamer, the "Rosalie," that had refused freight at Vancouver, would leave 300 tons more. A thousand tons to be carried forty miles at $40 a ton! Yes, Dawson was dead and buried. The multitude that was to use and consume all this truck was staying, loyally, on the Klondike to keep the grave green. Skagway, two years old, has two daily papers. The proprietor of one has a green lawn and a lawn-mower. The $10,000 toll-road man has a fine vegetable garden. Sweet-peas and pink geraniums are abloom about his door. At the best café in camp, founded by the late "Sapolio" Smythe, we had ham and eggs and a cup of good coffee for twenty-five cents. From my window at the Fifth Avenue ($2.50, American plan) I could look out upon that beautiful waterway, miscalled a canal, and see ships of all sorts and sizes coming and going, coming and going. A big freighter was coming in; an excursion boat was blowing "good-by," bound for Sitka. 'Twas a busy town for a two-year-old.

And here is the train that is to take us over the hill along the new trail—a smart-looking, compound Baldwin locomotive, a combination express, mail, and baggage car, three day coaches, and an open observation car in the rear. The seats are all taken as we enter the train. The open car is full, and upon all the steps people are sitting, and standing on the platform, eager for the first glimpse of the gorgeous Alaskan scenery.

Leaving the town, we sweep through a groove in the forest. On the left are the ruins of a turkey ranch, established in the "boom" days, and down the mountain side to the right plunges Reid Falls. Glancing again to the left, we see the beginning of the once famous Dead Horse Trail, and leaving the river, we swing up along the foot of the range. At the next curve we get a glimpse of a great glacier, and now as we pass through deep cuts at Rocky Point, the man who laid out the line shows us that we are traveling along an old river-bed, crossing and recrossing it as we climb the hill. The break in the rock formation is plainly visible when once you have been taught to look for it. Yes, one time the river ran along just where the road runs now, while the river is now hundreds of feet, aye, a thousand feet below us. As the engine lifts us higher and higher, we can see the great ice fields below Skagway and beyond Dyea, and across the cañon white rivers are slipping down the mountain. They are not flat rivers, nor perpendicular falls, but swiftly sliding streams that in the distance look like broad bands of silver reaching down from the glaciers to the gorge.

A sudden turn throws the train out along a shelf of the range. "Look! look!" some one calls, and everybody looks back, and there is a scarcely audible "O-O-O-O," for just below us lies the whole town of Skagway, and beyond, but in full view, the harbor with all its shipping, and still farther the billow mountains capped with eternal ice. That one glimpse is worth the price of a trip to Alaska. But you get it twice, as a matter of fact, and so save money by going. When we stop at the switchback, a river of good size is rushing beneath our train and plunging on down the steep, narrow gorge to lose itself and its song in the broad Pacific.

Now, at the request of the superintendent, who goes along with us, I must go forward and ride the engine for a while. "I want you to roast Westinghouse, or Baldwins, or somebody, for the idiotic way they have of distributing air-levers and cocks in a cab," was the way McGee, the driver, greeted me. I promise to do so, and when he has given me two pieces of clean white waste with which to grip the hot, and sometimes oily, pipes, we visit, and I hang out of the fireman's window and drink in the grandeur of the wild scene, and listen to the music of the stack, and to the cry of the whistle that goes singing up the side cañons and echoing back from the far-off hills. As we approach the summit, I watch eagerly for the head-waters of the Skagway, that flows south for sixteen miles to the Pacific Ocean, and the beginning of the Yukon, that flows north for 1,600 miles, or more, to find the sea. But I never knew, and know not now. All at once we were at the summit. A few moments later we were gliding down the other side, with a river that was a lake every little while flowing under our window, but flowing to the north.

At Log Cabin we meet the Northwest Mounted Police. They are the customs officers here, but the most obliging, gentlemanly customs officers you will find in many years' travel. But they gained the undying hatred of the stampeders, packers, and "boomers," who came in the "boom" days with wounded, maimed, and sore-backed horses. These were compelled to turn back or stop until the poor dumb animals were fit for the trail. A long blast of the whistle, and we slow, and stop at Bennett, on the wind-swept shore of Bennett Lake. In something less than four hours we have crossed the range that used to cost the early pilgrims as many weary days. And now they are building on—on to Caribou Crossing, and on to the foot of White Horse Rapids, to the heart of the recently discovered copper fields, and seventy miles farther on the way to the Klondike. Next summer, when this gap is closed, the traveler bound for Dawson can enter a train at Chicago, Washington, or Montreal, change to a steamer whenever he strikes the Pacific, back to rail at Skagway, and to a river steamer at White Horse, that will put him ashore at Dawson, without the slightest inconvenience, in less than nine days for the entire journey, if he figures his connections carefully. From Chicago to Seattle, three sleeps; Seattle to Skagway, three sleeps; Skagway to White Horse, half a day; White Horse to Dawson, two sleeps. Total, eight and one-half days.

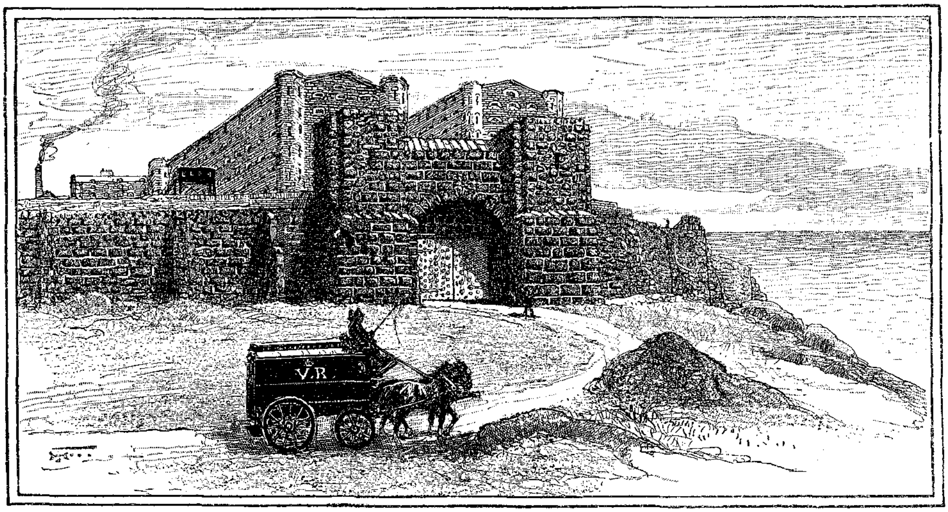
And be sure this time will be shortened from year to year. For many people will go this way. There will be competition, with a shortening of the time, on overland trains. There will be better boats on the Sound, doing the trip in a little over two days, in two or three years from now. But within that time the railroad will in all probability be extended to the mouth of the Klondike. It is 450 miles from White Horse to Dawson. At places the road would be expensive, but miles and miles of track could be laid along the level shore of the Yukon, and there is timber for ties from the mere clearing of the right of way. It would cost less to keep this 450 miles of road open in winter than it costs to keep a like amount of track clear in Dakota or Colorado. The snow lies on the level at an average depth of two feet. A hundred and forty feet fell at the switchback on the Great Northern last winter. As there is little or no wind, there will be no drifting. It is the drift that causes the trouble. To be sure, the men who made the White Pass Railroad did not make the country; but they have helped the traveler and the shipper over a bad place in the trail. It is wicked to mar the beauties of nature, but now that the face of the cliff has been broken, it would be a handsome thing for the company to send a man with a chisel to Rocky Point and have him grave on the face of the wall three big capital "H's," that would stand for all time for the three heroes who made the road: Hawkins, Hislop, and Heney.

AS IT FELL OUT.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "The Master-key of Newgate," "For Freedom," etc.

THE STORY OF A STRANGE RESCUE FROM PRISON.



"SUPPOSE the plot should fail?" said Beatrice, whose lip trembled.

"If it should fail?" returned Centlivre. "But," he added immediately, "it will not fail!"

"If it should?" she insisted.

"Then," answered the other, "I will give myself up to justice."

Beatrice gazed at the ring which Noriac had given her, the ring she had insisted on his placing there the day that he was tried, convicted, and sentenced as a forger.

"Alas!" she replied, "that would not aid us. It would not help Noriac and me."

Intense as was the emotion she displayed, her tone to Centlivre was cold, and her gray eyes shot darts at him, now of distrust and now of half contempt. He sat handsome and quiet before her, in her room in the hotel in London. There was a coldness in his tone also, but something of deference went with it.

"Shall we then go no further?" he asked.

Beatrice did not answer, but put another question to him:

"What am I to think of all that you have just said? Am I to consider that you have—that you have made a confession to me?"

"I have confessed nothing—except this, that I have wronged both you and him."

"You tried to induce me to marry you," said Beatrice, "knowing that I was pledged to him. I answered you as I should have done, and you said that I had not seen the last of you. Then, immediately almost, came his arrest and trial. Those who knew him best knew his innocence from the first. The day he was convicted you disappeared. That was four years ago; and you return to me now with this most strange proposal."

"Which, apparently, you reject."

"No," answered Beatrice. "I accept it."

"And will face the dangers?"

"Do *I* care for dangers? Give him to me again!"

"I am here to risk myself for that," said Centlivre, as calmly as ever. "I spoke of

Copyright, 1900, by Tighe Hopkins. All rights reserved.

your dangers, but they scarcely weigh with me, for I think you cannot easily be entangled in the plot. If I thought otherwise, I should have attempted something else."

She bent politely towards him; still quivering. "Your own risk is greater," she said.

"I assure you," Centlivre answered, "I do not feel it. I have not tried to disguise from you that the risk is principally his. If he can play his part, I can play mine."

"He may have lost the power," said Beatrice.

"We rest on the supposition that he has not lost it."

Her head fell between her two hands, and a sob shook her. Centlivre felt the old passion stirring in him, but he dared not move; he had bound himself her friend, and he ground under his heel the rejected lover.

"Oh, if I could believe it possible!" cried Beatrice, lifting her face. "Listen! What you have done to us, how you came between us, I do not know, and I will never ask to know. Four times every year I am allowed to see him in the prison. A warder brings him in, and sits between us while we talk; we cannot touch each other; he has not touched my hand, I have not touched his, for four years. Every time I go to him he looks for the sign of good news that I have promised him. I am to wear it in my dress, and I have never worn it; and he never says a word. Do you mean what you have said? I am to see him again in a week; shall I——"

"Aid me," said Centlivre, with conviction, "and in a week he shall be free."

"Tell it me again," said Beatrice, battling to recover her self-possession.

"You have a warder in your pay, you tell me. Write to Noriac at once, through the warder. Write guardedly, but let him know that if he can still make use of the power he possessed, the way is smooth for him. Tell him that it is I who will receive him, and if he chooses to believe in me—as he will on your word—that will be sufficient; for he knows that, when the moment comes, I can do everything."

"And you will do it?"

"I will do it," said Centlivre, rising.

A week later they met again in the same room. "We are to start to-morrow," said Beatrice.

"You have sent him word?"

"He knows everything."

"And he can do it?" said Centlivre.

"Ah!" said she. "That is it!" She looked broken, and if there were any faith in her for the plot's success, it did not show in her white face. But she was nerved, and in hand.

"Come!" said Centlivre. "It advances very well. The yacht?"

"It is there," she answered. "I had the telegram an hour ago."

"And Noriac is able?"

"He does not know," said Beatrice.

"That is because he has not yet seen you. He will see you to-morrow, and love will light him."

"You are full of hope," said she.

"Fate has stolen up to you," Centlivre answered. "I see success before you."

As they faced each other in the train the next day, on the five hours' journey from London to Trentland, the heart of Beatrice was still in aching doubt. She believed that the man who sat opposite to her should be wearing Noriac's dress in prison, and she was only half resolved as to the motive that leagued him with her in a scheme for her lover's escape. Beatrice knew, without proof, that Noriac was working out the punishment of some other man's crime; she knew that Centlivre had been his enemy; why was he there, with an unspoken confession of guilt, to assist her in redeeming Noriac? "Your order of admission—you have not forgotten it?" said Centlivre.

"You forget," said she, "that I go to see him four times every year."

"It is well to remember everything," said Centlivre.

"No—not everything," she answered.

"I know England pretty well," said Centlivre, "but this is my first visit into this part."

"That it may be my last!" cried she.

"Believe that it will be."

The sea came in sight, and Beatrice drew a long breath. At a bend in the line, just as the sea was glimpsed, the towers of Trentland prison, crowning the height beyond, rose into view for a moment, and then vanished. She leaned towards him, and laid her hand an instant upon his, while her clear eyes questioned the handsome face that she detested.

"You are true in this?" she said. "You are not going to betray us—again?"

"You doubt me still?" and he looked into those eyes.

"No," she said, slowly, "I do not."

With the journey's end, the first stage in the plot was accomplished. They traveled as brother and sister, and Centlivre was to engage rooms at the small hotel against the station, where one night at least must be spent. The train was late; it might be impossible to obtain admission to the prison that evening, but Beatrice's heart was on fire. A carriage was ordered for her, and in ten minutes the two horses were beginning the long and steep ascent from the townlet in the hollow to the heights of Trentland. Up, up, and up; the white road curving about the stony hill; glimpses of the retreating sea, and at one bend a momentary vision, far out in the bay, of a yacht at anchor. It sent the blood flying to her cheeks; it gave her a thrill of fear and of delight. Who else had seen, and had any one suspected it? Was it visible from the prison towers? No; it had been shown her as a signal of hope. A few minutes later she saw a man in the uniform of the prison coming down the hill, and recognized the warder in her pay. She was alarmed again, for when the warder observed Beatrice he touched his cap, and motioned the driver to stop. He was a well-countenanced, fresh-colored fellow, but his manner with Beatrice was mysterious, as befitting a receiver of unlawful moneys. His communication amounted only to this, that she would not be admitted to the prison that evening; the prisoners, he said, were already locked in for the night.

"Is he expecting me?" asked Beatrice in a low tone.

"To-morrow, Miss," replied the warder.

Not knowing how far the man was in her lover's confidence, she hesitated to say more. Then she asked, "Is all well?" The warder smiled, and made a sign in the affirmative. She told him at what place she was staying, and added, as low as before: "My brother is with me, but—but we do not wish it known. I shall go alone to-morrow." The warder, frugal of words, showed a sympathetic face as he bowed to her. Then, turning this way and that, he said: "I should be going, Miss. We're watched up here." They were, in fact, within a short distance of the prison, for Beatrice had driven nearly three miles. The man's warning made her wish she had not stayed so long with him; she remembered having heard that in these great convict establishments the warders are overlooked almost as closely as the prisoners, and, had any one observed it, their meeting must appear suspicious. She gave him a quick good-evening, afraid even to smile her gratitude, and bade the driver take her back.

"You were too late, as I feared," said Centlivre.

"Do you think there would be any reason for not admitting me?" she asked. It was the first check she had received, and, slight as it was, it fretted her.

"None, of course, except the rules of the place," Centlivre answered. "You hold the Home Secretary's order, and will be admitted to-morrow."

They dined alone, in the dull little coffee-room, no other guests in the hotel; a hot night of July, without a dew. Centlivre's courtesy—he had ceased to speak to her of love—could revive nothing between them.

"You are tired," he said at last. "Go to bed, and think of to-morrow."

He wondered at his own restraint; for Beatrice, four years a stranger to him, was still the woman of his life, and he knew how he held her now. But he knew also that her heart was three miles away from him, up on the rock-ribbed hill of Trentland, and that she was scarcely conscious of his presence.

"Yes, I am going to bed," she said; "and even without an apology for my dullness. Do you think he will be here to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? No; that is impossible!" said Centlivre. "He has not had your signal."

"He will have it to-morrow. Might he not be here to-morrow night?"

Centlivre pushed away his coffee-cup.

"Yes, yes," said Beatrice; "I will be patient. To-morrow night would be impossible. But I have lived four years on patience."

"Add a few hours only," said Centlivre.

She was in the garden at sunrise the next morning, dressed as she would go to him. Her visit was for midday. She wandered away along the beach, sat for hours under the shelter of a rock, her eyes fixed upon the yacht; then stole up the empty cliff, passing a cottage here and there. In one of these cottages she procured some milk and bread, dallied long over the meal, and then mounted again, till she came upon the high-road, and the prison guards patrolling it. She walked up to the prison, her face pale beneath the veil; presented her order, and was admitted.

How well she remembered the dark, strong place—which struck cold on that brilliant morning; how hateful it was to her; and how passionately she prayed in heart that she might enter its gates no more. She had to wait under the high archway facing the prison chapel, while the gate warder sent in her card and order. She had visited the prison so often—punctual to the day as-signed her by the Home Office—that many of the warders were known to her by sight, and by such of them as had met her within the walls that delicious face and admirable form were unforgotten. They were always respectful, and not always, I think, with an eye to gain; though every one knew that the smallest service to her in Noriac's interest would be worth a week's pay to him.

Beatrice was bidden (as a visitor whom the prison was pleased to honor) to the office of the deputy governor, who informed her that the prisoner's conduct was beyond reproach, that his health appeared to be excellent, and that he complained of nothing.

Then came the ordeal her heart panted for and shrank from.

She was led to the visiting-room, a place of torture composed of two cages divided by a narrow passage; one cage for the visitor and the other for the prisoner; while the warder in the passage sits and listens.

As often as Beatrice had been passed into that forbidding place her spirit had been quenched in her; and waiting for Noriac, her face against the bars of the cage, she had tried vainly to remember the little things she had treasured up to tell him, or had thought how they might jar upon his ear—echoes of the sweet world of liberty which he was secluded from. But on this day she was possessed and all but mastered by emotions quite unique. The sufferings of four years were, perhaps, on the very point of passing from them both; they *would* pass if—if—within the next few hours Noriac could work a miracle. But of this she could, of course, learn nothing from his own lips; his face, his air, the tones of his voice would solely guide her. A lock grated at one end of the room, and at the moment that a warder entered and took his seat in the passage, a man in the dress of a convict appeared at the *grille* opposite to Beatrice. His eyes leapt out at her, and hers at him as she plucked off her veil.

"Beautiful, have you come to me again?" he said, and the breath caught in his throat, and his eyes with the livid rings around them strained at her through the bars. They could not touch each other's hands; their hands had not touched for four years.

"Tell me how you are, my love!" she answered. "Come as close to me as you can. Let me look at you!"

He stood erect; and the smile he always had for her, well or ill, lighted his drawn features. His head was shaved to the skull, his close-fitting jacket and knickerbockers were stamped all over with the sign of the black arrow, his coarse boots were stained with the dust of the quarries which he had hastily brushed from them. But Noriac carried well the garb of his ignominy, and his thin face, with eyes blazing in deep sockets, had lost little of the beauty which had helped to win him a devoted mistress.

"Ah! and let me look at *you*, my Bice," he said; "for you come in a new guise to-day!" It was true. For the first time since she had visited him in prison she was wearing colors, and in her bosom a guelder-rose of good news. It was the signal.

Noriac's voice, as he proclaimed his recognition of it, rang more clearly, and Beatrice had not failed to note the change.

"Yes," she said; "but there is a reason for it to-day. We have heard something—you know what."

The mute warder, sitting at the end of the gangway, listened, but cared little. The friends of prisoners were always hearing something good for them, and prisoners were always expecting their release. While the strict rules of the interview were not infringed, the warder on duty kept a blank face and said nothing. "What is Centlivre to do in it, Bice?" asked Noriac.

In a way, both knew that a plunge was to be taken; and so far each understood the other. Both knew also what the plunge was to be. But Beatrice could not tell how much lay in Noriac's power, and Noriac, as yet, could not see an inch beyond the prison walls. In the letters she had contrived to smuggle in to him, she had been almost as guarded as she was compelled to be in speaking, with the warder's ears cocked between them. Puzzling her brain a moment, she said:

"It is Centlivre who is to procure your release, dear. You know what—what influence he has."

A dry cough from the chair in the gangway: Beatrice started, dreading lest a syllable too much should betray her. The warder was thinking only what fools they were; he had known prisoners in for ten and fifteen years who always went away from an interview of this sort sure that they would be released in a week. But a light broke in on Noriac. He had guessed before, but was not certain, what Centlivre's part was to be.

"Are you sure, love, that he is honest with us?" he asked.

"I believe that he is true in this. You know, I had not seen him since the trial. He came suddenly the other day, said he was sure that he could free you—*he knows who* *did it, I am certain, but I asked nothing*—and that he would not spare himself."

"If he will do what I believe he can do," answered Noriac, "I am certain I shall obtain my freedom—at once."

Beatrice held herself in, though she felt at that moment that she had him to her breast again; for Noriac had told her all. He was ready. He had given the answer to her signal.

Interviews are limited to half an hour, even for prisoners in the first class; and as Noriac was going back to his cell, with her eyes in his heart, and the perfume of her filling all his senses, Beatrice was out in the sun again, dreamy with happiness, and thoughts of heaven posting after and before her. She had forgotten Centlivre, waiting for her in the garden of the hotel, and for an instant she was chilled again as he came to meet her. But Centlivre would have gone very willingly into Noriac's cell for the look on her face before she raised her eyes to him.

"You have succeeded," he said kindly.

"I have seen him," said Beatrice.

"Yes; but that is not all."

In her heart Beatrice was sure that Centlivre—at his own high risk—was guarding her lover's case and hers, and she put a hard hand upon her dread of him.

"I believe it is safe," she said, seeking a kind accent. "I believe it is safe. At least, he understands, and he is ready for the effort. I made him think that—that you meant to do your utmost."

"Yes; and he said——"

"He said that if you did that, he would be free immediately."

"Good!" Centlivre answered. "We have now to reckon only with the accidents."

"But it seems to me," said Beatrice, "that, even with everything arranged between us, the accidents are scarcely to be escaped."

"There is only one that troubles me," said Centlivre, "and I will tell it to you when we know the worst. By the way, did you learn that the doctor has left the prison to-day?"

"No. How do you know that?"

"We quarreled in a friendly way over the last copy of the 'Times' at the bookstall. He was starting on a three days' holiday."

When the prison was rung up at six o'clock the next morning, one man was missing from the muster. His cell was entered, and C. 27—entered on the books as John Edward Noriac—was discovered cold between the sheets of his hammock. The sleep of death is feigned in prison once or twice in a century, and the warder looked closely at the white face and rigid frame before he sent for the assistant surgeon. The assistant was a new hand in Trentland, but not new to the service; he had joined recently from another prison. "Who is the man?" he said—there were 1,300 convicts in the prison.

"Name of Noriac, sir. Seven years for forgery."

"Who was on duty in the ward last night?" The night warder, relieved but an hour before, was fetched out of bed.

After a glance at the face in the hammock, the doctor had stripped off the clothing, and thrown open the shirt. The lower limbs were cold, but the chest and abdomen were slightly warm to the touch. There was no respiration, and the pulse at the wrist and other parts had ceased. The stethoscope carried not a tick from the heart.

The doctor turned to the night warder. "This man is dead," he said. "Was there any sound from his cell in the night?"

"No, sir."

"Had he made any complaint?"

"Not that I heard of, sir."

"Did you see him in his hammock during the night?"

"I threw the light in on him several times, sir. I saw him turn in his hammock twice, and after that he seemed to be asleep."

The cell was searched, but it yielded nothing contraband, and the body showed no trace of external violence. The governor was summoned. At the end of half an hour the body had stiffened and cooled throughout, and the heart was absolutely pulseless.

"Not much doubt about that, I suppose?" said the governor.

"I'm afraid not," said the young doctor.

"What do you put it down to?"

"As far as I can see, sir, an ordinary case of syncope. Failure of the heart's action during sleep. He has been dead only a very short time."

"You've made the tests?" said the governor.

"Yes, I've not omitted those, sir," said the doctor dryly; "but here is one other."

He took a match from his pocket, struck it, and held the flame over the uncovered heart. The skin changed color, and there was a smell of burning, but the body did not shrink. "H'm! Better fix the inquest for four this afternoon," said the governor.

The warder who had taken Beatrice to the visiting-room on the previous day volunteered the information that he believed the lady was still at the station hotel, and a message was sent down the hill.

The dead man was carried out in his hammock, and made ready for the jury. His cell was swept and garnished for another tenant, and his effects—a packet of letters from Beatrice—were placed under seal in the office. Preparations for the inquest were completed in the swift, silent way they do things in prison. The day's mill-round, on the works, in the shops, in the workrooms, in the cells, was unbroken; it was passed about that C. 27 had "kicked the bucket," but that was all. In parties large and small the dumb convicts were marshaled and driven hither and thither as usual; searched on parade, fed in their cells, and turned out again in the afternoon: one party was one man short; that made the sole difference in the day's drama.

The coroner for the district was summoned by wire from the sea-town seven miles distant, and the twelve jurors were gathered in from the hill. The case seemed desperately bare of interest. It was quite evidently not a prison scandal; there was neither testimony nor suspicion of cruelty or neglect, and the several witnesses were plainly speaking all they knew.

The governor stated that the prisoner had been in his charge three years and a quarter, having come to Trentland from the local prison in London, where, according to custom, he had passed the first nine months of his sentence. The prisoner had never been in trouble with any of the officers, he was never put to severe labor, he had never complained to the governor that he was overworked, nor, so far as the governor was aware, had he ever had a day's illness in Trentland. He was in the first class, and had all the privileges which first-class prisoners enjoyed. Only the previous day he had been permitted to receive a visit from a lady, and this had seemed to put him in very good heart. A juror asked whether the lady were present and would give evidence.

The governor replied that the lady had been communicated with at the station hotel. She was in a state of prostration, and quite unable to appear. The lady had, however, stated voluntarily that, having seen the deceased so recently, in good health and spirits, she laid no charge whatever against the authorities of the prison, and would accept the verdict of the jury. She desired that the body be handed over to her, a request which the governor was empowered to accede to.

The assistant medical officer stated the circumstances in which he had been called to the prisoner's cell that morning, and explained the examination he had made in order to satisfy himself of the reality of death. The prisoner had not been dead, in all probability, more than a quarter of an hour at the time his cell was first entered. Asked whether the deceased's history in Trentland afforded any clew to the suddenness of his death, the assistant surgeon replied that he himself had but just joined the staff of that prison, and that nothing had occurred to bring the prisoner Noriac under his notice. He had, however, made every possible inquiry since the morning, and, so far as he could learn, the deceased had not been under medical treatment a single day in Trentland.

The foreman of the jury asked why the principal medical officer did not appear.

The governor stated that he was on special leave of absence for a day or two, the general health of the prison being exceptionally good. He had been telegraphed for, but the governor was unable to say whether he would arrive that evening.

A juror who, up to this point, had been silent, put the question whether the medical officer had ever known a case in which a prisoner had feigned death as a means of escaping from prison. The doctor replied, with a smile, that his experience of escapes and attempted escapes had not included a case of that kind. A prisoner who should succeed in imitating death so exactly as to deceive the eye, hand, and ear of an expert would run the extremest risk of being buried alive. However, added the doctor, with another smile, the jury would have an opportunity of seeing the body for themselves.

What, in the medical officer's opinion, was the exact and immediate cause of death?

The deceased, answered the doctor, had unquestionably died a natural death, the cause being failure of the action of the heart during sleep.

The jury were then taken to view the body, which had been placed in a shell in a room adjoining the hospital. Noriac, his eyes closed, lay cold, stark, and livid, in the attitude in which he had been extended. The jury stayed but a few moments—it was a most uninteresting case—and returned to their own room. "Your verdict, gentlemen?" asked the coroner.

The chief warder begged leave to intervene for a moment. The officer who had locked the deceased prisoner into his cell on the previous evening had just informed him that he wished to make a statement.

This man was put forward, and said that as he was locking in the men of his ward the night before, the prisoner Noriac had called him into his cell, and told him he had been scheming to escape from prison. The prisoner went on to say, continued the warder, that he had worked out such a plan as had never before been attempted, and that he had been on the point of carrying it into execution, confident it would succeed, but that he had all at once abandoned it, having received a warning that very day that he would die during the night. The court suddenly pulled itself together, and for the first time in the progress of the inquiry showed a touch of interest. The coroner asked whether this were all the prisoner had said. That was all, answered the warder.

Had the witness not reported the statement to the governor or the chief warder? N-no (a little hesitatingly), he had said nothing about it.

How was that? Well, he was aware that he had failed in his duty in not having made the report, but he had not attached the least importance to what the prisoner said. Since the visit he had received in the morning, the prisoner had been excited in an unusual way. He was generally very quiet, but after this visit he had seemed upset, "in rather a lively fashion," and had laughed and talked to himself over his work in the afternoon. The witness, in short, had fancied that the visit had made him a little light-headed, for he had laughed again while speaking of his plan to escape, and even when he said that he expected to die that night. He thought it likely that he should have made a report on the subject in a day or two—he certainly should have done so had the prisoner ever repeated his statement—but the deceased had always borne such a good character in the prison that the witness had felt unwilling to bring him into trouble.

The latter part of the warder's evidence had turned the edge of the jury's interest in him. A sensation which promised well had evaporated. But the other witnesses were put through their facings again, that the situation might be made to yield its best.

The governor admitted that the prisoners were sometimes a little unbalanced after the visit of a relative or friend; but the effects, as he had observed them, were for the most part slight and unimportant. Prisoners did occasionally, but very rarely, announce an intention to escape. They were then always placed under special watch. He suggested that the warder should be called who had been present at the interview between the deceased and the lady.

The warder was sent for, and gave a pretty close account of the conversation. He had been present, he said, at very many interviews between prisoners and their visitors, and the visitor would often try to cheer the prisoner by speaking of his chances of release. Nothing had passed at the interview which was contrary to the rules of the prison, and he had not noticed any particular elation in the prisoner. The doctor, questioned again, said that alleged premonitions of death were not matters which medical jurisprudence was able as yet to take cognizance of.

The interest of the court had now completely passed, and the jury were not five minutes over their verdict of, "Death from natural causes, in accordance with the medical testimony." A rider was added to the effect that the warder who had received the last statement of the deceased should have reported it on the spot, in order that the prisoner might have been placed at once under special and close surveillance.

Immediately after the inquest the governor ordered the shell to be closed, and the chief warder was instructed as to its delivery.

Beatrice had lived the day out in her own room, behind a locked door. At dusk she appeared in the garden, when Centlivre at once went down to her. Her agitation was extreme, her face was colorless, and she spoke through chattering teeth.

"H-have we failed?" she said.

A brief report of the inquest and verdict had already been placed in her hands.

"Why think so?" Centlivre answered. "Has it not gone step for step exactly as we willed it?"

But she held, crushed in her hand, the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the words looked terrible upon paper.

"See," she said, holding it out. "They *say* that he is dead, that he died from natural causes. Those must have been the doctor's own words; they may be true, they may be true. They must *all* have seen him—could he deceive them so?"

Centlivre was well aware of this element of real doubt, though it weighed little with him. "You forget," he said, "that we have been dealing with people very poorly skilled in such a case as this—a coroner's jury in an out-of-the-way place, a doctor's assistant, who, as I have heard this afternoon, has only just joined the staff. If the signs were such as I believe them to have been, a mistake was easy. And their very hurry has played into our hands. The inquiry might have been delayed a day, two days, or even three, and then indeed we should have had to fear. Had they waited for their principal doctor, who must have known Noriac closely, our danger would have been trebled. Quiet yourself; expect the best; we shall have him in our hands within the hour."

He had not finished speaking, indeed, when there was borne into the garden a sound of wheels moving slowly; and every spring that fed the heart of Beatrice was dried in her as the wheels ceased at the yard of the hotel. "Courage!" said Centlivre gently. The moment had come. Beatrice clung weakly to his arm. "Wait here," he said, "or return to your room. In a few minutes you will hear from me."

"I will wait here," said Beatrice.

He left her, and hurried to the yard. Two warders of the prison, one of whom carried a lantern, were standing beside a cart, in which lay the most unambiguous object in the world—a coffin.

"I am acting for Miss Beatrice Balfe," said Centlivre. "She has a sitting-room engaged in the hotel, where the coffin will remain for the night. Can you assist me, or shall I get help from the hotel?"

The warders and the driver of the cart were willing, and the four men lifted the coffin quietly into the hotel. It was placed, under Centlivre's directions, on a low couch in their sitting-room. Dismissing the men, with a fee, Centlivre waited till he heard the cart moving out of the yard; then he made fast the door of the room, and, taking a chisel from his pocket, he began with all speed to prize the coffin open.

At this precise hour, one Mackellar, chief medical officer of Trentland prison, recalled by telegram for he knew not what, was being driven briskly up the hill. Mackellar was a man of five-and-forty, with a prodigious appetite for work and a passion for finding out things. The loss of two days and a half from a three days' holiday had not even caused a pain in his temper. The governor, he was informed, had gone for his evening stroll, so he despatched a message to his own subordinate, who answered it in person.

"Now, my young friend," said Mackellar, "what's the matter? Anything wrong with the boarders? Have you physicked one out of the wrong bottle?"

"No; but one of them has taken himself off without my help."

"Not old 'Free-and-Easy'?"

"Oh, no; he's better."

"The 'Duke'?"

"Noriac's the man," said the assistant surgeon.

"Noriac? What's wrong with him?"

"Well, he died early this morning."

Astonishment and an enormous incredulity overspread the ugly, intelligent countenance of Mackellar.

"*Noriac!*" he said slowly, and with dreadful emphasis. "Who killed him?"

The assistant explained very briefly, and with some nervousness. Like most others in the prison, he was already afraid of his chief; a good and excellent man, but terrible in the discharge of his duty.

"Let me see him. Where have you got the body?" said Mackellar.

"It was sent out this evening."

"Sent out! *Sent out this evening!* Who in heaven sent it out?"

"Governor's orders," replied the assistant.

"And who is medical officer of this prison?" clamored Mackellar.

An unpleasant pause followed.

"Now, sit down," continued Mackellar, not so roughly; "sit down and tell me more of this. Let me have every detail."

"May I ask what your suspicions are?" said the young man.

"Yes, you may—in good time," returned the elder. "Now, let me have it."

The assistant related as much as the reader knows of what had happened in the prison since the discovery of Noriac's death.

"Ah-h-h!" murmured Mackellar, at the close. "And by whom was the body claimed?"

"By the lady who came here yesterday—Miss Balfe, I think the name is."

"To be sure! To be sure! Well, my able young friend, here is *my* opinion: this is either the very finest 'plant' I have ever known, *or* the beautiful Miss Balfe is about to bury her sweetheart alive! Now you know what Tom Mackellar thinks. Understand," he went on, "*you* may have been right, and *I* may be wrong. Listen, however," and Mackellar proceeded to speak curiously to his assistant.

The young man sat not a little distressed.

"Still," observed Mackellar, "we shall give you the benefit of the doubt. Men have died in sleep from natural causes before now. It may have been that you sent away a true corpse. Only, you perceive—I, knowing a little more of the case than you could know, had I been in your place to-day, should not have allowed an inquest in the afternoon, and dismissed my man in a shell before supper-time. Your tests—you are young at our trade, and we are speaking within four walls—were quite insufficient. The signs might have deceived you, and might have deceived me, thirty or even forty minutes after death, so-called. But if my surmise is correct, there would have been *something* different—I don't say something that a glance would have detected—an hour or two later, and most certainly by four in the afternoon. Yet you made no second examination. However, there goes the governor. Follow me, my young Christian friend; together we will put the fear of the Lord into the governor of Trentland."

Major D'Avity, the governor, was a person to be dreaded equally with Dr. Mackellar; a governor who ruled his prison with a breath; and Mackellar was the only man upon the staff that would confront him. The governor sat and heard it all, making a point of not letting his cigar go out. It was his principle never to be taken by surprise. "I'm sorry you weren't here," he said, when Mackellar had finished; "but I saw the body myself, and, as you know, it takes a pretty old hand at malingering to get round me."

"We will drop the suggestion of malingering," said Mackellar. "I don't insist on that. It may have been a plot, a 'fake' on the man's part, or it may not have been. But, don't you see, if the thing were involuntary as far as Noriac was concerned—a view which I haven't had time to explain to our young friend here—we may still be responsible for burying a live man."

"I must repeat," said the governor, "that, having seen the body twice, I cannot take your point of view. The man was dead. If he were not dead, if it were a plot—if we have sent him out alive, I am not at all sure (speaking between ourselves) that we have any power left to us. We have sent away a corpse, let us say; we go down to the station hotel, suspecting we have made a mistake, and we find the corpse at *table d'hôte*. Upon my soul, I don't know what our rights over him would be—for his name, with the date of his death, is chalked on the coffin we sent him out in; and we have in our books the verdict of the coroner's jury that he died this morning from natural causes."

"As plain as day," said Mackellar. "Sorry I troubled you, sir. Sorry I wanted that holiday. Good-night, sir!" and he left his junior to make his own adieus.

Pulling his pony out of the stable, Mackellar pelted down to the hotel. "You took a coffin in here from the prison this evening, didn't you?"

"Yes, doctor; sent down after the inquest."

"The lady in who claimed it?"

"Ill in bed, sir. You'll find her brother upstairs."

"Thank you; just show me up."

The lid of the shell, scarcely nailed, gave to a touch of the chisel; and Centlivre raised it, and looked in. There had been no postmortem, the only accident he had feared.

The sheet stripped from the body, he surveyed it critically. There is a part of the circle of life, lying just between spirit and matter, which remains a puzzle without a key. The links of the chain that connect the two are few and short, but science has no name for them, because it has no knowledge of them. What list of vital functions is veiled under these abysses of incertitude, we cannot tell.

Centlivre was astonished first at the aspect of the face, which, in fact, had undergone a change. It had taken on the crystal purity of death, the first or second day of death,

> "Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

It looked so like the sleep unfeigned that—with Beatrice trembling for his word in the garden—he was half-afraid to seek a proof. The body was still throughout, from head to foot. Conquering his unwillingness, Centlivre laid his hand on Noriac's arm, and compressed the flesh gently between his finger and thumb. In a dead body, if any part of the surface be compressed, the skin will remain flat and inelastic. Noriac's retained its elasticity, returning to shape immediately. The skin was cold, but Centlivre's hand was warmer than usual. He dipped it in water, dried it, and tried again. The skin seemed warmer now. He laid his ear against the heart, and thought it moved. His stethoscope was at his hand, and he applied it; the beats of the heart were faint, but quite distinct.

From the window of the sitting-room there were steps leading into the garden, and Centlivre passed behind the blind, threw up the sash softly, and called. Beatrice was sitting motionless at the foot of the steps.

"He has done it!" whispered Centlivre.

An inarticulate response came up to him.

"There is only my part now," said he.

"Let everything be ready. Is the boat close?"

"Yes."

"Send it out to the yacht at once. Let the men tell the captain you are coming, and return here immediately. It may be an hour yet, but I think it will be much less. You had better—but no; I have time for that myself."

He stepped into the garden, and walked round to the front of the hotel, and into the landlady's room. "We shall be leaving by the first train in the morning," he said, "and I may as well settle our account to-night. My sister has gone to bed, but she has asked me to thank you for her. We did not expect to tax your kindness in this way, but we shall not forget it."

In his room again, he turned once more to Noriac. The idea of a possible pursuit from the prison had not presented itself to him, but escape during the night seemed imperative, and Noriac still lay entranced. Centlivre knew, however, that time was now the only thing in question. The face had already lost its muscular rigidity, and the trunk and limbs showed a certain relaxation. The life was struggling back into the veins. The limbs twitched a little, and the chest began to heave. Centlivre chafed the feet and the palms of the hands, but they were as cold as before. He had laid on an opium plaster, and from a case in his chest he took a small battery, and sent a slight current through the limbs. The muscles quivered, and the movements of the chest grew stronger, but the eyes remained closed. In a few minutes the body became warm throughout, the vibrations of the heart were visible, and the pulse throbbed at the wrist.

Centlivre laid his hands hard upon the eyes. "Wake!" he said. "Wake! It is Beatrice who calls you." Noriac's eyes opened, and he rose half-up in the coffin.

"Take this," said Centlivre, and he held a little warm milk to Noriac's lips, chafing his spine gently.

"Beatrice is not here," said Noriac. "It was not she who called me, but I heard her name." His voice was weak, and he spoke like a man in a dream.

"She will be here immediately—when you are ready for her."

"Yes," said Noriac; but it was clear that he did not comprehend. "When I am ready for her."

"You are free, Noriac," said Centlivre. "You have escaped from prison. I am Centlivre. Don't you remember now?"

Then Noriac saw himself in the crude coffin, and remembered.

"Beatrice is waiting," continued Centlivre. "If you are strong enough, it is time to prepare. We are not very far from the prison. You are to leave here—with Beatrice—to-night—at once. Come, Noriac!"

He was awake now, and knew it all.

"Help me, Centlivre! Help me!" he said. "Let me go to Beatrice."

Everything was in readiness, to the suit of his own clothes which Beatrice had kept and brought away with her. The mental strain of the resuscitation having passed, Centlivre realized that their situation in the hotel, scarcely three miles from the prison, held innumerable dangers. But he was now seconded by Noriac, who, weak as he was, began hastily to dress. When he had finished, Centlivre had heated a bowl of soup for him over a spirit lamp.

The preparations had taken but a few minutes. Centlivre lowered all the lights in the room, and, pushing aside the blind, he drew up the window. "She is *there!*" he said.

The two men looked in one another's eyes a moment, and Noriac held out his hand.

"Thank you, Noriac; thank you!" said Centlivre, as he took it.

And Noriac stepped out into the arms of Beatrice. A minute later, Centlivre walked back to the window. "Good-by!" he whispered. "I am going." But the lovers did not hear him.

"This the room?" said Dr. Mackellar. "Thank you; I'll introduce myself."

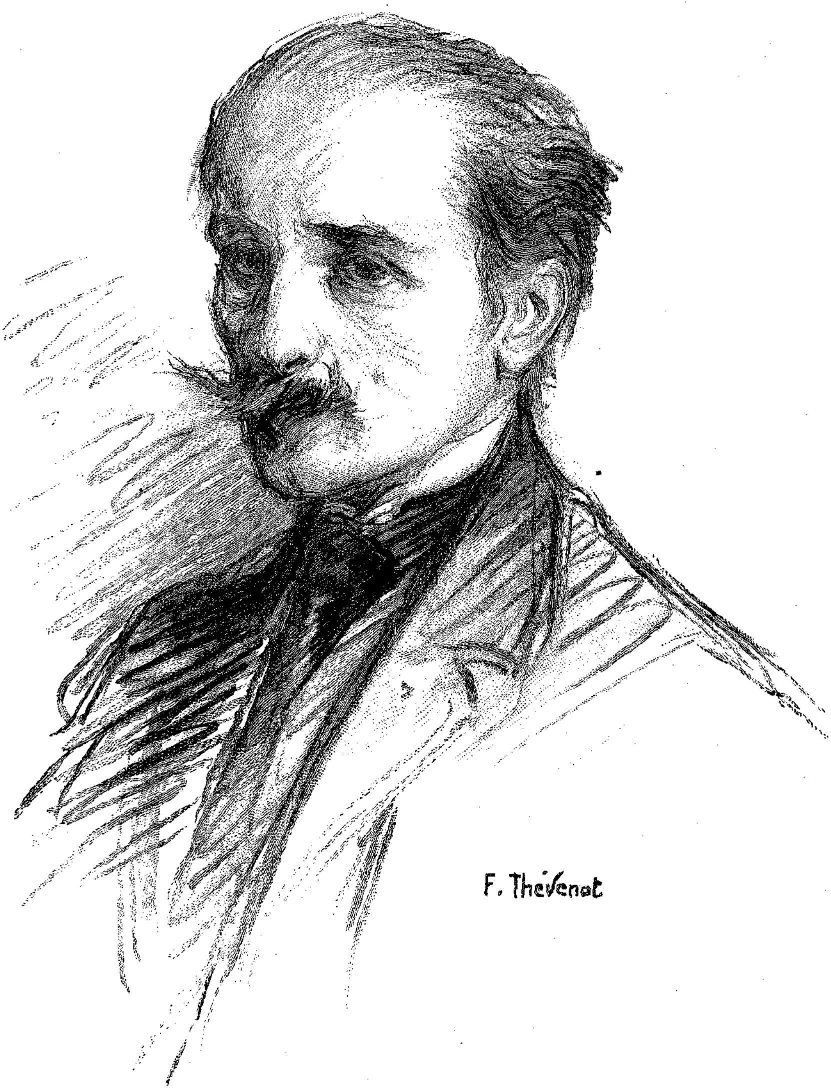
His tap on the door was not answered, and he turned the handle and went in. The room was in perfect order, and showed nothing unusual, except a coffin, which stood upon the floor. The coffin was closed, but a chisel lay upon the lid. Dr. Mackellar crossed the room, took up the chisel, and examined it.

"Of course," he said.

He thrust it under the lid of the coffin, which opened quite easily. Replacing the lid, he put the chisel in his pocket and walked out again. "Dr. Mackellar," said he to himself, "I am inclined to think it will be a long while before you want another holiday."

EDMOND ROSTAND.

A portrait from life by F. Thévenot.

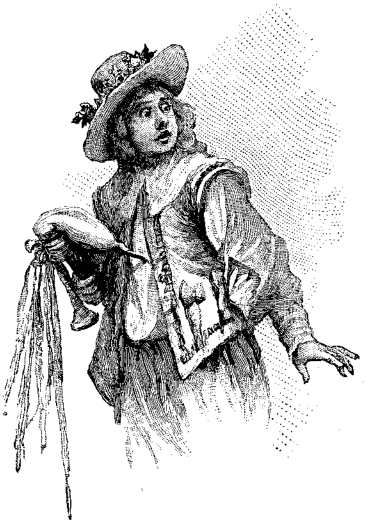


THE AUTHOR OF "CYRANO."

A STUDY OF EDMOND ROSTAND'S PERSONALITY AND METHODS OF WRITING.

By Cleveland Moffett.

AND now, in this period of young great men, steps forth another to join the growing company of those become famous before thirty. On the morning of December 29, 1897, Edmond Rostand, aged twenty-seven, and little enough known up to that time, awoke in Paris to find all things at his feet: this because a five-act play of his in verse, "Cyrano de Bergerac," had been received the night before at the Porte St.-Martin Theater with mad demonstrations. The play marked a new era in the drama, some said; it certainly ushered in a stage triumph such as Victor Hugo scarcely knew, a greater triumph than the English stage had seen for an even century. Here are some facts: To begin with, a run in Paris of 400 performances and Coquelin scarcely started in the *rôle;* an amazing success in America, with ten rival companies playing to packed houses in spite of bad translations (all but one); Germans delighted with Ludwig Fulda's exquisite version; Spaniards wild over their version; ten performances in St. Petersburg, which is counted a memorable thing in Russia; Norway and Sweden playing "Cyrano"; Denmark playing "Cyrano"; half-forgotten little countries down Servia way playing "Cyrano" in queer tongues like the Croatian; and critics for once led meekly by the noses after "Cyrano," the venerable autocrat "Uncle" Sarcey (since deceased) heading the procession. Only one judgment, then, from public and press in all countries rated civilized—"Cyrano" is a masterpiece.



Montfleury, interrupted in playing his bagpipe by a voice which cries: "Rogue! Did I not forbid you for one month?"—Cyrano de Bergerac, Act I.

And hear what "Cyrano" himself has to say in this matter, the flesh-and-blood realization of Rostand's ideal, the elder Coquelin, one who knows the stage and its traditions in and out—a veteran of the Comédie Française, actor-manager at present in his own theater, the Porte St.-Martin, the strongest figure of a man on the stage of France to-day. Here is the little narrative of personal experience that I got from him one morning in his pleasant Paris home overlooking Napoleon's arch:

"It was in the fall of 1894, I think, that I met Rostand first. I chanced to be at the house of Madame Sarah Bernhardt one day while Rostand was reading to her his 'Princesse Lointaine,' produced later at the Renaissance. I was present only as a friend, but was greatly struck by the beauty of the lines and the high artistic quality of the author's rendering. Bernhardt was stirred to tears, in fact was ill in bed for two days afterwards from the emotion.

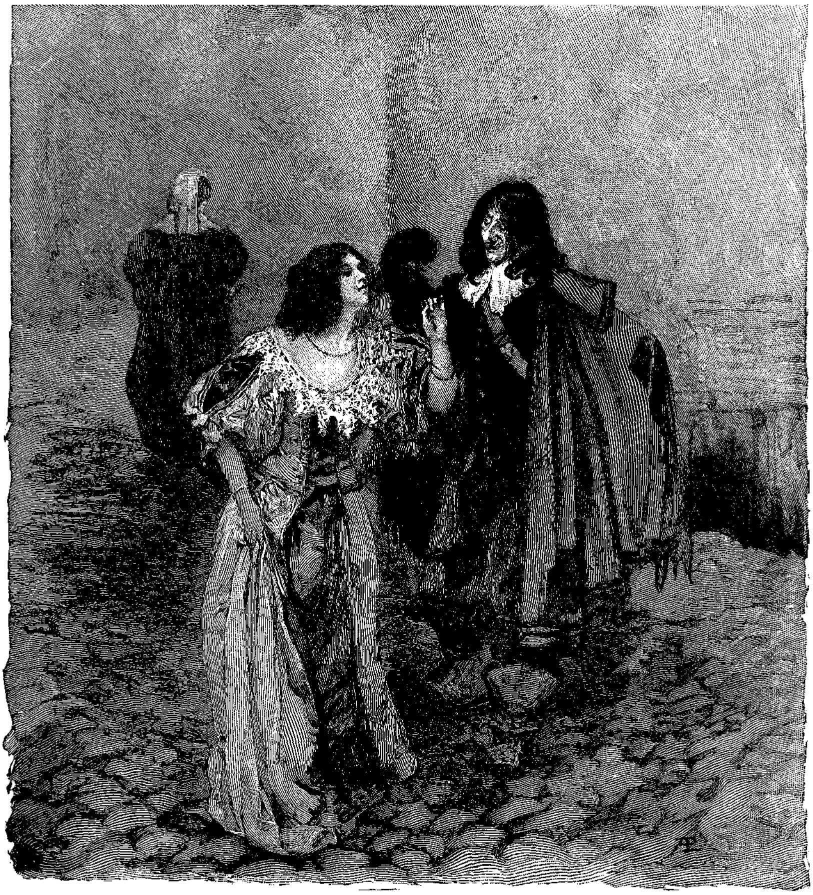
"After the reading I was presented to Rostand, and told him how sincerely I admired his work. Then, just as I was going, he said: 'I should like to write something for you. I think I have a good idea.' Now, see how completely I had come under his spell, for at once I said that whatever he would write for me, on whatever subject, at whatever time, I would accept without question or reservation, and put on the stage at my own theater: rather a remarkable pledge, seeing that our acquaintance dated from about ten minutes back; but I meant exactly what I said.

"Some weeks later he came to me with his subject, and went over it in detail. I was pleased, and he went away. A month later he came back, and told me he had changed his mind and chosen another subject. There should be two men in love with a woman—one handsome, the other homely. The handsome man was stupid, the homely man extremely clever. These two should become friends, and the love-making go on as you know. I was delighted, and marveled that no dramatist had ever hit upon that theme. A few nights later he came into my *loge*, and read me the duel verses. Ah, but that made an impression on me! What words, I said to myself, what action in every line! I can hear him yet declaiming it.

"A little later he read me the famous lines where Cyrano introduces the cadets. I told him he would do a masterpiece if he kept on this way, and he did keep on. Little by little, scene by scene, he brought me the play as it grew, until finally I had it all. In the summer he withdrew to the country, at Boissy St.-Léger, where most of the writing was done, and where I went down often to pass the night and hear how things were going. Here was genius in full operation, the real thing and no mistake. He worked furiously, without restriction or moderation; he could work in no other way. Sometimes it was a delight to watch him cherishing and smoothing his verses as a fond gardener who waters the flowers he loves and gives them sun. Again he wrought out his lines in torture, like a spirit driven through hell with rest forbidden. There are men, you know, like Sardou, who can rise every day at a certain hygienic hour, work so long, and refuse to work any longer. Rostand is not of that kind.

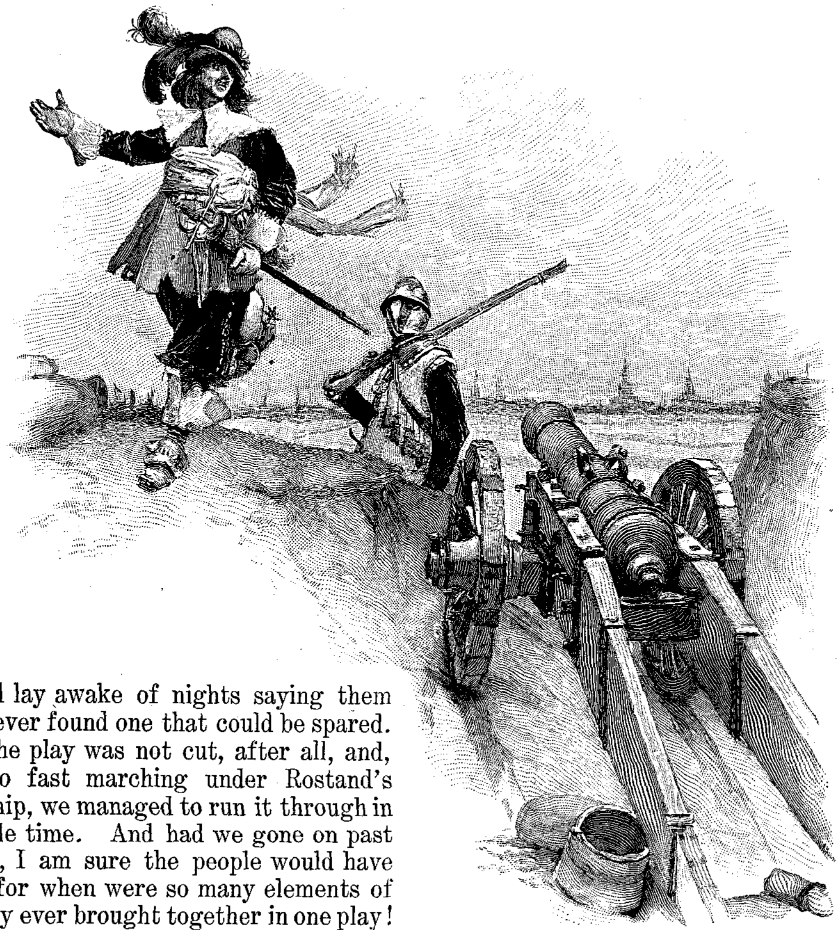
"Another thing I soon observed was this, that the critical power in him is perhaps as remarkable as the creative power. He knows with unerring judgment when a thing is good and when it is bad. He judges his work exactly as if some one else had written it, and you may be sure when he pronounces a thing good, though it be his own, he makes no mistake.

"When 'Cyrano' went into rehearsal my wonder grew again, for here was a novice in stage-craft handling a hundred people without effort, solving difficult dramatic problems as they arose by flashes of intuition, and withal showing an understanding of technique, a sureness in his effects, that not even Sardou could surpass, and a delicacy of artistic perception surpassing any one. Yet he did it smoothly, with few words, the company outdoing themselves under him, like musicians led by a great conductor. We were in rehearsal about two months and a half, with some sixty repetitions, and during that time I never knew Rostand to be in doubt before any dramatic tangle or to make an error in judgment.



"*Roxane* [*to Cyrano, in praise of Christian's letters to her—written, without her knowledge, by Cyrano himself*]: '*In this art of expressing love he is a master!*' "—*Cyrano de Bergerac, Act III.*

"On one point I was much troubled. It seemed to me that 'Cyrano' was too long; twenty-five hundred lines went beyond all precedent. Even 'Ruy Blas' is several hundred lines shorter than that, and 'Ruy Blas' plays from eight o'clock to midnight. 'I'm afraid it's too long,' I would say to Rostand. 'We must cut something out.' 'Well, what shall it be?' he would say. 'I don't know,' I would answer, 'but we must surely make it shorter.' Then Rostand would laugh, and agree to cut out whatever I decided could be spared. And though I spent hours over the lines searching for weak



"*A sentinel* [*to Cyrano, returning from bearing his nightly letter to Roxane*]: '*Who goes there?*' *Cyrano*: '*Bergerac, blockhead.*'" —*Cyrano de Bergerac, Act IV.*

ones, and lay awake of nights saying them over, I never found one that could be spared.

"So the play was not cut, after all, and, thanks to fast marching under Rostand's generalship, we managed to run it through in reasonable time. And had we gone on past midnight, I am sure the people would have stayed; for when were so many elements of popularity ever brought together in one play! 'Cyrano' is full of action, it stirs the noblest emotions, it is amusing, it is clever, it contains charming lyrics, a delightful love story, plenty of fighting, swagger, pathos, nonsense, what is there like it? I played through the run of 400 representations (missing only one week, when I was ill), and I can honestly say I enjoyed them all."

In seeking knowledge of this young dramatist, it was natural to go from Coquelin to Bernhardt, for if the former has thus far had the greater play by Rostand, the latter has had three of his plays by no means of small value—"La Princesse Lointaine," "La Samaritaine," and "L'Aiglon." It was at her own theater that she received me, just as she had come from a rehearsal of "Hamlet," and she was weary from an hour's work of the intensest kind. Yet what change of manner, what brightening of the eyes at Rostand's name! One would think him a sovereign or demi-god. The great actress is even more ardent than Coquelin in her tribute. Rostand is admirable, he is wonderful, and she speaks of her own relations to him with a glow of gratitude. He is the master, she the willing instrument. What he writes is beyond compare, what he wishes is the law. "I thank God, monsieur, that he has let me be alive now to interpret a part, at least, of what this great genius will produce. If Rostand were to die, it would be a calamity to mankind, for he is bringing in a new period in the drama—a clean, wholesome period. If Rostand were to die, I think—why, I think I should want to die too."

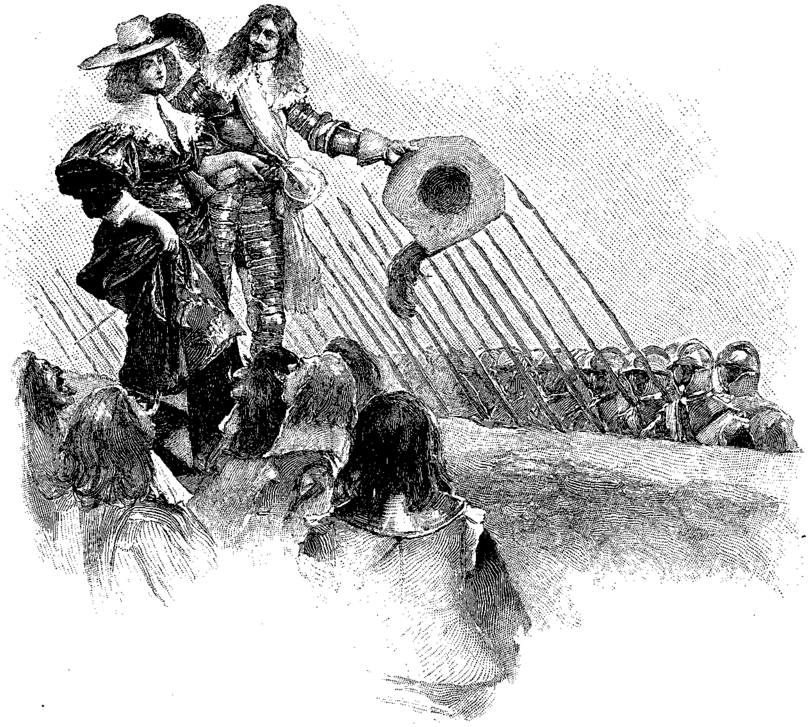
She went on to tell of her own strong emotions in paying "La Samaritaine," and of its effect upon the people. "The *rôle* exhausts me more than any I have ever interpreted, because of its spiritual intensity. You know I am a believer, as Rostand is, and the play becomes a reality to me every time I go through it. And the audience—ah, if you could only see how they crowd the theater every year at Easter-tide when we put on

'La Samaritaine.' All kinds of people come, those who never go to church, women who have done wrong, priests, children, old men. And as they listen to the simple story, they are moved to the heart, they weep, they pray. I am sure that play does more good in the world than many sermons."

After these glimpses of Rostand at second hand, let us come now to the real man (since we may be so fortunate), and judge of him for ourselves; talk with him, too, in his own delightful *hôtel* in the Rue Alphonse de Neuville, not three minutes' walk from Bernhardt's *bijou* of a home.

The house forms an arc behind the point of two streets where another house stands, the two built in harmony, with happiest result. Within are wide staircases and high ceilings, and the eye travels freely from room to room between columns and draped arches and wide glass doors. On the walls are tapestries and somber paintings, under foot soft rugs and polished wood, while the spacious halls and salons are furnished with pieces to delight a collector. Here, then, is fame met with fortune, youth with genius, and into the bargain, I am told, this most favored man has a lovely and accomplished wife. As for the money, Rostand comes of a wealthy family, and his own earnings have, of course, been large.

It is of interest sometimes to recall little things that strike one, on first meeting a person of importance. In the case of Rostand, I noticed that he came into the room walking stiff and straight, with a certain dapper dignity, and that his hands were extremely white, with rings on the fingers, a fine sapphire among them. Then I saw that he was small and slender, very pale, and quite bald for a man of twenty-nine; also that he wore a reddish, bristling mustache, and the Legion of Honor ribbon in his coat. In his right eye was a single staring glass that fixed you rather coldly, and added to his general impassiveness. You felt that here was a man to keep his reserve until he saw reason for leaving it and make sure a person was worth talking to before he said much. This self-withholding attitude is, no doubt, part of the armor he has learned to wear since his great success came; for a whole city, and that Paris, has flung itself at his head, with women pursuing him and men pursuing him, and all sorts of people lying in wait for him on all sorts of pretexts, the only certainty being that they will waste his time. Lately, people have taken to calling



"*De Guiche* [*to Roxane*]: '*Will you accept my hand and pass them in review?*' [*As Roxane appears at the top of the bank, the pikes disappear, lowered in salute, and a cheer goes up*]."—*Cyrano de Bergerac, Act IV.*

him a savage, and they tell exaggerated stories of how he never answers letters and seldom receives visitors, and is often brusque and rude. It is said, for instance, and with truth, I believe, that he recently declined the invitation of a certain continental royalty to be guest of honor at a special performance of "Cyrano."

I asked M. Rostand about his first literary work, and he went back with pride to his twentieth year, when his maiden book of poems, "Les Musardises," was reviewed in the "Revue Bleue" with highest commendation, hailed, in fact, as "the most brilliant poetic *début* since Alfred de Musset published his 'Contes d'Espagne.'" The writer of this was laughed at then, but he is not laughed at now. I asked Rostand what authors he had admired most from his youth, and he answered without hesitation: Shakespeare, Dickens, and Victor Hugo. Could he read Dickens in English? No, unfortunately. Had he been in England? Not to know anything about it, only ten days at a London hotel. Had he traveled in other countries? No, he had stayed at home.

I asked him about sports and manly exercises. Was he at all like Cyrano in his own tastes? Was he fond of fencing or sword practice? He was not, thought it too fatiguing. Did he go in for horseback-riding? No, that was also too fatiguing. Then his love of excitement and stirring deeds was more of the head than of the body? Yes, he supposed it was.

Coming to the chief purpose of my visit, I was glad to learn that the play "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a fruit of slow ripening. Already in his student days at Stanislas College, Paris, and in vacations at Marseilles (his home), it had been in his mind to make a play where the hero's nobility of soul should be offset by some physical defect. And he hit upon Cyrano in the histories (a real hero who had lived), caught at him, in fact, as the very type of what he wanted. Then the love theme grew accidentally from a real happening one summer while he was at the sea-side. There was a young fellow, a friend of the Rostands, deeply in love with a very attractive girl. And she was coy, while he was rather clumsy in his wooing. So in good nature and to amuse himself, Rostand helped out the unsuccessful swain with hints and counsels. Do this, he would say; talk to her about that. Give her certain flowers. Speak of such a poet and such a musician. All this based on a knowledge of the young lady's tastes and aptitudes. And presently Rostand was rewarded by hearing from his wife that the girl had declared the young man much less of a fool than she had thought him. In fact, from that moment things went smoothly for these two, and the affair began to take literary form in Rostand's mind.

As to the actual writing of the play, it was as nearly as may be a work of inspiration. It was not done by any rule. There were no fixed hours for it, no thought of duty. Rostand wrote early or late, much or little, precisely as he pleased, and never when he did not please; in short, he worked when he loved his work, and as he generally loved it, he worked well in the main.

"I never force my pen," he told me. "If I feel that my vein is tiring, yet might run on for an hour or two, I stop and let it rest. And I assure you it has happened to me many times to look with wonder, as if it were a miracle, at words and thoughts that have come to me."

Not at all a man this to say, with the business-like positiveness of certain authors: "I write so many words an hour, sir, so many before dinner, so many after dinner; in a week I do so many pages, in a month so many chapters; and here is my time-table of novels for three years ahead, if you care to glance it over."

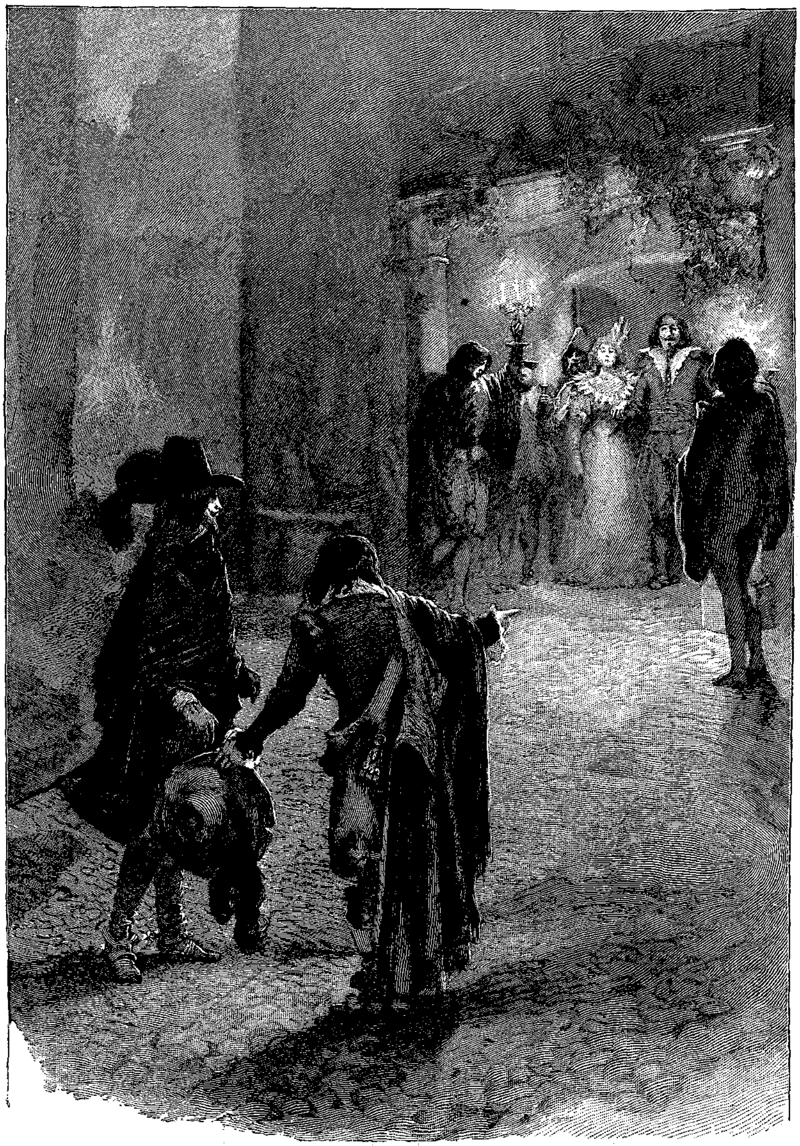
I asked Rostand if I might see a page of his "Cyrano" manuscript, and he shook his head with a rueful smile. "There is no manuscript of 'Cyrano' to show you," he said; "I only wish there were. If I had known what demand there would be for it, I should have taken good care not to throw it in the waste-paper basket. You see, I like things neat—in fact, I hate things when they're not neat; so a page with lines scratched out and words written in distresses me. I always copy it over in a clean hand, or get my wife to copy it, and then the old page is destroyed. This process of making fresh changes and fresh copies went on with 'Cyrano' until the play was finished, when I had it typewritten. And all the earlier drafts were thrown away except some fragments of *rôles* that I gave to Coquelin and which he has preserved. These are all that remain of what I wrote with my own hand. It is only the great success that gives them value, and who could have foreseen that?"

Rostand often goes to the play for the pleasure of it and to study effects. His own "Cyrano" he saw no less than sixty times in the first hundred performances, then found that enough, and scarcely went again until the four-hundredth, the last of the great run. And in the whole time he made no speech, nor ever came before the curtain, though the audience cheered and shouted for full twenty minutes after the *première*, calling repeatedly for the author, until M. Coquelin had to tell them he had left the theater, though he was actually in hiding under the stage at the time.

He is unwearying in attendance at rehearsals, and first, last, and always dominates the situation. Even Bernhardt bows to his authority. He listens willingly to suggestions from the actors (though these are rarely made), but never allows the slightest change without his full approval. Of his own accord, both during rehearsals and after, he makes many slight modifications as he sees room for improvement, and is his own severest critic.

"On one point I stand firm," he said to me, "I will have no line or situation in any play of mine that is not wholly my own. If one of my company were to give me a splendid climax, just what I was seeking, I would not use it; for if I did, I should no longer be the master, and that I must be."

Not only does he give the actors detailed directions for their *rôles*, for tone and gesture and facial expression, but he actually



"*Cyrano: 'They have exchanged rings within the quarter of the hour.'*
"*De Guiche: 'Who have?'* [*He turns and sees Roxane and Christian.*]"—*Cyrano de Bergerac, Act III.*

does the thing for them, acts the *rôle* out as he wants it done, and changes from part to part with astonishing ease. Bernhardt says he is a finished actor, and Rostand told me himself that it would delight him to act on occasions in his own plays were not the usage against it.

"As it is," he said, "I do act them all many times over and through every *rôle.* When I have written a scene, I rehearse it to myself. I swing my arms and stamp about, declaiming the lines in different ways, with cutting out and putting in, until they come right from my lips to my ear, until they fit and feel comfortable, like a well-made coat. Then I try them on my wife or my friends."

"Have you any idea how long it took you to write 'Cyrano'?"

"I gave only a few months to the actual writing, but years to perfecting the conception. Then I wrote it skipping about from act to act, a bit here and a bit there, without any order or system. Besides that, while I was writing 'Cyrano,' I was working at intervals on other things. You see, I always have two or three plays ripening in my head at the same time."

Rostand certainly talks modestly enough about what he has done. No doubt he knows his own value, but he seems to take it as something outside of himself, for which he deserves no especial credit. And one feels that he has known his power all along. He does not regard "Cyrano" as so much better than "La Samaritaine" or the "Princesse Lointaine." In fact, he will tell you frankly of merits that did not get their due in the very first piece he ever wrote for the stage. "I was just out of college," he said, "and one day I showed M. Jules Claretie, of the Comédie Française, a one-act comedy I had done. He urged me to submit it formally, and said he was sure it would be accepted. I was delighted, of course, and submitted it; but the little play was rejected, partly, I believe, because I entrusted the reading to an actor instead of doing it myself.

"Well, M. Claretie stood by me anyhow, and told me to go ahead with a three-act comedy and submit it as soon as I could. So I wrote 'Les Romanesques,' and it was accepted with special honor at the Comédie Française; and the first thing I knew, Sarcey was proclaiming me 'the modern Regnard,' and I found myself booked to write light comedy all my life. But I had no intention of accepting any such narrow mission. Comedy was well enough, but I realized that comedy alone was as unsatisfactory as tragedy alone or melodrama alone. What I wanted to study and depict was life. So I wrote a play forthwith, 'La Princesse Lointaine,' which was delicate and sad and tender—in fact, as far as possible from light comedy—and I let the critics reprove me as they pleased (although it often hurt). Yes, I knew what I was doing. And then I wrote 'Cyrano,' which, I suppose, has a little of everything in it, like the world about us."

I asked M. Rostand if he had in mind any moral effect in writing "Cyrano." Was there any lesson of courage and chivalry he had wished to teach?

"Only indirectly," he said. "I have never been attracted to purpose plays or problem plays. If you build a work on some theme of passing interest, say a question of marriage law or divorce procedure, it is evident your work loses its reason for existence so soon as this question is settled. Therefore, I choose rather themes made from the old eternal motives that guide our lives, for these are neither new nor old, but always the same and always diverting. The chief business of a playwright, I take it, is to entertain his public. If he does not entertain them, he will try in vain to teach them.

"Yet I recognize the responsibility of a dramatist, especially one who wields great power by reason of success. Whether he intend it or not, it is certain that his plays do teach and influence many people for good or ill. I hope I shall always keep to the purpose that has so far guided me, of setting forth the fine and worthy in life rather than the despicable, the clean and beautiful rather than the ugly, the noble and inspiring rather than the perverted. In a broad sense, 'Cyrano' was intended as a lesson; that is, a stirring of sympathy for loyalty and chivalry and courage, just as 'L'Aiglon' [the play on which M. Rostand was at this time engaged] will, I hope, bring a national thrill for unsullied patriotism and love of country."

"Do you ever feel that your creations are real, even while you are writing them?"

"Not to the same extent as when I see them on the stage; but many times I have felt most keenly the emotions of my characters. I have suffered and rejoiced with them to the crowding out of actual things in my own life. I was an impossible person to live with while I was doing the pages of Cyrano's death, there in the fifth act, and I don't know that any real happening ever stirred me so deeply as the writing of that second act in

'La Samaritaine,' where Jesus forgives and comforts the penitent woman."

After this the talk drifted into less important channels, getting finally to bicycling and amateur photography, in both of which Rostand finds diversion from his work. And with so much we may leave him, my own judgment being, after several interviews in which he talked freely, that he is a charming man, with a delightful blending of seriousness and fun, quite free from nonsense and conceit, one who is absorbed in his work, and goes at it in the most sensible way possible for a man of his temperament.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "DESTROYER" FROM NEW YORK TO BRAZIL.

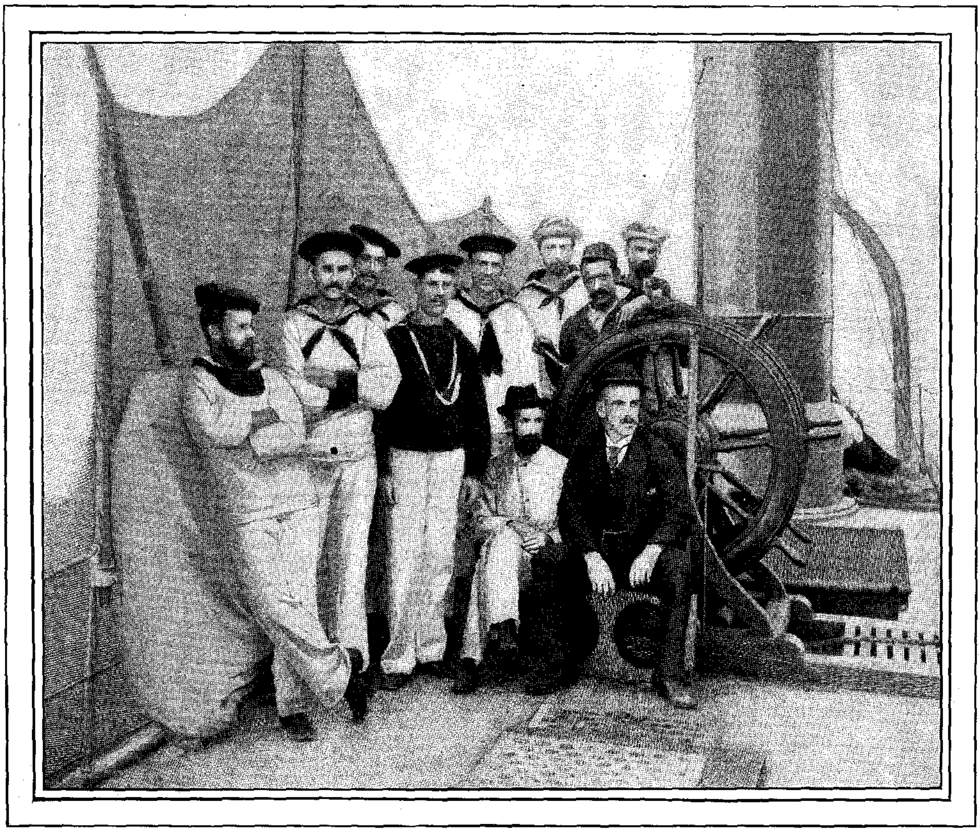
By Captain Joshua Slocum,

Author of "Sailing Alone Around the World," etc.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE CAPTAIN.

IN reply to any possible hint that the circumstances surrounding the loss of the "Infanta Maria Teresa" may have suggested features of the present narrative, I have to say that a rough account of all the facts of the "Destroyer" voyage was printed in 1894, and may be found in the library of the Smithsonian Institution. So it might be said, on the other hand, that a page from the history of the "Destroyer" voyage would have been useful to the officers and crew of the four years' later castaway. Besides the account mentioned, there were some hasty newspaper accounts of our voyage; but beyond these, there has never been anything published about it.

It was the happy thought of a Yankee trader, when all else had failed to quell the late revolt of the Brazilian Navy led by Admiral Mello, to fit out the terrible ship "Destroyer" for Mr. Peixoto, the President, to scare the rebels into submission with and "save Brazil," the trader for his own part charging only the brokerage usual in such transactions. This ship, the "Destroyer," was a formidable craft of about 130 tons register, conceived by the inventor Ericsson to turn navies topsy-turvy. For this purpose she carried a brass cannon forty-three feet long, built securely in the bows, eight feet below the water-line. This gun, with a fifty-pound charge of powder, fired a projectile thirty-five feet long and carrying 350 pounds of compressed gun-cotton, which by contact



THE CREW OF THE "DESTROYER."

From a photograph taken on board ship at Pernambuco, by Flosculode Magalhães. The second man standing on the left is "Quiet John." Next to him, in the dark jacket, is "William"; and next to "William," sitting, is "Wild Goose." Between and behind "William" and "Wild Goose" stands the cook, while at the extreme right stands "Big Alec."

would explode and destroy anything afloat. Even Ericsson's former invention, the fierce "Monitor," could not have withstood this awful engine of war; the advantage for the "Destroyer" being, obviously, in the tremendous explosion of her projectile under a ship's bottom, the most vulnerable point

She was fitted with compound engines, and at her best could steam about eighteen knots an hour. That, however, was many years before she entered on this expedition. Experiments had been made with the great cannon, which proved that it could throw a projectile through two steel torpedo nets; and although the vessel now steamed considerably less than eighteen knots when looking for trouble, nothing could withstand her when she "got there." There was a ring of terror in every report concerning what the "Destroyer" could do. But terrible as she was reputed to be, I found, when I saw her, that all had not been told; she looked wicked and dangerous beyond words. It was estimated that the concussion from her exploding projectile, even within 200 feet of a ship, would paralyze every one on board; closer contact would blow all to atoms.

The success of the "Destroyer" expedition began in the first step taken at New York, where she fitted out; for to make sure of a wide report of what was coming and of what a drubbing the rebels might expect when she should arrive, great secrecy was enjoined on all hands and all around. I myself found admittance to the innermost parts of the Rock of Gibraltar less difficult to obtain, when I tried to gain it some time later, than entrance into the "Destroyer" before I was regularly embarked. A crew of thirteen manned her when ready for sea— even that would argue bad for Mello, it was thought, if it did not prove fatal to ourselves. The sailors were picked men; and, to disclose without reserve the great experience of my own life, I sailed in command.

I shall always be proud of the crew of the "Destroyer."

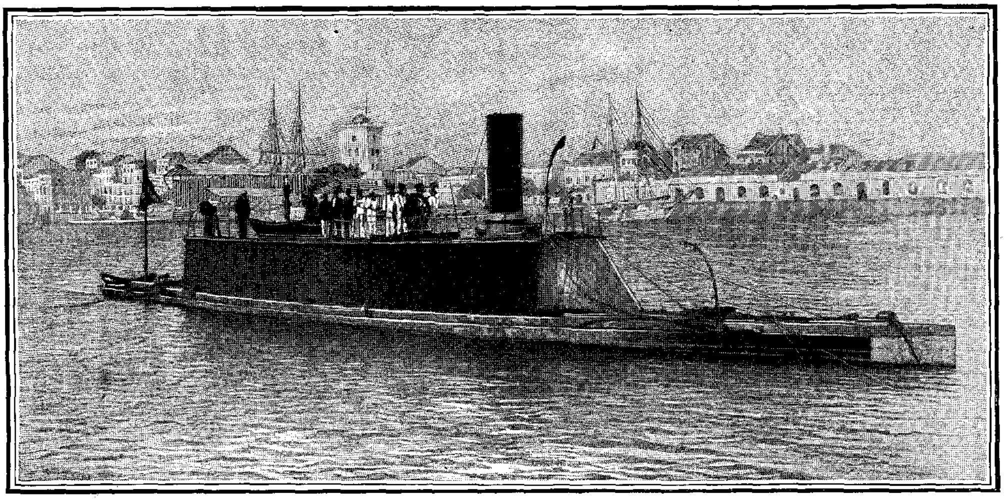
Looking down upon our strange vessel as she sat low in the water at the dock before we embarked, we could not see many comforts ahead. For a novel adventure, however, she promised well. Some extra emoluments added to this turned the scale in favor of the voyage. Other ships had been sent out to Brazil ahead of the "Destroyer," most notable of which was the "Nictheroy," carrying a dynamite gun that had already "knocked down a mountain." But she was only a forerunner: the "Destroyer" was to be the culmination and climax of victory itself.

But to sail her to the scene of action over a wide sea was, in all naval history, a unique voyage. It is true that, of this class of ships, a monitor had once tempted Neptune off Cape Hatteras, and the stout "Infanta Maria Teresa" would since have essayed the voyage from Cuba to our own coast across the Gulf Stream. But his majesty, the King of the Sea, sent the first down to the quicksands many fathoms low; and the other, after stupefying the crew, he cast upon Cat Island, there to remain a monument to political seamanship and fair-weather sailors.

Curiously enough, the fatalistic number of the crew (thirteen) was not thought of by the crew themselves before sailing. Every one was looking for a good omen. Some of the older sailors made a search for rats, but not even the sign of a mouse could be found. Still no one backed out—times were hard ashore!

A young man to fight the ship, in case of her being "attacked by pirates" on the coast of Brazil, came early, bringing plans for the fight along with him, if fight there should be, for he was bound to begin right. Also a nobleman, coming principally as "Count," engaged himself to be with us. The position of "specialist" was spoken of as his, but that was by the way. The Count was a brand-new sailor, and a good judge of a hotel. There came too (I should not forget it) a young officer of marine artillery, who became in time a feature of the crew. The sword he brought along, which he had won by valor in the Sudan, was of enormous size. This and a heavy Colt's revolver, which he wore night and day, gave my young officer, I must say, a formidable appearance (for a little man). The prodigious weapon, I recall, "presented by Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen," had the American eagle stamped upon its blade. This was the famous sword which, buckled on over a dashing red coat, secured for him the position of third gunner's mate to the Count, a gentleman of influence procuring him the place upon first sight of this equipment and the cut of his sails; for it must be borne in mind that we were to make a strong, warlike appearance when we came to Brazil, if not before.

Well, this young man came; but taking passage, along with the Fighting Captain and the Count, on the steamer that towed us, he was always 300 fathoms ahead, except in the ports we touched on the voyage. There we again came together, to rehearse deeds of valor, my sailors always standing in awe of sword and revolver, and being, too, always touched at the sight of the unmistakable bird spreading its wings over the Queen's gift.



THE "DESTROYER" AS SHE LAY IN PERNAMBUCO HARBOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLOSCULODE MAGALHÃES.

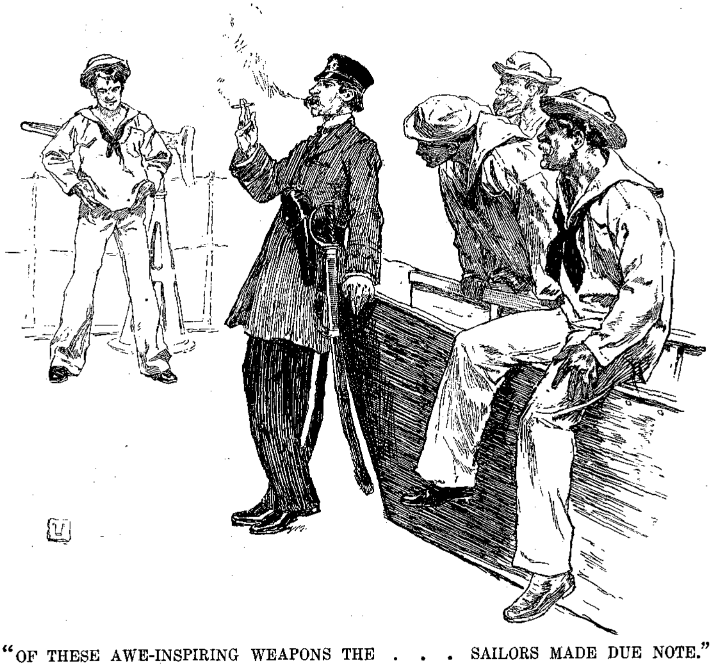
Being a man of a peaceful turn of mind myself, no fighting was expected of me, except that which would begin at Sandy Hook, namely, a feeble combat with the elements. The Fighting Captain was to take charge when we should near the coast of Brazil. There would be no call on his prowess, it was thought, before reaching that point. However, he took the "Destroyer" on preliminary spins around the harbor before sailing, and in mere playful humor knocked down a pier with her prow at the Erie Basin. But didn't the splinters fly! I thought of the poor pirates on the coast of Brazil, and pitied them in advance should the "Destroyer" come upon them in arms.

The crew came on board the day before the "Destroyer" sailed, and proceeded at once in the most off-hand manner to take in a cargo of dynamite. A stouter heart than mine would have engaged in prayer. On December 7, 1893, all being ready, we weighed anchor at six o'clock in the morning from Robins Reef, stowed all, and proceeded to sea in tow of the "Santuit" of Boston.

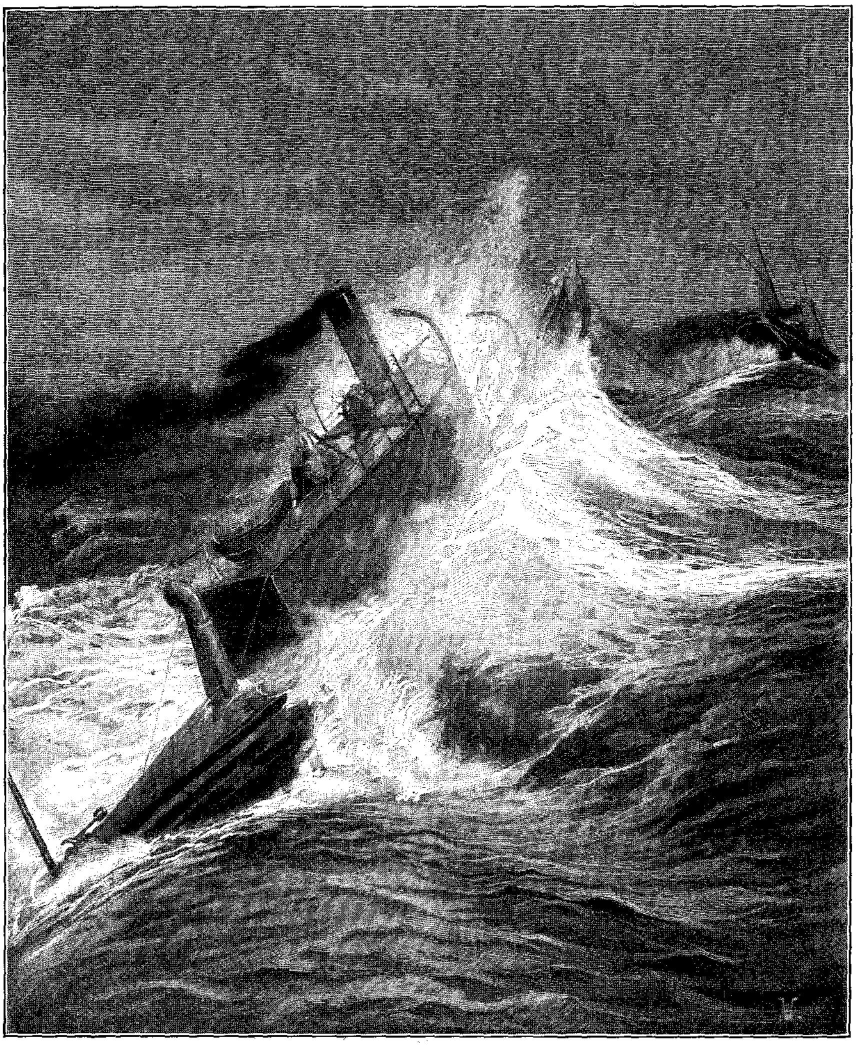
Our mishaps began early; the sailors were brought to the beak with crowbar and sledge-hammer off Sandy Hook to readjust a thimble in the tow-line. Some free language went out, at the time, I remember, for the artisan who made the defective thing; but this, as we learned after, should have been aimed at the learned man ashore who designed it. The propeller, at this point, was disconnected, the first dive our ship made into a wave giving us a hint that we should require all our steam for the pumps.

We skirted the coast in a smooth sea with the land close aboard as far as Winter Quarter Shoal, whence we headed away direct for the Gulf Stream. The wind, from the northwest, was only at a moderate gale, and the sea remained smooth till the crew could look about and prepare for battle. But for all our joy of fine weather, we looked to our danger signals, to have ready the flags for the day and Caston lights for the night. Nothing was left undone that we could do to meet, if only in a feeble way, the emergency we saw clearly coming.

A distance of 220 miles was run in twenty-eight hours. Then the wind veered to north-east, and a gale ensued. The ship rolled down low in the water, taking clean cuts through the waves, that rose high. The steam-pumps were kept hard at work, for the vessel was now making water freely. A calamity had overtaken her. One of the sponsons put on at New York, the starboard one, was already water-logged, and her top seams now began to open. All hands pumped and bailed to keep her afloat, but the water gained on us steadily, and by midnight it washed the fires and put them out. With consternation we saw the steam-pumps stand still. What could we do in the midst of the gale? We must get steam up again, or else go down! All hands springing to it, a pile of combustible stuff was built up in the furnace above the reach of the water. Rounds of fat pork and hard bread and oil and the ship's furniture were thrown on top of that, and after what seemed a long time, a roaring blaze that defied difficulties sent steam flying through the pipes to help us with its giant strength.


"OF THESE AWE-INSPIRING WEAPONS THE . . . SAILORS MADE DUE NOTE."

Danger signals were shown through the night. The "Santuit" responded promptly to them all, and towed the "Destroyer" with great care, at times easing up entirely or heading up to the sea with no more

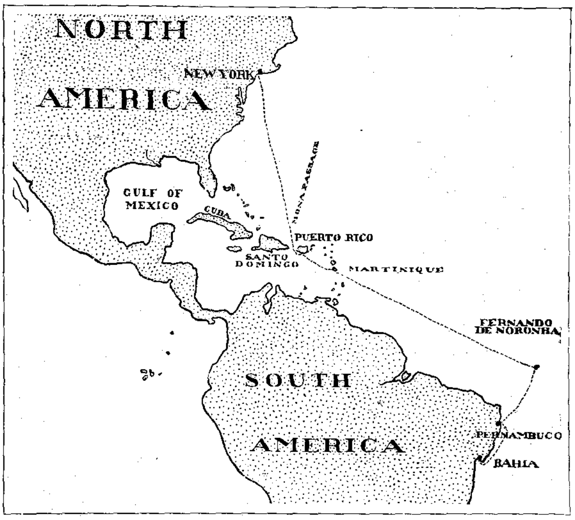


"THE SHIP ROLLED DOWN LOW IN THE WATER, TAKING CLEAN CUTS THROUGH THE WAVES, THAT ROSE HIGH."

than steerage way. The water in the hold at times cut off the furnace draft, but was at last, for the time, overcome. The storm raged, but with energy taxed for life or death stout hands stayed the ship through the night. The water in the hold was so reduced by daylight that coals burned again on the grates. Of a number of streaming leaks found during the night some were calked with cotton waste and some were plugged with pine wood.

The new day gave hope, and we signaled the "Santuit" to go ahead, that we were "all right." But, nevertheless, a stout canvas bag was made, one that would hold a barrel of water, and a derrick was rigged at the hatch for a hoisting purchase. Hardly was this apparatus finished before it was sorely needed, for the gale freshened, and all night long this bag was kept constantly at work as fast as it could be filled, hoisted, and emptied by four pairs of strong arms. And what with driving the steam-pumps, repairing defective valves, and making new ones, the rest of the people on board had enough to do. The cook prepared warm coffee for all hands day and night. There were no commodores around on those days of storm and toil: every man on board had work to do. But on the 9th, when the engineers were making new valves for the pumps, to take the place of worn-out ones, there being not a spare valve on board, we thought the "Destroyer" would surely go down. The canvas bag, however, by doing great work, just saved us from a plunge to the bottom. Then the pumps, being put in order and set rapidly to work, gained free bilges once more and a short respite for the crew.

December 11th and 12th were days of incessant care, anxiety, and toil. But the sea became more regular as we proceeded southward, nearing the region of the trade winds; and the expectation of fine weather in the trade winds now lent us hope, and no energy was spared to reach them. It was only to drink deep of disappointment when we got there, however. The sea became, indeed, less irregular, but it still ran high, and broke over the "Destroyer" as over a sunken ledge of rocks.



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "DESTROYER" FROM NEW YORK TO BAHIA.

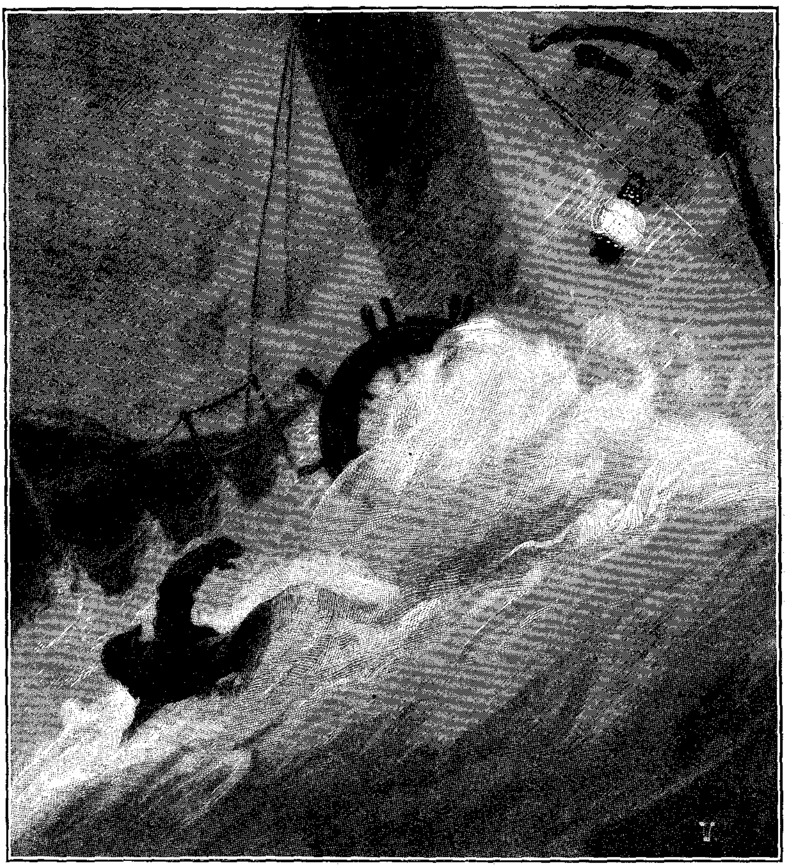
The water in the hold was kept down generally to a depth of from one to three feet. Occasionally a rolling suck was gained, and in our joy of it we cried, "Free bilge." Once our spirits rose to a point of humor, when "Big Alec of Salem," one of the crew, after we had been working for hours with not a word from anybody, looked down into the dismal hold at the men bailing below, and yelled, "I can see their feet, Captain. I can see their feet!" And sure enough, we could all see their feet, but only as she rolled. Some hours before that the lowest point was at their hips. And so while she leaked and we bailed and pumped for life, great waves still washed over her, and she plunged often under the seas like a great duck fond of diving. Everything was wet. There was not a dry place in the entire ship. We were literally sailing under the sea, and she came out of the storm on December 13th decked from the top of her smokestack to the bottom-most life-line in sargasso. All along the man-ropes fore and aft hung in clusters these flowers of the sea, a rare and beautiful sight.

December 14th came in with a gale and cross sea. The fires were threatened by water again up to the bars. Pumping and bailing went on together all night. The "Santuit," upon our signal, slowed down, and headed to the sea, that we might free our ship of water and plug up leaks, which we searched for now as keenly as one would look for precious gems. Later in the day the sea went down, for the tropical storm was short. A fresh supply of coal and water was then procured, under some difficulties, from the "Santuit." Also some carbolic acid was obtained to wash a severe wound. Assistant Engineer Hamilton, an oldish man, becoming exhausted in the storm, fell backward down the engine-hatch, receiving a fearful gash across his bald pate which had to be herring-bone stitched. The wound having been dressed, Hamilton was made easy and stowed away till further comforts could be given him. Then one Thomas Brennan, a stoker, who had complained of cold roast turkey and chicken for his dinner during the storm, and had shown frequent signs of mutiny, refusing to mind the fires as directed by Hamilton, his watch officer, jumped upon the old man before any one could interfere, and bit him in the face like a wild beast. I don't remember to have seen a more revolting act of cruelty from one human being toward another. Brennan's case was attended to later on.

On December 15th, before noon, the "Destroyer" entered Mona Passage with a disabled rudder, a heavy cross sea off the windward cape of Santo Domingo having swept over her delicate stern. Later in the day she fetched the lee of Puerto Rico, to receive from the "Santuit" more coal and water and to repair the rudder. This being done, she headed on a course direct for Martinique, where machine shops and boiler-makers might be found.

If the trade winds were strong off the islands, they were fierce inside of the Caribbean Sea. The waves were sharp and spiteful here where time out of mind we had all seen smooth water. Wet to the bone before, our hope, so to speak, was dampened now; body and soul, one might say, were soaked in the sea. On this night of rough weather the "Destroyer" sheared rivets on her bows, and now the port sponson as well as the starboard one was water-logged. He was a clever man who designed those sponsons and saw them constructed in such a manner that they did not both fill up at once. The crew had all they could do that night to keep the ship afloat. The water put our fires out while we bailed for life. The main hull was now settled a foot under water; both of the sponsons, as I say, were full; the tank in which we lived, and that alone, buoyed her up, and she was at a point ready to take her last dive under the sea—deeper than ever before. I hardly know how the crew kept their feet while they worked. Twice in the night I was washed from the wheel, and I know I hold a pretty good grip. Dizziness from a constantly pelting sea caused me to reel and wonder. To clear my senses enough to make sure that the voyage was a fact, and that the iron tank upon which we were perched driving through the waves had in reality a bottom to it somewhere under the sea, was all I could do.

The boilers were cold, and cinders from the furnaces washed about in the dismal hold, when "Big Alec," the best sailor on board, cried: "Captain, steam in the man also goes down." But the first flush of dawn now appeared, cheering all on board, and the gale was breaking. With a wild yell, the men flew to their work of bailing, and they wrought like demons till the loggy ship was again free. Toward daylight the storm went down as suddenly as it had come up in the night; and we got inshore, under the lee of Cayo de Muertos, a small island adjacent to Puerto Rico, for shelter and rest—a rest!

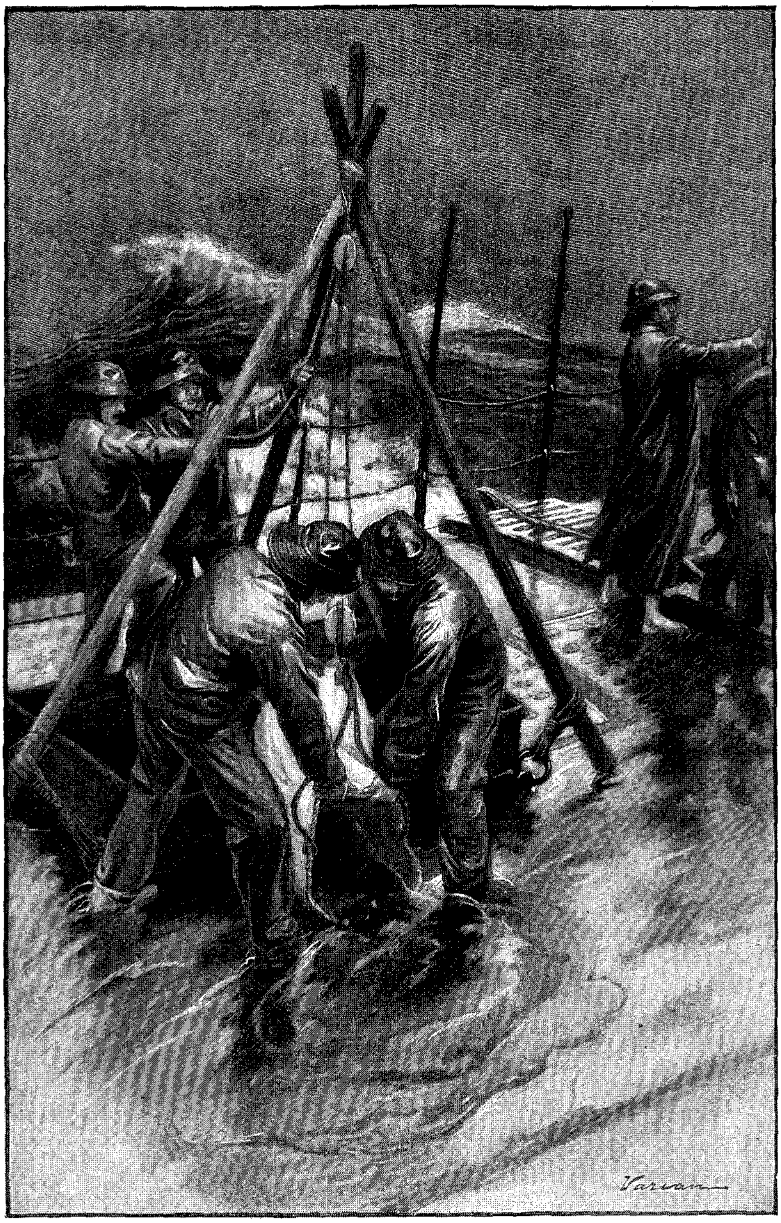


"TWICE IN THE NIGHT I WAS WASHED FROM THE WHEEL."

Here we cast anchor at 9 A.M., but lay only till 8 P.M. of the same day (December 16th). Thence, hanging on to the lee of the lands from island to island, we made all haste for Martinique, where, on December 19th, at

4 P.M., the "Destroyer" cast anchor—in a leaky condition. Here, as had been anticipated, we fell in with the Brazilian cruiser "America." The stoker, Brennan—the biter and kicker—was transferred to that ship, where his mutinous disposition could be restrained. Instead of cold roast turkey and chicken, to which he had so objected, he now had a bread-and-water ration for a few days, "with not too much bread in it."

The "Destroyer" now hauled alongside of a dock in Fort de France bay, and as close to a machine shop as she could come; and here she did well to remain till January 5, 1894.



"ALL NIGHT LONG THIS BAG WAS KEPT CONSTANTLY AT WORK AS FAST AS IT COULD BE FILLED, HOISTED, AND EMPTIED BY FOUR PAIRS OF STRONG ARMS."

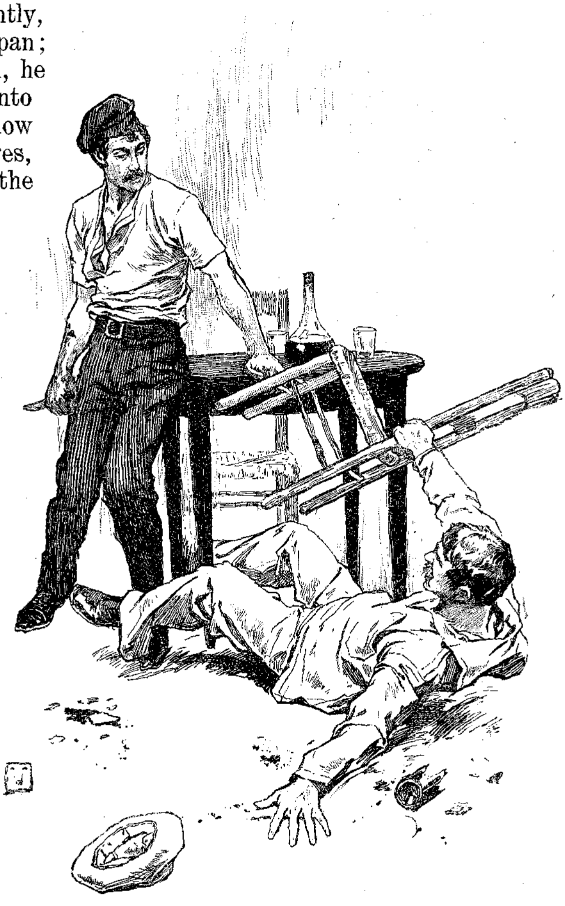
The old year was escorted out and the new one ushered in by our sailors in a glorification ashore becoming the importance of the occasion. William, one of the crew, was carried to a hospital before morning, "Quiet John," the fireman, having snipped off a piece of his liver with a jack-knife in an argument over a bottle. There was no arrest made. A policeman found a knife near the scene of the fray, and brought it on board with the suggestion that, when the "Destroyer's" crew went ashore, they should leave their weapons behind them; a reasonable enough request.

Our stores were re-sorted at Martinique, dried, and repacked. And the condition of our ship was much improved, so that from this on she was comparatively seaworthy. Our company of thirteen, broken at Martinique by the fireman Brennan being taken out, was made good again at the same place by the Hero of the Sudan coming on board, to "stand by the Captain" and to get the first sniff of powder—which was as it should be with heroes in time of war. Just before coming over to us from the "Santuit," he had challenged the cook of that vessel, a negro, to duel; but the cook, being shy of Toledo blades, had seized a frying-pan in his black fist, and against all rules of dueling, had chased our swordsman around the deck, sword, eagle, and all! Worse still: the cook, having gained on our swordsman sufficiently, as he thought, to reach him, let fly the pan; but instead of hitting the duelist's head, he hit the steam-winch and broke the pan into a thousand pieces. It was still a bad blow for our Hero, however; for Captain Sturges, the master of the "Santuit," hearing of the mishap—he was bound to hear of it, for it was the "Santuit's" slap-jack pan that was broken—and hearing of the duelist's thirst for blood, called him and the cook to the bridge, pointedly remarking that for a trifling sum he would make shark bait of the pair of them. There were no more duels on either ship.

On January 18th, the "Destroyer" arrived at Fernando Noronha, a small island on the northeast coast of Brazil, and the convict station of that country. Here all hands were busied for the day taking in coals and water again from the "Santuit." A heavy swell running prevented all communication with the shore except by despatches brought by canoemen skilled in surfing. Fifty convicts, Mr. Peixoto's political opponents, had been landed on the island the day before. I observed a multitude of people, convicts and guards, on the beach, making strenuous efforts to float a great raft. Each time when they nearly got it afloat the sea brought it back to land.

When evening came on, the "Destroyer," with fresh supplies on board, sailed with orders for Pernambuco Roads, where she arrived without further incident on January 20th, 9 A.M. Later in the morning a government pilot with a local tug brought her into the inner harbor, where she was moored to the Recife. This fulfilled our contract; and there was no gainsaying the ardent nature of the voyage. A friend and old shipmaster who stood on the quarter-deck of the "Nictheroy" as we rounded her coming in, being too full of emotion to speak, just bowed his head, while his crew cheered us as we passed. He it was who had said that the "Destroyer" could be taken to Brazil. But now that she was there, some question was raised about acceptance of her and the use to which she should be put. The Naval Board in Brazil differed in opinion on these points with the trader of New York, and a pretty rumpus arose.

I had made a great box-pump, which, worked by all hands, would throw enormous quanti-



WILLIAM AND "QUIET JOHN" IN AN ARGUMENT OVER A BOTTLE.

ties of water. This stood conspicuously in the main hatch, and was the first thing to catch the keen eye of Admiral Duarte, the commandant. "*Bomba de madeira,*" he shouted; "*bomba de madeira com navio de guerra!*" ("A wooden pump on a ship of war!")

Duarte was not warm for Peixoto, and he did well to say no more about my wooden pump. As it was, Peixoto shipped him off next day to a station up the Amazon, and he lost his fine job. But what to do with the "Destroyer" even his successor didn't know. "Wild Goose," the engineer, who knew what he was talking about, hinted that she might be rigged up as a saw-mill, "the fly-wheel to be driven by water from the Captain's great pump." I could always count on "Wild Goose."

However, the new owners, our Brazilian friends, favored a trial trip to see first if she would float a second time outside of a harbor; and if so, to find out how fast she could steam. The conditions of the weather were now in our favor at last. The "Destroyer," going out with naval inspectors and admirals on board, all in fine feather and starch, headed at once into a head sea and was instantly at her old trick of diving under the waves. "Go slow, go slow," they all cried at once, "go slow." That suited her exactly, for above half of her tubes were already plugged, and she could go just as slow as one could wish. But with her plowing along, the inspectors were casting wistful glances toward land soon enough. When she turned back for port, before the sea and a current that was also in her favor, she came in like a train of cars. She was a success during this trial trip. But the great cannon which the Count was to have fired during this trip did not go off. The gunner's mate hauled the projectile carefully out of the cannon with watch-tackles.

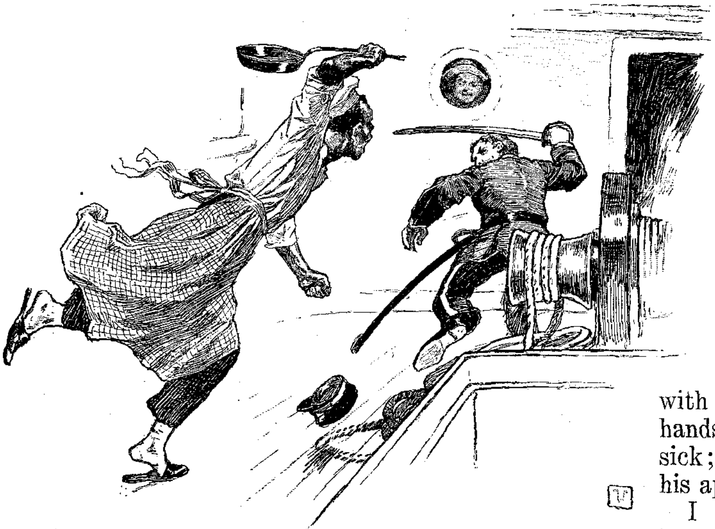
But it didn't matter: the new inspector and the commanding general at Pernambuco contracted with us all to go against Mello, who was then in the "Aquidaban" farther down the coast, and knock the barnacles off him, the Count hoping still to get the gun fired off. The agreement was, I remember, that Mr. Peixoto should pay us, besides good wages, $60,000 prize money for every rebel vessel destroyed. My own share of prize money was to have been $20,000 for everything destroyed, big or little. We would have commenced on the little ones, to be sure.

But before destroying rebels there was first a cargo of powder to be taken in for the fleet at Bahia, which had preceded us and had burned all their own powder saluting the Admiral. The dear old "Destroyer" had in dynamite enough to make a noise; but Gonçalves, the Admiral, wanted thunder of the old-fashioned sort, and so we filled her chock-a-block with the stuff to make it. The submarine gun was now stowed all over with barrels of powder, and was not get-at-able the rest of the voyage. But Mello didn't know that! Powder was stowed all about, three barrels of it in the captain's room and a fourth behind the stove in the cook's galley. That it didn't all blow up is why I am here to-day thinking of my sins.

Being now equipped with all powder and no guns, the "Destroyer" sailed from Pernambuco for Bahia February 9, 1894, accompanied by a torpedo-boat called the "Moxoto," which had been brought to Brazil on the deck of the "Santuit." Both were in tow of a coasting-tug, and the "Destroyer" used her own steam to drive her pumps. She arrived at her destination February 13th, with the head out of her condenser and with six inches of water over the engine-room floor. A sail constantly wet hung between the furnace and the cargo of powder to prevent an explosion.

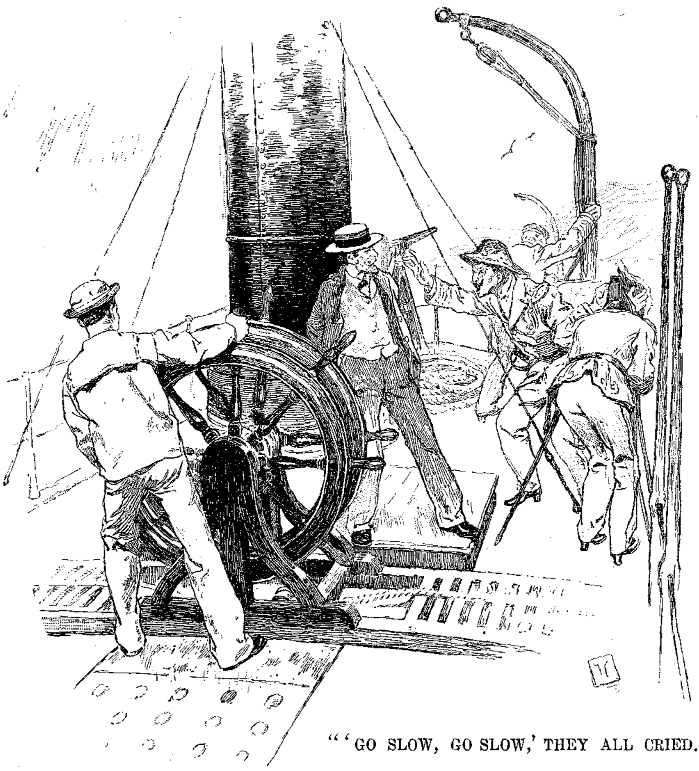
Everything was funereally quiet at Bahia when we arrived. Indeed, the further we got away from stirring New York, the less it looked like war in Brazil. But the Admiral and his officers, leaving a stiff game of cards on shore, came down in a barge, with a band of music, and stopped to look the "Destroyer" over, for they had not yet made her out. They mistook her at first for the long-expected money-ship which was to follow the loyal fleet—and pay the bills. The large iron tank in which our crew lived fulfilling in size their expectations of the chest out of which they would all get rich, they called her a handsome ship, saying many pretty things concerning her lines. But when, to their great disappointment, they saw coming out of the tank sea-begrimed tars instead of bank-notes, and, worse still, beheld barrels of gunpowder hoisted out, they said, "*Naõ mais*" ("We give it up"), and her fine lines could no longer be seen.

It is with sorrow that I relate the story of the last days of the "Destroyer." Gonçalves in a passionate heat proposed to dig a hole in the bank as a sort of dock, and put her in it, under the pretext of repairs. She wanted a patch over a leak at the moment; but his true purpose was to bury the ship,



"... THE COOK ... LET FLY THE PAN."

cannon and all, because his warriors were afraid of the great gun and saw no other way of getting rid of it. But I prevailed on Mr. Netto, the Minister of Marine, to allow the crew to make the repairs in their own way, since there was still some pine wood on board suitable for plugs, and she was grounded on the beach for the purpose, and the repairs made.



"'GO SLOW, GO SLOW,' THEY ALL CRIED."

The "Destroyer" was now in a far better condition than she had been on leaving New York. Had the voyage extended around the world a ship to be proud of would have resulted, for our Swedes and Down Easters had worked at her like beavers; and by the engineers it was thought possible that we might capture a ship with good boilers, and make an exchange. Gonçalves, however, instead of being pleased with our achievements, flew into a rage, and, without ceremony, disbanded the New York crew, landed my big wooden pump, the *bomba de madeira*, shipped a crew of mountaineers, and on the 28th February, 1894, sent the "Destroyer" to sea.

With keen interest now, from the top of the hill at Bahia, I watched the "Destroyer"—under tow, as usual—following Gonçalves's "loyal" fleet till she disappeared in the distance. Watching from the same place on the following day, I saw her coming back, still in tow, but with no one at the helm. All hands were flat on deck—seasick; even the captain had lost his appetite.

I only wish I could give a better account of the sailors who shipped in lieu of the crew from New York. This account I am sure will greatly assist the future historian of the funny war. My own position forbids me to say more. Alas, all our hardships and our pride in getting the extraordinary ship to Brazil! She was now undone! The amazing navigators in charge, as soon as they got into port, smashed the ship on a rock—"accidentally," they said; and at the bottom of the bay she found rest at last, the tide ebbing and flowing through her broken hull, which became now a rendezvous for crawfish and eels. But Mello knew nothing of all this, and when Gonçalves appeared off Rio, the "Destroyer" being due, the rebel fleet surrendered.

Concerning the torpedo-boat, "Moxoto," that we brought along from Pernambuco: my modest pen blushes to record it—Gonçalves put a crockery-ware clerk in command of her, and sent her on a trial trip among the ships in the bay. Now to the poor clerk all this was strange and dangerous; but they made things hum. Everybody was on his guard when they got under way, for they had on full steam, and couldn't stop her—they didn't know how. The captain hailed a foreign steamer, and shouted that he would pay twenty milreis to be stopped. But the engineer from the steamer couldn't get aboard—he couldn't catch her. She could steam eighteen knots, and was now at full speed, and so she tore wildly around the harbor till she hit a stout old brig and was disabled.

The funny war began in September, 1893, and, so far as the navy was concerned, it finished in March, 1894, before it became known to the rebels that the "Destroyer" was destroyed.

SANKEY'S DOUBLE-HEADER.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "Bucks," "The Million-dollar Freight-train," and other stories.

A STORY OF SNOW-BUCKING ON THE FRONTIER.

THE oldest man in the train service didn't pretend to say how long Sankey had worked for the company. Pat Francis was a very old conductor; but old man Sankey was a veteran when Pat Francis began braking. Sankey ran a passenger train when Jimmie Brady was running—and Jimmie afterward enlisted and was killed in the Custer fight.

There was an odd tradition about Sankey's name. He was a tall, swarthy fellow, and carried the blood of a Sioux chief in his veins. It was in the time of the Black Hills excitement, when railroad men, struck by the gold fever, were abandoning their trains even at way-stations and striking across the divide for Clark's Crossing. Men to run the trains were hard to get, and Tom Porter, trainmaster, was putting in every man he could pick up, without reference to age or color. Porter (he died at Julesburg afterward) was a great "jollier," and he wasn't afraid of anybody on earth. One day a war party of Sioux clattered into town and tore around like a storm. They threatened to scalp everything, even to the local tickets. They dashed in on Tom Porter, sitting in the despatcher's office upstairs, while the despatcher was hiding below, under a loose plank in the baggage-room floor. Tom, being bald as a sand hill, considered himself exempt from scalping parties anyway. He was working a game of solitaire when they bore down on him, and got them interested in it. That led to a parley, which ended by Porter's hiring the whole band to brake on freight trains. Old man Sankey was said to have been one of that original war party.

Now this is merely a caboose story, told on winter nights when trainmen get stalled in the snow that drifts down from the Sioux country. But what follows is better attested.

Sankey, to start with, had a peculiar name—an unpronounceable, unspellable, unmanageable name. I never heard it, so I can't give it to you; but it was as hard to catch as an Indian pony, and that name made more trouble on the pay-rolls than all the other names put together. Nobody at headquarters could handle it; it was never turned in twice alike, and they were always writing Tom Porter about the thing. Tom explained several times that it was Sitting Bull's ambassador who was drawing that money, and that he usually signed the pay-roll with a tomahawk. But nobody at Omaha ever knew how to take a joke. The first time Tom went down, he was called in very solemnly to explain again about the name; and being in a hurry and very tired of the whole business, Tom spluttered: "Hang it, don't bother me any more about that name! If you can't read it, make it Sankey, and be done with it."

They took Tom at his word. They actually did make it Sankey; and that's how our oldest conductor came to bear the name of the famous singer. And more I may tell you: good name as it was—and is—the Sioux never disgraced it.

I suppose every old traveler on the system knew Sankey. He was not only always ready to answer questions; but, what is more, ready to answer the same question twice. It is that which makes conductors gray-headed and spoils their chances for heaven—answering the same questions over and over again. Children were apt to be startled a bit at first sight of Sankey, he was so dark. But Sankey had a very quiet smile, that always made them friends after the first trip through the sleepers, and they sometimes ran about asking for him after he had left the train. Of late years—and this hurts a bit—these very same children, grown ever so much bigger, and riding again to or from California or Japan or Australia, will ask, when they reach the West End, about the Indian conductor. But the conductors who now run the overland trains pause at the question, checking over the date limits on the margins of the coupon tickets, and handing the envelopes back, look at the children, and say quietly, "He isn't running any more."

If you have ever gone over our line to the mountains or to the coast, you may remember at McCloud, where they change engines and set the diner in or out, the pretty little green park to the east of the depot, with a row of catalpa trees along the platform line. It looks like a glass of spring water. If it happened to be Sankey's run and a regular West End day, sunny and delightful, you would be sure to see standing under the catalpas a shy, dark-skinned girl of fourteen or fifteen years, silently watching the preparations for the departure of the Overland. And after the new engine had been backed champing down, and harnessed to its long string of vestibuled sleepers; after the air-hose had been connected and examined; after the engineer had swung out of his cab, filled his cups, and swung in again; after the fireman and his helper had disposed of their slice-bar and shovel and given the tender a final sprinkle, and after the conductor had walked leisurely forward, compared time with the engineer, and cried, "All Abo-o-o-ard!" then, as your coach moved slowly ahead, you might notice, under the receding catalpas, the little girl waving a parasol or a handkerchief at the outgoing train. That is, at Conductor Sankey; for she was his daughter, Neeta Sankey. Her mother was Spanish, and died when Neeta was a wee bit. Neeta and the Limited were Sankey's whole world.

When Georgie Sinclair began pulling the Limited, running west opposite Foley, he struck up a great friendship with Sankey. Sankey, though he was hard to start, was full of early-day stories. Georgie, it seemed, had the faculty of getting him to talk; perhaps because when he was pulling Sankey's train he made extraordinary efforts to keep on time: time was a hobby with Sankey. Foley said he was so careful of it that he let his watch stop when he was off duty just to save time. Sankey loved to breast the winds and the floods and the snows, and if he could get home pretty near on schedule, with everybody else late, he was happy; and in respect of that, as Sankey used to say, Georgie Sinclair could come nearer gratifying Sankey's ambition than any engine-runner we had. Even the firemen used to observe that the young engineer, always neat, looked still neater on the days when he took out Sankey's train.

By and by there was an introduction under the catalpas. After that it was noticed that Georgie began wearing gloves on the engine—not kid gloves, but yellow dogskin; and black silk shirts—he bought them in Denver. Then—such an odd way engineers have of paying compliments—when Georgie pulled into town on Number Two, if it was Sankey's train, the big sky-scraper would give a short, hoarse scream, a most peculiar note, just as it drew past Sankey's house, which stood on the brow of the hill west of the yards. Thus Neeta would know that Number Two and her father, and naturally Mr. Sinclair, were in again, and all safe and sound.

When the railway trainmen held their division fair at McCloud there was a lantern to be voted to the most popular conductor—a gold-plated lantern with a green curtain in the globe. Cal Stewart and Ben Doton, who were very swell conductors and great rivals, were the favorites, and had the town divided over their chances for winning it. But at the last moment Georgie Sinclair stepped up to the booth and cast a storm of votes for old man Sankey. Doton's friends and Stewart's laughed at first; but Sankey's votes kept pouring in amazingly. The two favorites got frightened; they pooled their issues by throwing Stewart's vote to Doton.

But it wouldn't do. Georgie Sinclair, with a crowd of engineers—Cameron, Kennedy, Foley, Bat Mullen, and Burns—came back at them with such a swing that in the final five minutes they fairly swamped Doton. Sankey took the lantern by a thousand votes. But I understood it cost Georgie and his friends a pot of money.

Sankey said all the time that he didn't want the lantern, but just the same he always carried that particular lantern, with his full name, Sylvester Sankey, ground into the glass just below the green mantle. Pretty soon, Neeta being then eighteen, it was rumored that Sinclair was engaged to Miss Sankey; was going to marry her. And marry her he did; though that was not until after the wreck in the Blackwood gorge after the Big Snow.

It goes by just that name on the West End yet; for never were such a winter and such a snow known on the plains and in the mountains. One train on the northern division was stalled six weeks that winter, and one whole coach was chopped up for kindling wood. The great and desperate effort of the company was to hold open the main line, the artery which connected the two coasts. It was a hard winter on trainmen. Week after week the snow kept falling and blowing. The trick was not to clear the line; it was to keep it clear. Every day we sent out trains with the fear that we should not see them again for a week. Freight we didn't pretend to move; local passenger business had to be abandoned. Coal, to keep our engines and our towns supplied, we had to carry; and after that, all the brains and muscle and motive power were centered on keeping One and Two, our through passenger trains, running.

Our trainmen worked like Americans; there were no cowards on our rolls. But after too long a strain men become exhausted, benumbed, indifferent; reckless even. The nerves give out, and will power seems to halt on indecision: but decision is the life of the fast train. None of our conductors stood the hopeless fight like Sankey. He was patient, taciturn, untiring; and in a conflict with the elements, ferocious. All the fighting blood of his ancestors seemed to course again in that struggle with the winter king. I can see him yet, on bitter days, standing alongside the track in a heavy pea-jacket and Napoleon boots, a sealskin cap drawn snugly over his straight black hair, watching, ordering, signaling, while Number One, with its frost-bitten sleepers behind a rotary, tried to buck through ten and twenty-foot cuts which lay bank-full of snow west of McCloud.

Not until April did it begin to look as if we should win out. A dozen times the line was all but choked on us. And then, when snow-plows were disabled and train crews desperate, there came a storm that discounted the worst blizzard of the winter. As the reports rolled in on the morning of the 5th, growing worse as they grew thicker, Neighbor, dragged out, played out, mentally and physically, threw up his hands. It snowed all day the 6th, and on Saturday morning the section men reported thirty feet in the Blackwood cañon. It was six o'clock when we got the word, and daylight before we got the rotary against it. They bucked away till noon without much headway, and came in with their gear smashed and a driving-rod fractured. It looked as if we were at last beaten. Number One pulled into McCloud that day eighteen hours late; it was Sankey's and Sinclair's run west.

There was a long council in the roundhouse. The rotary was knocked out; coal was running low in the chutes. If the line wasn't kept open for the coal from the mountains, it was plain we should be tied until we could ship it from Iowa or Missouri. West of Medicine Pole there was another big rotary working east, with plenty of coal behind her; but she was reported stuck fast in the Cheyenne Hills. Foley made suggestions, and Dad Sinclair made suggestions. Everybody had a suggestion left. The trouble was, Neighbor said, they didn't amount to anything, or were impossible. "It's a dead block, boys," announced Neighbor sullenly after everybody had done. "We are beaten unless we can get Number One through today. Look there; by the holy poker, it's snowing again."

The air was dark in a minute with whirling clouds. Men turned to the windows and quit talking. Every fellow felt the same—hopeless; at least, all but one. Sankey, sitting back of the stove, was making tracings with a piece of chalk. "You might as well unload your passengers, Sankey," said Neighbor. "You'll never get 'em through this winter."

And it was then that Sankey proposed his double-header.

He devised a snow-plow which combined in one monster ram about all the good material we had left, and submitted the scheme to Neighbor. Neighbor studied it, and hacked at it all he could, and brought it over to the office. It was like staking everything on the last cast of the dice, but we were in the state of mind which precedes a desperate venture. It was talked over an hour, and orders were finally given by the superintendent to rig up the double-header and get against the snow with it.

All that day and most of the night Neighbor worked twenty men on Sankey's device. By Sunday morning it was in such shape that we began to take heart. "If she don't get through, she'll sure get back again, and that's what most of 'em don't do," growled Neighbor, as he and Sankey showed the new ram to the engineers.

They had taken the 566, George Sinclair's engine, for one head, and Burns's, the 497, for the other. Behind these were Kennedy, with the 314, and Cameron, with the 296. The engines were set in pairs, headed each way, and buckled up like pack mules. Over the pilots and stacks of the head engines rose the tremendous plows, which were to tackle the worst drifts ever recorded, before or since, on the West End. The ram was designed to work both ways. Under the coal, each tender was loaded with pig-iron.

The beleaguered passengers on Number One, side-tracked in the yards, eagerly watched the preparations Sankey was making to clear the line. Every amateur on the train had his camera out taking pictures of the ram. The town, gathered in a single great mob, looked silently on, and listened to the frosty notes of the sky-scrapers as they went through their preliminary manœuvers. Just as the final word was given by Sankey, conductor in charge, the sun burst through the fleecy clouds, and a wild cheer followed the ram out of the western yard: it was looked on as a sign of good luck to see the sun again.

Little Neeta, up on the hill, must have seen them as they pulled out. Surely she heard the choppy ice-bitten screech of the 566; for that was never forgotten, whether the service was special or regular. Besides, the head cab of the ram carried this time not only Georgie Sinclair, but her father as well. Sankey could handle a slice-bar as well as a punch, and rode on the head engine, where, if anywhere, the big chances would come. What Sankey was not capable of in the train service we never knew, because he rose superior to every emergency that ever confronted him.

Bucking snow is principally brute force; there is very little coaxing. West of the bluffs there was a volley of sharp tooting, like code signals between a fleet of cruisers, and in just a minute the four ponderous engines, two of them in the back motion, fires white and throats bursting, steamed wildly into the cañon. Six hundred feet from the first cut, Sinclair's whistle signalled again. Burns and Cameron and Kennedy answered; and then, literally turning the monster ram loose against the dazzling mountain, the crews settled themselves for the shock.

At such a moment there is nothing to be done. If anything goes wrong, eternity is too close to consider. There came a muffled drumming on the steam-chests; a stagger and a terrific impact; and then the recoil, like the stroke of a trip-hammer. The snow shot into the air fifty feet, and the wind carried a cloud of fleecy confusion over the ram and out of the cut. The cabs were buried in white, and the great steel frames of the engines sprung like knitting-needles under the frightful force of the blow. Pausing for hardly a breath, they began the signaling again; then backed up and up and up the line; and again the massive machines were hurled screaming into the cut. "We're getting there, Georgie," cried Sankey when the rolling and lurching had stopped.

No one else could tell a thing about it, for it was snow and snow and snow; above and behind and ahead and beneath. Sinclair coughed the flakes out of his eyes and nose and mouth like a baffled collie. He looked doubtful of the claim until the mist had blown clear and the quivering monsters were again recalled for a dash. Then it was plain that Sankey's instinct was right; they were gaining.

Again they went in, lifting a very avalanche over the stacks, packing the banks of the cut with walls hard as ice. Again, as the drivers stuck, they raced in a frenzy, and into the shriek of the wind went the unearthly scrape of the overloaded safeties. Slowly and sullenly the machines were backed again. "She's doing the work, Georgie," cried Sankey. "For that kind of a cut she's as good as a rotary. Look everything over now while I go back and see how the boys are standing it. Then we'll give her one more, and give it the hardest kind."

And they did give her one more; and another. Men at Santiago put up no stouter fight than these men made that Sunday morning in the cañon of the Blackwood. Once they went in, and twice. And the second time the bumping drummed more deeply; the drivers held, pushed, panted, and gained against the white wall; heaved and stumbled ahead; and with a yell from Sinclair and Sankey and the fireman, the double-header shot her nose into the clear over the Blackwood gorge. As engine after engine flew past the divided walls each cab took up the cry: it was the wildest crowd that ever danced to victory. Through they went and half-way across the bridge before they could check their monster catapult. Then at a half full they shot it back again at the cut, for it worked as well one way as the other.

"The thing is done," declared Sankey, when they got into position up the line for a final shoot to clean out the eastern cut and get head for a dash across the bridge and into the west end of the cañon, where there lay another mountain of snow to split. "Look the machines over pretty close, boys," said he to the engineers. "If nothing's sprung, we'll take a full head across the gorge—the bridge will carry anything—and buck the west cut. Then after we get Number One through this afternoon, Neighbor can put his baby cabs in here and keep 'em chasing all night. But it's done snowing," he added, looking at the leaden sky.

He had the plans all figured out for the master mechanic, the shrewd, kindly old man. I think, myself, there's no man on earth like a good Indian; and, for that matter, none like a bad one. Sankey knew by a military instinct just what had to be done and how to do it. If he had lived, he was to have been assistant superintendent. That was the word that leaked from headquarters afterwards. And with a volley of jokes between the cabs and a laughing and yelling between toots, down went Sankey's double-header again into the Blackwood gorge.

At the same moment, by an awful misunderstanding of orders, down came the big rotary from the west end with a dozen cars of coal behind. Mile after mile it had wormed east toward Sankey's ram, and it now burrowed through the western cut of the Blackwood, crashed through the drift Sankey was aiming for, and whirled out into the open, dead against him, at forty miles an hour. Each train, in order to make the grade and the blockade against it, was straining the cylinders.

Through the swirling snow that half hid the bridge and interposed between the rushing plows Sinclair saw them coming. He yelled. Sankey saw them a fraction of a second later, and while Sinclair struggled with the throttle and the air, Sankey gave the alarm through the whistle to the poor fellows in the blind pockets behind. But the track was at the worst. Where there was no snow there were "whiskers;" oil itself couldn't have been worse to stop on. It was the old and deadly peril of fighting blockades from both ends on a single track. The great rams of steel and fire had done their work, and with their common enemy overcome, they dashed at each other like madmen across the Blackwood gorge.

The fireman at the first cry shot out the side. Sankey yelled at Sinclair to jump. But George shook his head: he never would jump. Without hesitating, Sankey picked him from the levers in his arms, planted a sure foot, and hurled him like a coal shovel through the gangway far out into the gorge. The other cabs were already empty. But the instant's delay in front cost Sankey his life. Before he himself could jump the rotary crashed into the 566. They reared like mountain lions, pitched sideways and fell headlong into the creek, fifty feet. Sankey went under them. He could have saved himself; he chose to save George. There wasn't time to do both; he had to choose, and to choose instantly. Did he, maybe, think in that flash of Neeta and of whom she needed most—of a young and a stalwart protector rather than an old and a failing one? I do not know; I know only what he did. Every one who jumped got clear. Sinclair lit in ten feet of snow, and they pulled him out with a rope: he wasn't scratched. Even the bridge was not badly strained. Number One pulled over it next day.

Sankey was right; there was no more snow; not even enough to cover the dead engines that lay on the rocks. But the line was open: the fight was won.

There never was a funeral in McCloud like Sankey's. George Sinclair and Neeta followed first, and of the mourners there were as many as there were spectators. Every engine on the division carried black for thirty days.

Sankey's contrivance for fighting snow has never yet been beaten on the high line. It is perilous to go against a drift behind it: something has to give. But it gets there, as Sankey got there—always; and in time of blockade and desperation on the West End they still send out Sankey's double-header; though Sankey, as the conductors tell the children, traveling east or traveling west—Sankey isn't running any more.

WHEN THE LIGHT FAILED.

BY GEORGE RENO.

AN ADVENTURE IN A KENTUCKY CAVE.

"WHAT are you going to do with those bedroom lamps at this time in the morning?"

The question was addressed to the night clerk of a small hotel in the little country town of Glasgow, Kentucky. He had just taken down two hand-lamps from the rack and passed one over the counter to me.

"We are going to take a short stroll through the cave," replied the clerk, "if that Pole ever gets around."

"What kind of a cave is it?"

"Oh, just a common, every-day Kentucky cave. This gentleman," alluding to me, "is fond of tramping through caves, so I've sent over for Clay, the guide, to come and show us the way."

"Say, what's the matter with counting me in on this picnic? I can't see my man till five o'clock this evening, and I feel like taking a day off anyway, that is, if I'm not intruding. My name's Barnes—no, not of New York, Cincinnati." Whereupon Mr. Barnes handed me the card of a well-known boot and shoe house of the latter city.

"It will be no intrusion so far as I am concerned; the more the merrier. Our friend, the clerk, will provide you with a lamp."

"Certainly, come around to the rack, and select one yourself, Mr. Barnes, while I run out to the kitchen and pick up a little lunch. Walking through caves gives one a strong appetite," saying which, the thoughtful and accommodating clerk—Fred—disappeared.

In the meantime Mr. Barnes busied himself picking out a lamp with a handle large enough to let two of his fingers through the glass ring. He was a big man, but like most men of large girth, he was jolly and good-natured. At that moment the door opened, and a heavy-browed, rugged-looking fellow entered with a rather rickety lantern under his arm. "Where is the gentleman who wants to go through the caves?" he asked.

At that juncture Fred returned with a bundle done up in a pillow slip, which he handed to the guide, and we filed out of the door, through the yard, and across a meadow toward the foot of a low hill less than a quarter of a mile distant.

We crossed the field of waving blue grass and stood before a rough wooden door that barred the entrance to what seemed to be a cellar dug out of the hillside. The door swung open on rusty hinges, and we entered, leaving the hot sun and its flaring light behind us. "Well, this is a funny old hole in the wall," commented Mr. Barnes, as we proceeded to light our lamps and accustom our eyes to the darkness ahead; but before he could express his opinion at greater length a bat flew squarely into his face, causing him to drop his lamp, which fell to the stone floor with a crash. "Say, what kind of a place have I got into anyhow?" he continued. "I feel as if I were going to take the third Pythian degree. Shall I go back after another lamp or try to see by yours?"

"I'll hold mine to one side," replied the clerk. "You can keep right behind me. We can get along very well with three lights."

So we started ahead in single file. The guide's lard-oil lantern did not illuminate a very large area, but he kept some fifteen or twenty feet ahead, and it seemed sufficient for his wants. The passage that we were following ran back into the hillside, seeming to ascend a little for the first half mile; and then after climbing down a short declivity, we entered upon a part much higher, wider, and more interesting. With a sharp turn to the left, we commenced a descent, gradual in the main, but becoming quite steep in places; and so we continued on for probably two miles.

"This is grand!" exclaimed Barnes, as he stopped a moment to look around and catch his breath. We had been walking pretty fast; the delightfully cool, pure air seemed to invite exercise, and we enjoyed it. "I wonder how it all came to be!"

"God made it," remarked our guide in a serious monotone.

"Yes," replied Barnes, with a slight start, "you're right."

There is something strangely and truly awe-inspiring about a cave that pertains to no other formation, either natural or artificial, that I have ever beheld. No tomb or grand cathedral, not even St. Peter's or the interior of the Pyramids, will induce such strange emotions as come to most minds when following these picturesque labyrinths that turn and twist, rise and fall, through the vast solitudes of a world below the surface of the earth. This was not a particularly beautiful cave; in fact, it was greatly inferior, both in dimensions and ornamentation, to either Mammoth or Diamond Cave or to the Luray Cavern of Virginia; but they are all beautiful and grand to any one who has a grain of imagination in his soul.

The boys of Glasgow make frequent holiday and Saturday excursions into this cave, usually following a well-known trail that leads about four miles back to what is called the Dining Hall. Half the boys of the town can pilot you to this rendezvous and out again to the entrance in the meadow. Our guide was a well-digger by trade, but was supposed to be more familiar with the caves of this neighborhood than any one else. He was leading us now toward the Dining Hall. "Here we are, gentlemen," he remarked presently, as we came out upon a little landing and saw, only a few feet below us, quite an imposing chamber, probably eighty feet in diameter and almost circular in form. From the ceiling, some thirty feet above, a huge piece of limestone, twenty feet across and perhaps three feet in thickness, had fallen to the floor, and formed a natural table, upon the edge of which we seated ourselves and proceeded to spread out the lunch.

"Say," exclaimed Barnes, "I'm glad I came."

We were none of us sorry at that moment. As we ate we commented upon the large number of passages which seemed to open off this one central chamber. We could count eight in all, but some of them merely enclosed delta-like spaces and ran one into the other. The main way of entrance and exit was evidently by the landing in front of us down which we had come. The clerk related the story of a little child that, unnoticed, followed some explorers as they strolled away from a party that were eating lunch at this spot, and soon getting left behind in total darkness began to cry. The cries were distinctly heard by all in the Dining Hall, but seemed to come out of every passage at once. Such was the confusion occasioned by these many echoes, that it was nearly fifteen minutes before the child could be located and brought back to its distracted mother.

"This place would fool a phonograph, wouldn't it?" remarked Barnes. Then ensued a moment's silence, broken by the full, strong voice of the guide, who suddenly struck into the melodious harmony of "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." It was a rich, deep barytone, well modulated, and the effect produced by the returning echoes was marvelous and entrancing. He had evidently sung here before, and had studied the possibilities of judicious or special phrasing. Quickly following the last note would come, out of some one of the shorter passages, a clear, sharp repetition of that and the two notes preceding, followed an instant later by the same three notes echoed from another side; then, after a long pause, came two notes, faint indeed, but distinctly audible.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Barnes; and it was.

"Are we obliged to go back by the route we came, or is there another?" I asked.

"There is another," replied Fred. "It is rougher in places, but rather more interesting. I have been over it only once or twice, and can't say that I remember it accurately, but I guess Clav does."

Clav nodded assent.

"Is it a longer way out?" inquired Barnes.

"About the same," said the guide.

"Good; we'll go back that way, if there's no objection."

There was none, and soon we were started on the return trip. We left the Dining Hall, not by the steps by which we had descended, but by way of a passage that made a sharp turn to the left and went down for quite a little distance, ascending again about a mile farther on to the main level of the cave. Single file we trailed our way, occasionally crossing small pools and slippery mud, the Pole with his rickety lantern leading. I followed, while the clerk, with Barnes in tow, brought up the rear. The latter was greatly interested in some grotesque formations that in the dim and uncertain light of our lamps resembled all manner of ghosts and goblins. "This would be a nice place to be left alone in the dark, wouldn't it?" said he. "Gives me the creeps to think of it."

"We'll be through with the muddy part presently," remarked Fred, "and out of the cave in less than an hour."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry to get out. I like it. So long as I catch Cummings at five o'clock it doesn't matter to me."

The path now became quite dry and

smooth. The guide had gotten some distance ahead, and I hurried along a little to catch up with him. Barnes and Fred took it more easily behind. It required some effort to overtake the Pole, who was swinging along at a good five-mile gait. "What's your hurry?" I asked, as I drew nearer to him. He did not answer. Then I noticed that he was peering sharply into every passage we came to; he did not hesitate, and he quickened the pace a little more. I followed on in silence for a moment, wondering what could occasion his haste, when suddenly he paused, turned half toward me, as though to speak, and then darted on again, this time almost at a trot.

"Look here, we are leaving the other fellows away behind," I called.

No response; he did not even glance back, but instead darted on faster than ever. An intuition of something wrong came to me. In a minute more I made a dash forward, and caught him by the shoulder. Turning him sharply around, I let the light fall full on his face. One glance at it was enough. He was as pale as death, with fright depicted in every lineament of his countenance.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked.

"I have lost the way out," he replied, with a ghastly smile.

"Then let us go back, and return by the way we came."

"That's what I've been trying to do for some time."

"You mean that you don't know the way back to the Dining Hall!"

"I mean that I don't know anything; that for the last ten minutes I've been lost—absolutely lost. Do you know what that means? Hunger—darkness—death."

The man sank on the stone floor, completely overcome. It took me a moment to realize, even faintly, the seriousness of our situation. Besides, I had hopes that the clerk might be able to help us out in some way. As he and Barnes approached, the latter called, "Hello, there! What are you fellows trying to do—lose us?"

"I think we have succeeded," I replied, with as much calmness as I could muster.

"Eh, what's the matter?"

"The matter is that our guide here has lost his bearings, and doesn't know his way out of the cave." I was watching Fred's face; it had suddenly paled.

"You don't say!" said Barnes, cheerfully. "Let's go back and start over again."

"That's what he says he's been trying to do for some time—find the way back."

"Don't you know the path back to where we ate our lunch, Fred?" asked the guide.

"I am sorry to say that I do not," replied the clerk. "I was busy holding the light so that two could see by it, and I took no note of the turns we made. We should by this time be over half-way out, but there is nothing here that looks familiar to me."

That hope was gone. What next? After a suggestive whistle, Barnes exclaimed: "Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish, isn't it?"

In despair I turned to the guide, and essayed to speak reassuringly. "Clav, will you take your lantern once more, and try to find your way back to the Dining Hall?"

"I'll try," he said, rising slowly, "but it's no use."

"It is," I exclaimed angrily. "We can't sit here sucking our thumbs while our oil burns away."

"That's just it," he groaned. "Our oil is more than half used up now. When it's gone——"

"Well, set to work then, quick. We'll all help you."

With uncertain and trembling gait, overcome by fear of the awful disaster that threatened us, the Pole started to double back on the trail in the direction from which we had come. We followed, straining our eyes to discover some formation that we could recognize as having been passed before. The first hundred yards was easy enough; then we came to three openings almost side by side. Out of which of them we had emerged no one of us could even guess. The floor of each was hard and dry as flint; not a landmark was visible that could aid us.

"Heaven help me," moaned the Pole, "I don't know which of these paths to take."

"Well, choose one of them, and be quick about it," I ordered. A strange feeling of hardness was gradually creeping over me. I blamed not only myself, but every one else, for being in this predicament. It is said that misery loves company, but this present misfortune in which we were all involved brought to me no feeling of brotherly compassion. As each moment sped by, my too vivid imagination was painting for me the horrors of death from starvation, with cannibalism, perhaps, and all in an awful darkness which must come in a few hours if we did not find our way out. It was this, I suppose, that had unnerved the Pole. Poor fellow, he trudged on hopelessly, looking on all sides for something to guide him aright. I was close behind, hurrying him at every step. We plunged blindly into the first or right-hand opening, as no one had the slightest idea from which one we had really emerged. The passages seldom maintained an even width or height of ceiling for more than a hundred yards, and were constantly turning, twisting, and dividing into branches which would confuse any one not a frequent traveler through them. We did not follow this path for more than a quarter of a mile before it ended in a solid wall of stone. A huge section of the roof or strata above had at some time dropped down, completely blocking up the way.

There was nothing left to do but make our way back, which we did as quickly as possible. No comments were made on our failure. It was all guess-work. No one knew anything except that we were lost and that our oil was rapidly burning away. "Well, here we are again; now which way?" I asked.

"I think this may be the way," said the Pole timidly.

"Good! Let's push along then at once," and we turned into the left-hand passage. An awful spirit of drive—drive—drive seemed to be coming over me. I was possessed of a burning desire to forge ahead in almost any direction; one was as good as another, so long as we did not know the right one. The pace we were keeping up was a pretty hot one, and soon commenced to tell on Barnes. "Say, look here; ain't you fellows going it pretty fast?" he puffed.

"Not half as fast as I should like to go," I replied.

"Well, I'm not as thin and wiry as you, and this gait kind of winds me."

"You had no business to get so fat," I retorted unfeelingly.

"That may be too. Well, I'll do the best I can." And with a sigh he put on more steam, and forged up to us. Fred kept just ahead of him, and thoughtfully held the light so that he could get the full benefit of it.

Through this second passage we swung along at what would be called a running walk, straining our eyes for some familiar point that would tell us we were on the right road. But we sought in vain. All stalactites looked alike to us. The path was becoming rougher, it was often up hill and down; and branching passages were opening in different directions oftener, if anything, than before. To plunge blindly into the larger or more promising one was all that we could do. Whether the Pole, who was in the lead, had any notion of the direction, I never knew. He kept on; that was all I asked. Suddenly we burst into a kind of miniature dining hall and halted. It was a small chamber, about thirty feet across, and from it opened off four or five tunnel-like passages, most of them rather low and narrow.

"This looks a little like a dining hall," said Barnes.

"More like a crypt," I growled.

"I guess you're right. Here's a piece of marble for the dining table, but it's shaped just like a coffin."

A block of stone about seven feet long had dropped down from above, and did strangely resemble a coffin.

"It's not quite wide enough for me, but if hollowed out," continued Barnes, "it could be made to fit our Polish friend here."

The guide took the remark seriously, and shrinking away from the grewsome block with a groan, started into the largest tunnel on the opposite side.

"Come along," I called. "We're losing time. It is half-past two; every minute of this light is a chance of life."

And again we resumed our search for the way out. I kept close to the guide. His anxiety to cover ground rapidly accorded with my frame of mind. The pace was a killing one for Barnes, but somehow my stock of pity seemed to be at a very low ebb. Faithful Fred, however, remained close by, and encouraged him with many a word of hope. We were now descending gradually, and soon came to several wet places in the trail, but could discover no signs of footprints in the thin yellow clay over which we hurried. Stooping to examine the wet earth at the bottom of a little hollow I caught a glimpse of Clav's face in the sickly glare of his light. It reminded me of a death mask of one of the old Hungarian martyrs which I had seen in the British Museum. The fellow had aged twenty years in the last hour. Fred and Barnes caught up with us.

"Do you find anything?" asked the clerk.

"Nothing," I replied, and again we hurried on.

There were many turns, many different paths; all looked equally promising or equally hopeless. It was getting dry under foot again, and Clav fairly flew over the smooth, hard road. Occasionally he would glance up and ahead.

"Does it look at all familiar?" I asked.

"I can't say," he replied, "but we're coming to another chamber."

Our pace was now quickened to a run. A

moment more, and we had entered one of those grotto rooms from which passages radiate. The Pole stopped near the center of the place, gazed at the floor an instant, and with an agonzied cry of despair fell upon his face, dashing his lantern into a shapeless mass. At his feet was the coffin-like rock. We had completed a circle, and returned to the same fatal spot. I glanced at my watch. It was three o'clock. We had wasted half an hour of precious light. For a minute I felt bewildered, paralyzed. The Pole lay upon his breast, breathing heavily.

"Hello, there; where are you?"

"Here," and in came Barnes, panting for breath, with Fred and his light just behind.

"What's the matter with the guide?" he asked.

"He has lost his nerve," I replied, pointing to the rock. "We have made three miles, and returned to the same place."

"That thing seems to be our hoodoo," remarked the clerk, with an effort to smile.

"Well, it makes a good seat," said Barnes, philosophically, and he sank down upon it. I glanced at my lamp. There was not an inch of oil left in it. Fred's was in a similar condition. The fever came over me again to hurry on. "What are we thinking of? Every minute of delay helps to seal our doom. Come on—you, there—Clav! Get up and come on!"

He did not move. I pushed him with my foot. "If you don't want to be left, get on your feet at once."

Slowly he rose to his elbow. "I can't—I won't take the lead any further."

"Then follow. It makes little difference who leads so long as we go on."

There was a mute appeal in Barnes's face for more time to rest, but I'm afraid he found no sympathy in mine. We were soon again in motion, I in the lead, the Pole just behind me, and the others as before. We dashed into the first opening. For quite a half hour we traveled along in silence. It was all guess-work, of course, but I tried to keep to one general direction. Whether it was leading toward an opening or into the bowels of the Eastern Mountains I had not the slightest idea. Again we struck the low, damp section. Occasionally I paused, much to the relief of Barnes; but could find no footprints in the mud. The character of the surrounding formations was changing; the country, if it could be so called, was getting rougher. We were coming upon more and larger chambers; the walls were damp and darker in color; our lights seemed dimmer by contrast. The walking was more difficult. Often I could hear poor Barnes slip and groan.

Suddenly, while stooping in a vain effort to discover some familiar sign, a welcome sound broke upon my ears. It was running water to the left of us. A wall lay between, but in a moment I had found an opening through it and stood beside the little stream, not more than three feet across. It gave me a new hope, because, I argued, this rivulet must find an exit somewhere, and with it we would find our escape. The others said nothing, but seemed to share my views, and down the little waterway we sped, turning, twisting, doubling back, but always, it seemed to me, going nearer to daylight. Alas for human hopes! In less than ten minutes the delusive brook sank out of sight beneath a great ledge of rock, and could be heard tumbling in an underground cascade, which sent back only hollow echoes in response to my half-smothered cry of anguish and despair. Then the others came up. Somehow they did not seem to feel the disappointment so keenly as I did; perhaps they had placed less faith in the elusive stream. I sank down on my knees, and took a deep draught of the cool, pure water, and succeeded in pulling myself together. I presume my face told a story. "I'm sorry for you, friend," said Barnes.

"Sympathy 's of no use. Let's get out of this," I replied, as I rose to my feet and started on. Fred looked at me reproachfully. My remark was certainly heartless and uncalled-for, but somehow I seemed unable to avoid a savage resentment toward Barnes for being fat and keeping back the clerk, who faithfully held his lamp over his head and frequently waited for the suffering boot and shoe man to get his breath.

Once more we were running wild, as it were. There was now no clew, no theory, nothing to guide us. One instinct alone drove us onward—the awful thought that, when the last drop of oil was burned and we were left in total darkness, all search for an outlet must be abandoned, because it would be impossible to go ahead without falling down some dreadful pit or abyss.

Again the character of the surroundings changed; rifts and breaks in the walls and roadway became frequent and dangerous. Barnes complained bitterly. Fred encouraged and helped him all he could. The Pole said nothing; he seemed to have ceased even to think. Some kind of seismic disturbance appeared to have broken into the usually uniform arrangement of the limestone strata. Now we were descending again rapidly; in less than a quarter of a mile we went down fully two hundred feet. At the bottom of the descent was a large, high-arched avenue, but the floor was so cut up with seams and fissures, and the only path so frequently ran along the brink of cañons, where a misstep would mean instant death, that we were obliged to turn from it and follow a smaller and more even passage that opened off at right angles. Along we sped with quickened pace. I imagined that my light was already beginning to grow dim. I glanced at my watch; it was now a quarter past four. The passage was growing narrower, and the ceiling seemed to be crumbling a great deal. Once, as we hurried along, an awful crash echoed through the cave ahead of us; it sounded like the falling of heavy plaster in a fire. Broken rock greatly hindered our progress. For perhaps a mile and a half we stumbled along over *débris*, endangering not only our lives, but our lamps. We turned an angle, and a great mound of loose stones suddenly loomed up before us. It reached to the ceiling, and seemed to block the way completely. I paused a moment to examine it, while Fred and Barnes caught up with us.

"This is where we turn back again," sighed the latter.

"No," I replied, sullenly, and straightway began to climb to the top of the pile of rocks. Near the ceiling I found a hole, and thrusting my light through peered down. On the other side were more rocks, and beyond them the passage seemed to widen out into a low-roofed chamber or cavern, the further side of which was lost in the darkness. By removing a few pieces of limestone I forced my way through and commenced to descend on the other side of the barricade. The Pole followed without a word. Poor Barnes finally struggled to the top and looked down.

"Say, how can I get down there?"

"Fall down," I replied, roughly; I could not help it.

"Yes, but where are you going anyway?" he called.

"To death, probably." The words would come to my lips, and I flung them back without turning around, and afterward had reason to regret them. I have never been accused of senseless cruelty, but some pitiless demon seemed to possess and to force me heedlessly on. There was nothing ahead but darkness and death. Hope had ceased to urge me on, and yet I could not stop if I would, and I would not if I could. How Barnes got through the hole and down to the level I never knew. I was flying onward over the now smooth floor. For ten minutes we continued so, and then even the Pole commenced to lag a little behind. The oil in my lamp was getting painfully low; not half an inch of it was left. The others could not have kept my light in view had not the walls of the cavern at this point seemed to recede, presenting but few turns or angles. But the ceiling was getting uncomfortably low; it was necessary to stoop most of the time. The side walls or confines of the passage could no longer be seen. An occasional huge stalagmite rose from the floor, and joining its companion piece above, formed a supporting shore which perhaps helped to hold up the roof.

Suddenly a call came from the rear. Its tone was serious, and I stopped and waited near one of these columns for the others to come up. I could hear their voices plainly, but their light seemed a long way off, and very dim. The next moment it disappeared entirely. I called to them, and held my own—now fast dimming—up over my head, so that they might see to come on. A moment more and they were alongside. "Your last drop of oil is gone?" I asked.

"Well, not quite," replied Fred; "but my wick is short, and the oil has burned so low that the wick no longer reaches it. How's yours?"

"I've about three-eighths of an inch left," I replied.

"An idea! There is that much in mine, but it is useless with a short wick. Let me pour this oil into your lamp, and we shall have light for thirty or forty minutes yet."

His cheerful tone as he spoke, in the face of the awful fate so close at hand, staggered me. I handed him the lamp, which he extinguished. The Pole lighted a match, and held it aloft while the few precious spoonfuls of oil were poured into my lamp. Barnes had in the meantime seated himself on the ground, with his back resting against the column. The transfer of the oil was effected, and the light again shone forth. "Now, come on!" I cried, seizing the lamp. "Barnes, up with you. With but one lamp we must keep close together." The man did not move.

"Come, Barnes! We must get out of this."

Slowly raising his head and looking me

squarely in the face, he replied: "You must, and the others—but not me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean simply that I have gone my limit—I can walk no further. But that need not detain you."

"Yes, but it will! We can't carry you!" I cried.

"You need not—just leave me here, that's all."

"Don't be a fool; we can't leave you here."

"You can leave me here, and you will," he said resolutely. "I have been a burden to you almost from the first. Nature didn't cut me out for a runner, and my wind is gone; I'm played out. But I will not hold the rest of you back a moment more, so just give me a grip of your hand, old fellow, and hustle along."

Then came the biggest lump in my throat that I had ever known. All of my ugly and impatient replies of the past few hours came back with a rush of shame and remorse. I could remember them all; the very cavern seemed to echo them in whispers about my ears. "Barnes," I said slowly, as soon as I could command speech, "do you know what it means to leave you here alone?"

"Yes; it means a kind of lonesome and disagreeable death. I've got a little gun that would make the matter much easier, but I left it in my grip in the hotel. But that's all right; don't you worry about me. You look out for yourself and the others while you've got a little light left."

But I could not move. I was riveted to the spot by the man's sublime unselfishness. "Come, now, I beg of you, go," he urged.

"No; I won't without you," and I set the lamp on the floor. He picked it up, and handed it to me.

"Yes, you will, now, just to oblige me. Besides," he continued, "the game is not up yet. You have still nearly a half hour of oil left, and if you hurry, who knows? Many things have come to pass in a half hour. Cheer up, old boy. While there's life there's hope, you know," and he patted me encouragingly on the shoulder. But the half-crazy desire for escape that had impelled me onward in a wild rush now all vanished. This man's sublime heroism enthralled and calmed me. Fred spoke never a word, but there were tears in his eyes.

"Come," said Barnes, "if you don't go on and find the way out of this sepulcher, you can never come back after me, and then there'll be a girl up there in Cincinnati who will feel awful bad."

"We will come back to you, Barnes, whether we ever get out or not."

"Of course you will. Now just give me a good grip of your hand, and then hustle along lively."

It was the saddest parting I have ever experienced. Not a soul present had the slightest notion that we should ever meet again in this world anyway. Those few moments had made comparative strangers brothers. There was an earnest hand-pressure—a lingering grip—a few hard, deep-drawn breaths, and we filed slowly away, while poor Barnes lighted a cigar and calmly leaned up against the stone column to await the bitter end. Once away, we hurried along like guilty shadows in the gloom. Some minutes later I glanced back; the glowing end of his cigar still marked the spot where rested one of the bravest men I ever met. With heavy, hopeless hearts we hurried on—hurried as fast as we could, with the ceiling now so low that we were compelled to more than stoop. Pausing a moment, we held a grewsome consultation. Without knowing why, I wanted to keep on; it was idiotic, I confessed to myself and to the others, and yet it seemed that on I must go.

"To go on you will have to crawl," said Fred, "and I'm afraid that you'll only have to crawl back again."

The Pole had no opinion to express, but appeared to possess an unwarranted faith in me. I simply *had* to go, and went—the Pole still following me. Fred remained behind.

"I think that we are still within call of Barnes," he said, "and if you are obliged to return again, as I believe you will be, my voice will tell you the way back."

And so another courageous soul was left to make his peace with the great unknown. For a little while, by stooping low, the Pole and I managed to shuffle along on our feet, and then came the necessity of absolutely crawling. There was barely two and a half feet of space from top to bottom, and no side walls could be seen on either hand. Both floor and ceiling were comparatively even; only a few scattered pieces of limestone impeded the way, and these we easily pushed to one side. I said "we," but I was alone now. The Pole too had stopped. Still, he was only a few yards behind me, and I crawled on, pushing the lamp ahead of me over the smooth floor of the cave. The light, small as it was, held so close to my eyes seemed to pain them, then to partially blind them, and then—a crash, and I was in total darkness. I had struck the glass bowl of the lamp against a loose rock and broken it into a hundred pieces. I heard the Pole behind me groan.

The game was up. I buried my face in my arms, and lying prostrate on the cold stone floor wished that I were dead—that I might wake in another world without the long-drawn-out agony of leaving this. I could think of but one way to avoid it—to wander back to that part of the cave where the deep cañons were and cast myself to the bottom of one. But even that might result in broken limbs instead of death. If Barnes's revolver were only here, with a shot for each who wanted it—it would be so easy. But it wasn't, and in its place would come hunger—awful, ravenous hunger, in that Stygian darkness, followed by delirium, and then——

"Hello, Mr. Reno—I say—do you see anything?"

A strange, unnatural laugh came to my lips, "No!"

"Please look straight ahead, and try if you can't see something that looks a little like daylight. Maybe it's my—but somehow I——"

The Pole's mind was already going. The illusion of delirium was beginning to paint light for him.

"Please look, sir. I am not quite——"

I looked—looked long and hard. I——

"You don't answer, sir."

I did not dare to.

"Don't it seem to you as if—" Again the Pole paused.

Yes, it did seem—seemed as if that vague, impalpable, ghost-like suggestion of light that appears just before the beginning of dawn could now be seen ahead.

"Let us crawl a little further that way," suggested the Pole. And we did, perhaps fifty feet; then lay quiet and looked, but I could not tell. It seemed—and yet the awful longing for light that we had passed through might, in fact probably would, paint a mirage of imaginary light upon an overstrained and weakened optic nerve. And yet——

"How now, sir, to you?" asked the Pole.

"Let us go on a little further," I suggested, and closing my eyes to rest them, I crawled ahead a hundred feet or more, and then——

"It is light! Daylight!" cried the Pole, and he was right.

Straight before us, several hundred feet away, could be *seen* in dim outline the rocky edges of walls. There was an illumined space ahead of us, illumined apparently from above, illumined by real light, God's light. There was no mistake; it was no illusion, no dream.

"Sing out to Fred," I said to the Pole; and he did, crying "Daylight!" in tones that brought back an ear-splitting echo, but with it the sound of the clerk's reply.

"Daylight! Daylight!" yelled the Pole, in response to Fred's distant inquiries.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," I answered. "Try to pass the news back to Barnes."

But Fred came scrambling along to see it with his own eyes before assuming that responsibility; and then it was agreed that he and the Pole should go back as far as they could distinguish my voice, the Pole to remain there while Fred went further back and brought Barnes forward to us.

In a moment they were gone, groping their way slowly through the darkness. Calls were repeated and answered often. In twenty minutes, perhaps half an hour, I could hear the footsteps and voices of all three, making their way to the sound of my voice as fast as possible. It was a reunion which cannot be described in words. Together we made our way, crawling on hands and knees and breasts to the light ahead. It was a struggle for all, particularly for Barnes, whom occasionally we had to push and pull along; but it did not matter now, hope was with us again. Soon we gained the goal. A clear shaft of light shone from above. It came down a country well, with a windlass and rope some forty feet over our heads, and a pool of water a little below us.

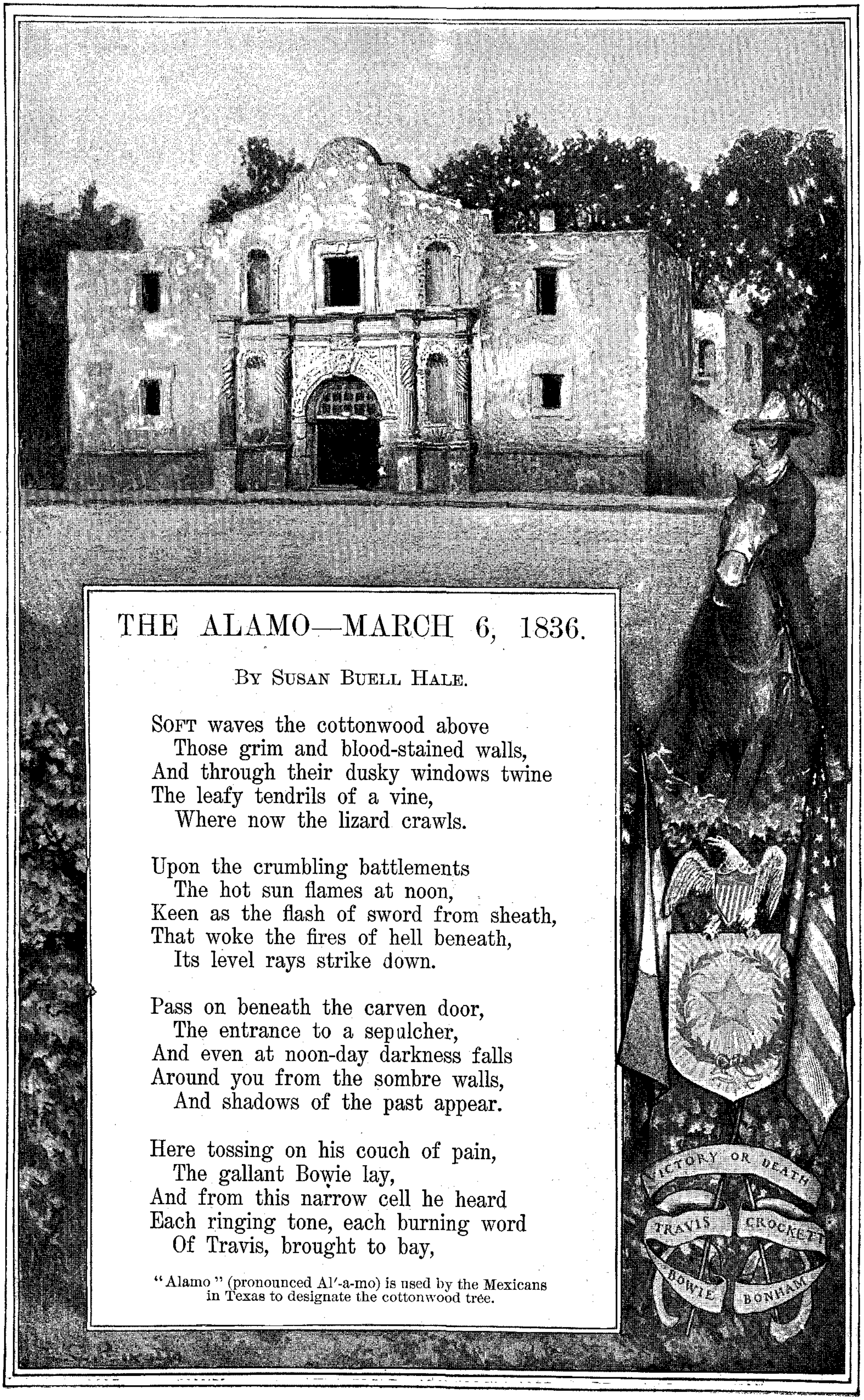
"Who goes up after the rope?" asked Fred.

"We'll draw cuts for it. The short straw does the climbing," I replied, as I produced four wooden toothpicks and broke one in two.

"It will be my luck to get the short one," remarked Barnes—and he did get it.

"Never mind, Barnes. You've had trouble enough for one day."

In less than five minutes I was at the windlass, hauling the Pole to the surface in the bucket. The others came up in the same way. We found ourselves on a little hillside farm, not more than a mile and a half from the town. Barnes was a little late for his five-o'clock engagement.



THE ALAMO—MARCH 6, 1836.

BY SUSAN BUELL HALE.

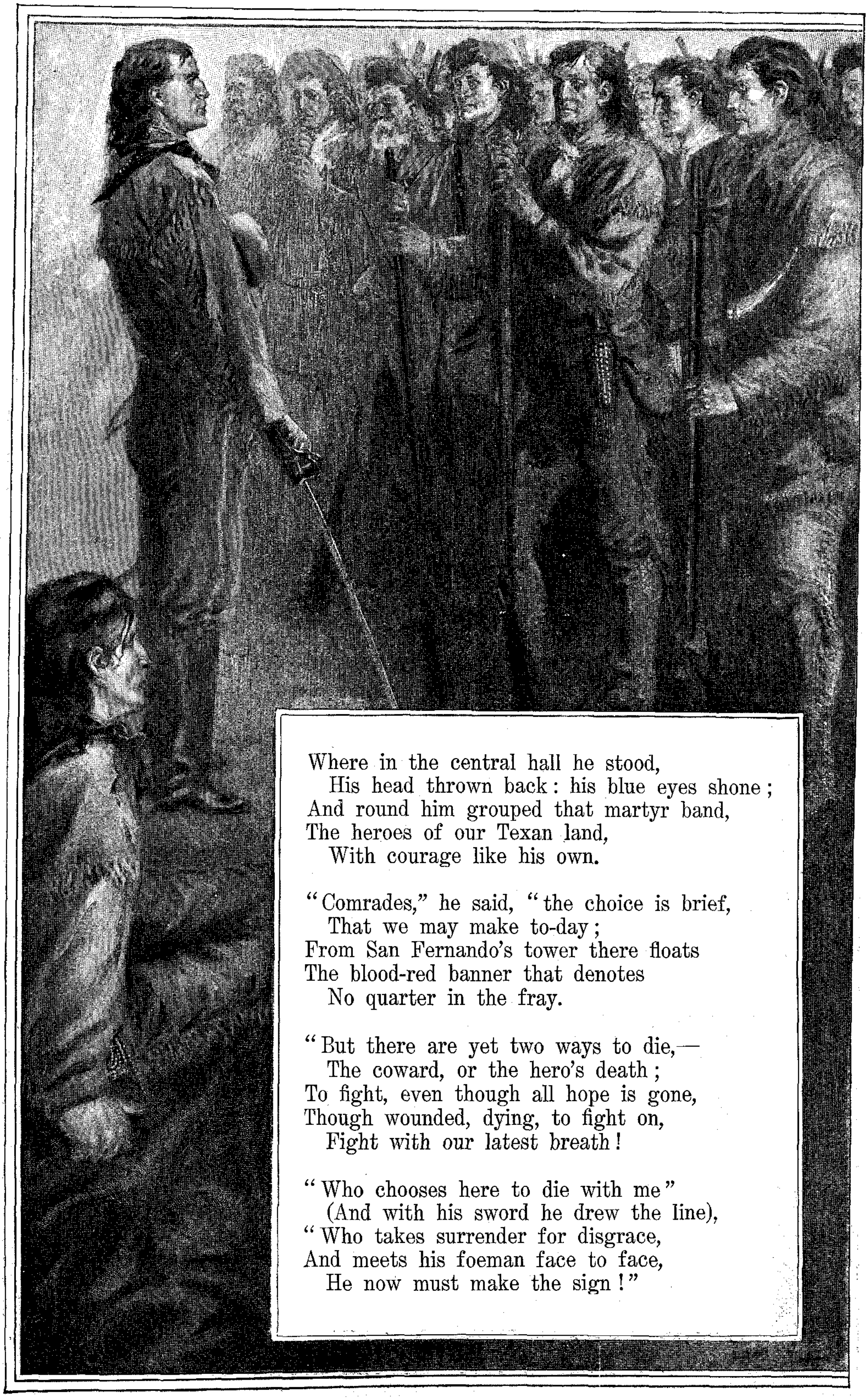
SOFT waves the cottonwood above
  Those grim and blood-stained walls,
And through their dusky windows twine
The leafy tendrils of a vine,
  Where now the lizard crawls.

Upon the crumbling battlements
  The hot sun flames at noon,
Keen as the flash of sword from sheath,
That woke the fires of hell beneath,
  Its level rays strike down.

Pass on beneath the carven door,
  The entrance to a sepulcher,
And even at noon-day darkness falls
Around you from the sombre walls,
  And shadows of the past appear.

Here tossing on his couch of pain,
  The gallant Bowie lay,
And from this narrow cell he heard
Each ringing tone, each burning word
  Of Travis, brought to bay,

"Alamo" (pronounced Al′-a-mo) is used by the Mexicans in Texas to designate the cottonwood tree.

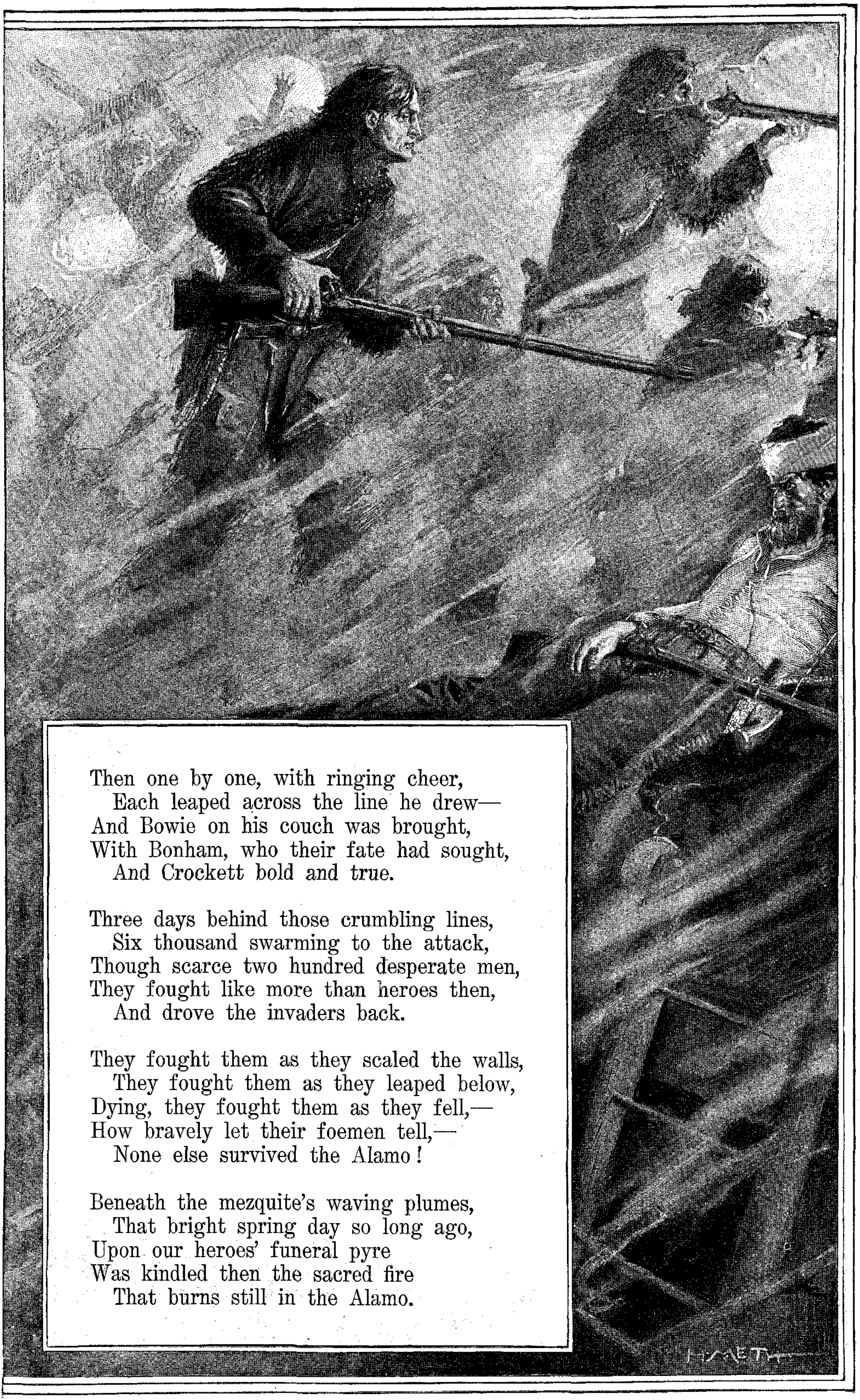


Where in the central hall he stood,
His head thrown back: his blue eyes shone;
And round him grouped that martyr band,
The heroes of our Texan land,
With courage like his own.

"Comrades," he said, "the choice is brief,
That we may make to-day;
From San Fernando's tower there floats
The blood-red banner that denotes
No quarter in the fray.

"But there are yet two ways to die,—
The coward, or the hero's death;
To fight, even though all hope is gone,
Though wounded, dying, to fight on,
Fight with our latest breath!

"Who chooses here to die with me"
(And with his sword he drew the line),
"Who takes surrender for disgrace,
And meets his foeman face to face,
He now must make the sign!"

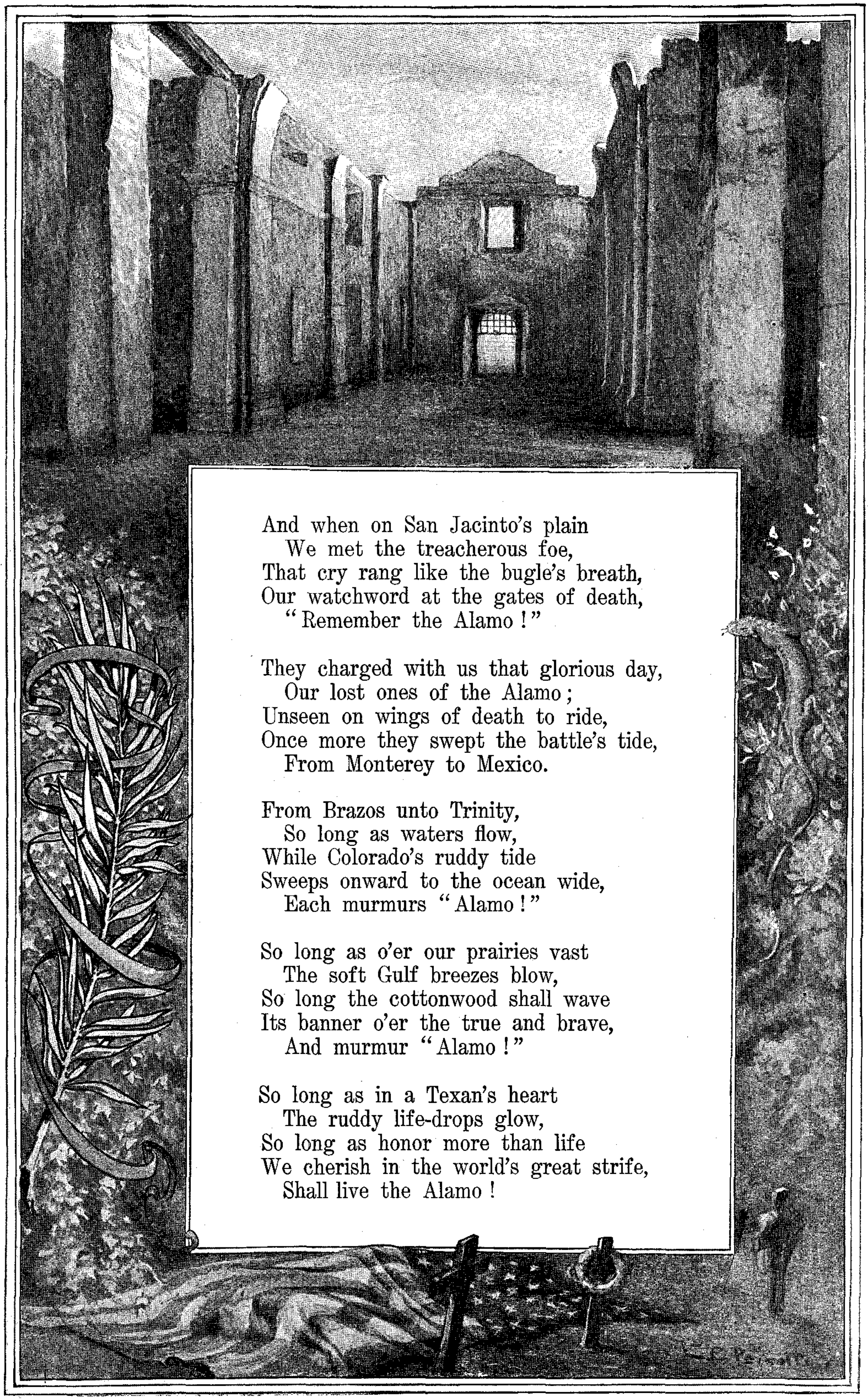


Then one by one, with ringing cheer,
Each leaped across the line he drew—
And Bowie on his couch was brought,
With Bonham, who their fate had sought,
And Crockett bold and true.

Three days behind those crumbling lines,
Six thousand swarming to the attack,
Though scarce two hundred desperate men,
They fought like more than heroes then,
And drove the invaders back.

They fought them as they scaled the walls,
They fought them as they leaped below,
Dying, they fought them as they fell,—
How bravely let their foemen tell,—
None else survived the Alamo!

Beneath the mezquite's waving plumes,
That bright spring day so long ago,
Upon our heroes' funeral pyre
Was kindled then the sacred fire
That burns still in the Alamo.



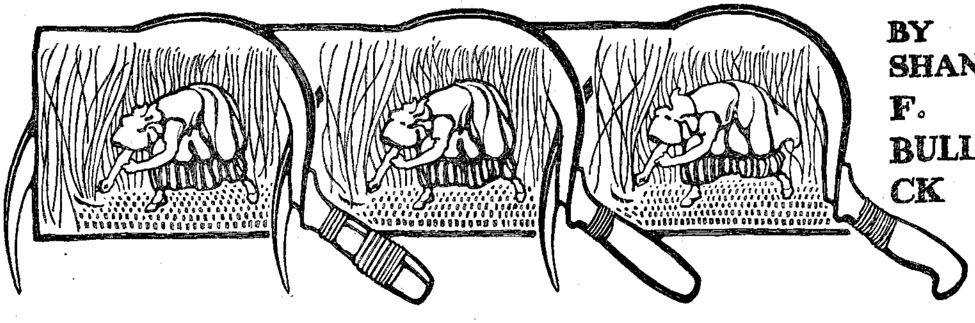
And when on San Jacinto's plain
We met the treacherous foe,
That cry rang like the bugle's breath,
Our watchword at the gates of death,
"Remember the Alamo!"

They charged with us that glorious day,
Our lost ones of the Alamo;
Unseen on wings of death to ride,
Once more they swept the battle's tide,
From Monterey to Mexico.

From Brazos unto Trinity,
So long as waters flow,
While Colorado's ruddy tide
Sweeps onward to the ocean wide,
Each murmurs "Alamo!"

So long as o'er our prairies vast
The soft Gulf breezes blow,
So long the cottonwood shall wave
Its banner o'er the true and brave,
And murmur "Alamo!"

So long as in a Texan's heart
The ruddy life-drops glow,
So long as honor more than life
We cherish in the world's great strife,
Shall live the Alamo!



BY SHAN F. BULLOCK

THE REAPERS

AT the foot of Emo Hill, between it and Rhamus, was a piece of reclaimed bog-land, some four or five acres in all, sown that year with wheat. It was a kindly field, the best in those parts, and for long enough its crop had been the envy of the country-side: now it lay in the sunshine, tangled, rank, scarce worth the gathering. In places it stood tall as a rake; here it lay flat and sodden; weeds and thistles sprang abundantly; and, as James Daly remarked, if you climbed a stalk you wouldn't find in a month of Sundays as much grain as would feed a sparrow.

Still, straw makes good thatch, said Mike Brady, and women made cheap labor, and what the Almighty sends we'd better take; so, one morning, a week of sunshine having done wonders in the way of ripening and drying, over the heather came Anne the wife of James, and Judy the wife of Mike, with their sickles on their shoulders, and bent their backs to the reaping.

The arrangement was this: each woman was to reap half the field, payment to be made by the full-sized stook; and that there might be no inequality in the conditions of work, it was further agreed between themselves—at the instance of Mike the knowing, be it said—that each should take alternate lands (these being the long ridges on which the crop stood), Anne all the odd lands, Judy all the even, the one remaining at the finish, if there were one, to be divided between them.

Furthermore, said Anne, and tucked up her skirt, "It'd be wise, mebbe, for the two of us to do our own tyin' an' stookin'. Who knows," said Anne, looking over Judy's head toward Rhamus Hill, "who knows but one of us might reap more than t'other, an' then——"

There was no need for Anne to finish the remark. Judy understood perfectly. She knew well what Anne meant and how Anne was thinking; but, thought Judy, with a tightening of her thin lips and a hardening of her pinched face, please God, it wasn't herself would do less than Anne Daly that blessed day. No. "May be one of us would do more than t'other," said she. Oh, ay. She knew the word. But wait, thought Judy, and plunged her hook into the wheat; maybe 'twas another word would be on Anne's tongue before nightfall. Just wait! And scrunch went Judy's hook through the golden wheat.

If Judy did not do more than Anne in the first hour or two of that first morning of the reaping, assuredly that was not Anne Daly's fault. A child could see she was holding herself back, though it might have needed one as clever as Anne herself to see how much Judy was striving her hardest. And clearly she did see it, did Anne Daly, and smiled pityingly at the seeing. "The poor crature," said Anne within herself, and glanced at Judy as from right to left she came cutting fiercely across her land; "the poor deludhered crature. Sure, if I only tried, it's two sheaves to her one I'd reap. An' here's her strivin' wi' me, her with as much strength in her bones as a sick goat! Still, she's a neighbor—an' her company's better nor lonesomeness—an' God knows, anyway, I pity the donny crature. Ah, I do," said Anne, and leisurely, with that finished ease which comes of ample strength and skill,

Copyright, 1900, by Shan F. Bullock. All rights reserved.

gathered a sheaf within its band, bound, and cast it from her knee. "Ah, I do. Tell me, Judy," she said aloud; "did iver ye see the like how things alter with the weather? Sure, it's wonderful. Here, last week or so, were we wi' the hearts washed out of us, an' the sky above as gloomy-lookin' as a hearse at a funeral; an' now"—Anne stood upright, rested hands on hips, and slowly fed her eyes on the sun-bright country-side—"now you'd think a'most there hadn't been a drop of rain since Noah's ark. Ah, no. It's powerful deceivin', so it is. Sure, the sun can do what it likes with iverything. Ay, it can. An' the different kind o' feel that comes over oneself—a new kind o' feel, like as if you'd slipped bang out of a sick-bed, a—a—" Anne paused, sighed contentedly, bent to work. "Aw, I dunno what it is," said she; "I dunno; but it's powerful pleasant, anyway. Ay, it is," said Anne; then, Judy not responding, swifty made haste to regain the sheaf or two she had lost in the minutes of her sky-gazing.

For a while the women worked in silence, slowly and laboriously cutting their way up the tangled lands—Judy never pausing, never looking up even, going doggedly on; Anne taking things leisurely, looking here and there as she stood twisting a band, following the progress of a cart along the road or of the Master across the fields, sometimes humming a tune or lilting an air, ever and again watching Judy from the corner of her eye and smiling at the foolishness of the body. To think of her striving like that, thought Anne; and, what was worse, sulking as she strove. Not a word had passed her lips for a whole hour. Her face was hard as the door-post, her lips tight together as tuppence in a rag. What ailed the woman at all? Odious sudden the change had come over her. She had been civil enough coming across the bog. Nothing Anne knew of had come to give her offense—nothing, except the word or two, spoken in pure goodwill and just as a matter of caution, she had said a while ago about the binding and stooking. Yet, here was the woman striving and sulking, and never raising her head. Was she sick or vexed? Was the work too much for her or the sun too hot? Ah, what in glory ailed the body? thought Anne; then turned and spoke.

"Judy; I say, Judy. What in sorrow's name ails ye?" Judy never answered. "Are ye frettin', or sick, or what?" Anne went on, hands on knees and eyes on Judy. "Is the work troublin' ye?" Still no word. "Is there anything I've done to ye, then? Or is there anything I'd be able to do for ye?"

Judy looked round. "Ye can do nothin'," said she; "an' there's nothin' ailin' me. I wouldn't have ye—" Judy paused, wiped her brow with her hand, went on reaping.

"Finish the word," said Anne, still with her face towards Judy and her hands on her knees; "woman, dear, speak out. Is it afeerd you'd be?"

Afraid! Round flashed Judy. "Afeerd!" cried she. "An' of what, may I ax? Is it of you—of you, Anne Daly? Arrah, don't think it! What about ye? I say. What about ye? Am n't I as good as you—ay, an' better—any day? You an' your airs and your condescension!"

Anne rose to her full height, and arms straight down and her face slowly changing, stood looking upon Judy.

"Keep your pity," said Judy, shrilly and bitterly; "keep your pity for them that want it. I'm as good as you, Anne Daly,—as good a woman," cried Judy, pointing her hook; "as good a worker, an' as good a reaper. Ye hear me," shrilled Judy; "for all your boastin'—as good a reaper."

Just a breath Anne stood searching Judy's face; then, quickly, her head went back and she laughed merrily.

"Aw, Lord sees," said she; "Lord sees! Listen to that now. Childer, dear. 'I'm as good as you,' says she; 'as good a woman,' says Judy, 'an' as good a reaper.' That's the word, is it, an' *that's* the mystery. Ah, to be sure." She took a step forward. "Tell me, Judy Brady, are ye meanin' this, or is it only a piece o' your foolery?"

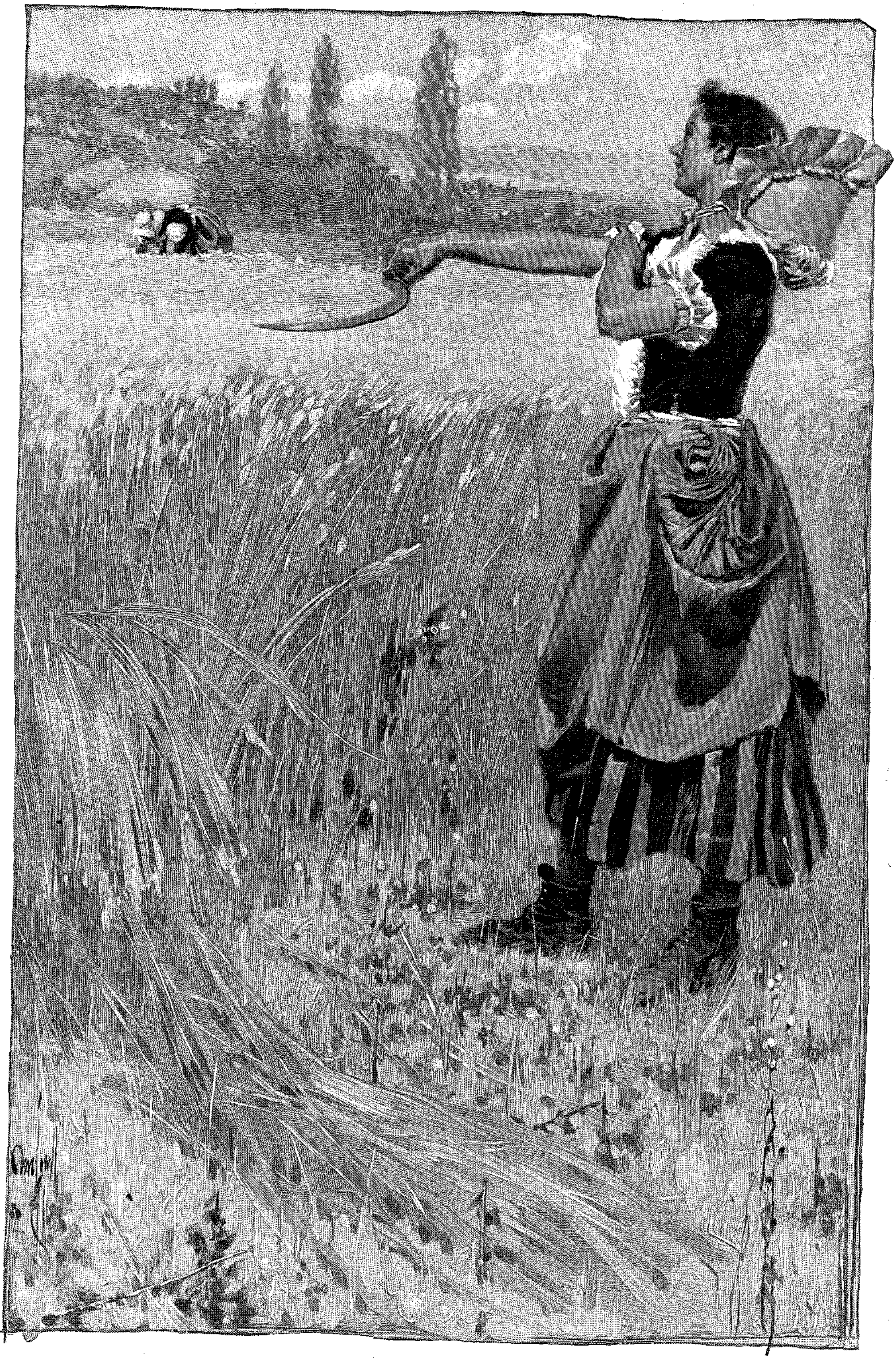
"Foolery an' me are bad friends, Anne Daly," answered Judy; "an' what I don't mean I don't say."

"Don't ye, faith?" said Anne. "I'm obliged to ye for the knowledge. Sure one lives an' learns, as the sayin' is. But look ye here, Judy *agra*; there's things in this world that's worth the provin'. If you're as good a woman as meself, then I'm sorry to be alive—an' that's all I'll say about that. But about the reapin'"—Anne raised her hook, spat on its handle, and twirled it—"I'd like to try ye." She stooped, hook poised, her eyes on Judy. "Are ye ready, Mrs. Brady?" said she.

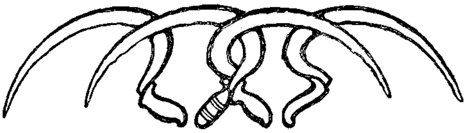
What could Judy do? In her heart she knew herself to be a fool; knew, too, that only heartbreak and weariness might come of her foolishness. Still—still——

"I'm ready," said Judy.

And the sickles flashed.



"ANNE . . . THE FINEST SPECIMEN OF WOMANKIND IN ALL FERMANAGH."



II

It was a boast with James Daly, usually on those rare occasions when Bunn whisky had his tongue in thrall, that Anne, his wife, was the finest specimen of womankind in all Fermanagh; the best favored and the most gifted, as good with tongue as with head, and better with her hands than with either. That this was James's real opinion, we may take as gospel; that it was Anne's own opinion is easy of belief; that it must have been yours also, had you chanced to see her that first day of the Emo harvesting, is not to be doubted.

She made a fine figure of a woman, did Anne; big, robust, comely, round and rosy of cheek, bright and clear of eye, arm strong and shapely, neck full and firm; a woman of parts, character, substance, sharp of tongue, quick in thought and action; a better man, said James, her husband, in turf-bog or meadow, than half the whiskers of the country-side.

Perhaps, that morning, if one adopts James's marital and glorified system of reckoning, she was worth more than half; for was she not on her mettle and braced for worthy deeds? She meant things—to make the sheaves fly, to do work noise of which should ring about the country-side, setting folk wondering round many a hearth. Her reputation was at stake. Little, chicken-hearted Judy Brady had challenged her. She! Oh, by the powers, but she'd show her; and not her only, but all the others, the knowing ones of the townland, who spoke jealous word that her best days were past. Past? She'd show them. Why, she felt strong as a tree. What if the sun were hot, and the wheat tangled, and the thistles big as blackthorns; what of these, thought Anne; and arms bare, bodice-neck open, skirt tucked high, and sunbonnet tied loosely about her chin, from left to right and right to left went tumbling the wheat like rushes. The harder the work the greater the glory; the hotter the sun the better the day. Come down, said Anne in the pride of her strength; and down came the wheat like rushes.

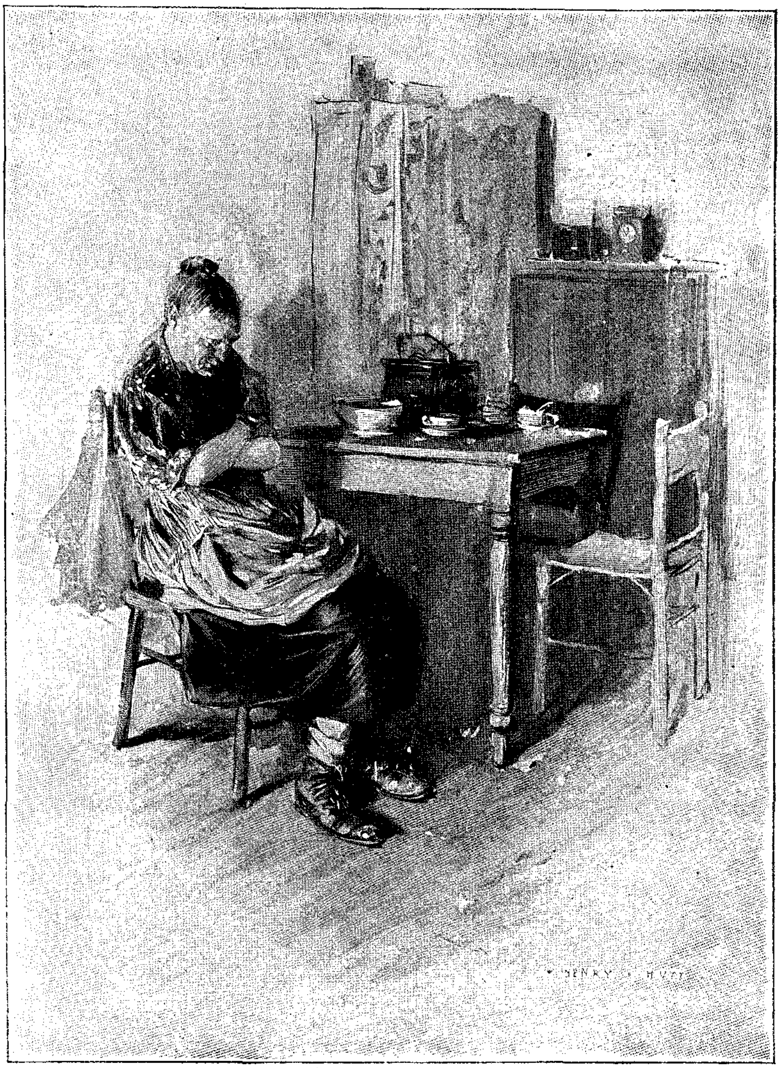
And there was no hurry, no unseemly flurry. Oh, not at all. That was not Anne Daly's way. Quick and sure was the word with her. No need to let work and the sun set her blood boiling; no need to keep from seeing things as she twisted the bands, or to be deaf to all the sounds of work and life that came flowing over the hills; no need to make work a toil, or to feel lonesome, or to let song and laughter lie dead in her throat. No, no. Quick and sure was the word, heart merry, body not weary, face to work and her back to the foe—the foe toiling there far behind. "Aw, poor Judy; poor little Judy Brady!"

Ah, poor little Judy Brady, indeed. Hers was a hard fate that day. Already had she gathered bitter fruit of her foolishness. She was far behind, and that even whilst the day was not yet at the full. Each time she came to the edge of her land and looked—timorously, anxiously—along the furrow, it seemed that in five minutes Anne had gone perches for her yard, reaped three sheaves for her one. She looked back along the sheaf-strewn stubble—such a little way it was; she looked over the wheat towards the field-head—such a weary way it was. Doggedly, feverishly she cut across the land, doggedly and still more feverishly cut back; then, sheaf on knee and hook on shoulder, stole a look—a halting, bodeful look—at— Oh, she was miles away! She'd never catch her, not if she worked night and day. It was killing, heart-rending. She would be disgraced. She felt weak, thirsty, tired. The sun was like fire upon her back—her narrow little back; and upon her head—her feeble little head, with its withered face and hungry eyes and scanty twist of hair below the old rush hat. Her hands were sore, feet bruised. Thump, thump, went something in her forehead. Every bone in her body ached and cried; she was smoking hot. Ah, but the hours dragged. Ah, but the sun was cruel. Ah, but the crop was heavy, tangled, and contrary. Ah, but it was hot. Ah, but she was tired and hungry!

Rest? No; she must not. Give up? No; not if she were dying. Oh, she'd get quicker. She was out of practice, had fallen upon a heavy patch. In an hour or two she would be hardened to work and the sun. If only she could hurry for a while; only catch up a yard or two on Anne by dinner-time. Where—where was she now? Ah, she was farther away than ever! Never could she catch her—never. "Ah," cried Judy, and turning looked piteously towards home, "will dinner time niver, niver come!"

It came at last, that long-expected hour of one o'clock; came like an angel's blessed message to Judy and sent her speeding for the hills and home. She had far to go and must needs hurry. The way was rough and tortuous; a weary struggle it was through heather and rushes, over turf-bank and hill, and Judy was very weary; still, what mattered these things now? Had she not a whole hour in which to rest her bones and to satisfy the wolves of hunger? Was she not free at last, if only for an hour, from the tyranny of work and the sun? A whole hour! Fifteen minutes home, fifteen back; the rest in blessed luxury on a chair by the potato basket and the hearth. It was great. Never mind now all that back there—the broad lands, the ugly stubble, the brutal sun, the weariness and heartache; never mind, either, what might happen to lie out there—all the happenings that lay on the farther side of two o'clock. Let all that go. She was free now. Work was nothing to her; Anne nothing. . . . Anne? Where was Anne? Was she working still? Reluctantly, but inevitably, Judy turned on the crest of Rhamus Hill and had sight of Anne in the valley below, her skirt flowing loose, sleeves down, sunbonnet in hand, making leisurely through the heather for the little cabin lying snug at foot of the hill. Oh, easy for her to take her time, with only that little way to go. "Heavens above," cried Judy, turning in a panic, "will I niver, niver get home?"

She came to it at last, came hot and pant-



"JUST A MINUTE OF SWEET SLEEP."

ing; sank into a chair to find breath, then rose to prepare dinner. Only a basket of potatoes it was, standing over a tub in the middle of the floor, flanked with a saucer of salt and a noggin of buttermilk; poor fare enough—but, ah, so hot, so satisfying, so eagerly relished by Judy and her flock of tattered children. See them there in the smoke and the gloom, such a number, and all so busy; not a head turning to the sunlight, not an eye moving from the basket, not a word passing all the time of the feast.

What! All gone? Nothing more? Ah, yes. Now see Judy, sitting like a queen; in this hand a slice of bread and dripping, in that a bowl of strong black tea. Now Judy is happy; now luxury reigns in the house of the Bradys. You see them? Judy there by the hearth, the children ringing her chair, each taking sup and bite, one by one round all the flock. You see them, and you see Judy? Is she not happy? Happy—ay, as the Queen on her throne, for just that five minutes of tea and luxury. Her brow is smooth, her eye contented. She is flushed, almost radiant. No thought of work now, or of the tyrant sun, or of Anne the fearsome. For just five minutes she is living, her blood running, heart warm.

All gone. She puts down the bowl, sighs as she looks towards the door, leans back and closes her eyes. Gradually her head falls forward; the voices of the children come dreamily from the fields; her breathing quickens.—Just a minute of sweet sleep; then a sudden start, a leap from her chair, and Judy is once more facing life and the sun.

Hurriedly she toiled across the hill, came to the wheat field, and at once set to work. For a perch or two before her the crop stood straight and light. The sun had gone under a passing cloud. She felt fresher, stronger; glad of heart, too, at thought of being back before Anne, and gaining ground at every stroke. Yes; surely she was gaining now. Every sheaf was another to the good. If only something—sickness, sleep, anything—would keep Anne away for another half hour, all would be well. If only—if only— And there was Anne, flaunting along through the heather!

No matter, said Judy. She felt able now, thank God, to hold her own with any one. Let Anne come. Who cared for Anne Daly? See her stepping up the stubble, head back, arms swinging; see her now, leisurely rolling up her sleeves, tucking up her skirt, pretending to take everything so easily, just as though it were the easiest thing in the world to beat Judy Brady at the reaping. "Is it, then?" cried Judy within herself. "Oh, by the king, but I'll show her!" And her blood surging with the potency of tea and potatoes, Judy stooped to the showing.

The afternoon wore on, heavy with autumnal heat and the burden of the drowsy hours. The whole country seemed asleep in the big eye of the sun, with only a child playing in it or a dog barking at the sky. You could almost feel the quietude, just as you could almost see the shimmering heat. The fields seemed deserted. Here and there you looked, from hill to hill, across the bog, away towards the mountain; then, quite suddenly, heard the carts clanking back from the meadows, heard voices in the haggard, heard presently the sound of a woman singing at her work, and saw two figures move aslant on edge of the wheat far down in the misty valley. So there was life in old Emo after all.

Well might Anne Daly go singing through that drowsy afternoon. Good luck and good humor were hers that day. Work went easily. The weather was kindly. She felt vigorous and cheerful. Thought ran pleasantly. There was so much to think about: that letter from Patsey in the States, for instance, which at dinner-time she had found awaiting her on the dresser, enclosing a money order and a beautiful portrait of Patsey himself in his grand policeman's uniform; that new dress of hers, which through dinner-time she had sat admiring, with the beads and the braid on it, and it fitting her like a glove; the many things the money might buy, the many jealous looks the dress would bring. She gloried in that blessed day. See how much she had reaped since morning; as much as two women might do in the time, as much as Judy would do from sunrise to sunset.

Ah, poor Judy, thought Anne, and shook her head; the poor deluded crature. There she was, toiling away, moiling and striving, looking up every now and again with angry, jealous eyes. It's no use, Judy *agra,* no use at all; you haven't the strength or the knack. Just watch a minute till you see how I do it. Listen to the crisp cut I have with a hook. Listen to the soft rustle of the wheat as it falls before me. See how easily I'm taking things, as fresh as a lark, as merry as a sandpiper; and listen, Judy, to the song I'm singing through this blessed day.

Well, indeed, might Anne lift up her voice in singing; and well might Judy, at sound of it, bite her lip and vex her soul in bitterness. With her things were not making for the better, but from bad to worse only. The morning had been wretched; the afternoon was pitiable. Nothing seemed to go right. Her hook was blunt, the wheat tangled and contrary as things themselves; the sun was terrible; her feet were blistered, hands bleeding; her back ached, her head whirled; and she was so hungry again, so weak, was this wretched little Judy.

Long ago had the strength and impulse born of tea and potatoes died out; long ago had all hope of holding her own with Anne withered away. The harder she worked the farther behind she seemed to fall. Everything was against her; and still she plodded on, never resting, never wavering, pressed on, spite of will and strength, by the fierce impulse of jealous spleen that held her in its tyrant grip.

Give way, said she; give way to Anne Daly? No; not till she dropped gasping. Anne Daly? She! Ah, but she hated her; and not for that day only and for that day's work, but always and for many a thing. She remembered many a slight, many a grudge. How often had Anne Daly treated her like dirt, spoken to her as to some tinker's hussy? Who went telling stories to the neighbors about Judy Brady's children and Judy Brady's affairs? Who had said that Mike and she were always squabbling, and the children in tatters, and herself a disgrace? Oh, not for that day's work only had Judy a grudge against Anne, but for the doings of many a day.

Ah, but she hated her. Who was she? What better was she than another? Even if she was big and ugly, even if she had two dresses to her back, even if she had a brother in the Chicago police and a trifle in the bank, even if she could read and write and figure—what of that and all that? cried Judy; then lifted her eyes and saw Anne bending low in the next land, reaping on in her prideful strength, and raising her voice insolently in singing.

Singing? That was another of her tricks; another of her ways of showing how easily she could conquer and how little she cared. Might sorrow choke her! Ah, if she was only near her for a minute—with hands, hook, anything—till she killed the singing in her. Might sorrow choke her! Might she die in the poorhouse! Oh, it was unbearable.

"Ah, stop your trapple over there," shouted Judy at last, quivering from crown to heel. "Is it that ye want to deafen me? Isn't it enough to be hearin' the corncrakes all the night without havin' your screechin' to bear all the day? Quit wi' ye," shouted Judy. "I'm sick o' ye."

Slowly Anne straightened herself, slowly turned, set hands on hips, and steadily, from the depths of her sunbonnet, eyed Judy across the stretch of wheat that stood between them.

"Aw," said she, as Judy paused; "aw, an' is that yourself, Mrs. Judy Brady? Faith now, but I'm glad to be seein' ye. Sure 'twas at home I imagined ye to be." Anne laughed. "Aw, good-evenin'," she went on, and bobbed her head mockingly; "good-evenin' to ye, Mrs. Judy Brady."

"An' g'luck to you, Anne Daly, an' bad luck to ye," answered Judy in a splutter of wrath; then hurried along the inside furrow of her land, and coming opposite to Anne, stretched an arm. "Listen to me," she cried across the wheat. "I scorn the face o' ye—I'm 'shamed to be in sight o' ye—I don't care that for ye!" and Judy snapped her fingers.

Anne rose on tiptoe, and craned forward. "Is that you again, Mrs. Brady, dear?" she asked in her suavest way. "I'm hearin' somethin' over there, but sure— Aw, it is yourself. Well, now! But would it be troublin' ye, Mrs. Brady, to be gettin' on a stone or somethin' out o' the furrow till I get a look at ye? Sure I'm doin' me best, but, och, the wheat is high between us."

Again Anne laughed that irritating laugh of hers, and again Judy spluttered and quivered and cried:

"High? High is it, you'd be sayin'? Aw, an' I wish to glory it was twice as high, an' was hidin' your ugly countenance from the eyes o' me. Who are you, I ax ye?" cried Judy, once more fixing Anne with a trembling arm. "What impidence is it of ye to dare open your lips about me or mine? Listen to me! If iver I hear again that the name o' me crosses your lips, I'll—I'll, by the king, I'll flitter ye! I'll come," shouted Judy, "an' flitter ye. You're laughin', are ye? Ah, what can I say to ye that's bad enough? Look at the big, ugly, mean face o' ye. Ah, if I was only at it for two minutes—if I only was!"

The laughter died in Anne's eyes; still with her hands on her hips, she looked along the narrow stretch of wheat that stood between her and Judy.

"There's only that between us," she said, nodding. "Will I be comin' to you or you to me?"

Judy blanched a little; then looked her bravest. "It's—it's as ye like, Anne Daly," she said; and at sound of the halting words and at sight of Judy's face, Anne laughed again and turned away, and turned again and spoke.

"Judy Brady, what in glory's name ails ye, or what romancin' is this I'll be hearin'? Are ye cranky?"

"I want none o' your questionin', Fat Anne."

"I want none o' your impidence, Yellow Judy," retorted Anne; "an' at this mortial minute I'm wishful for none o' your company. I'm sick o' ye, Judy," said Anne, with a wave of her arm; "an' I'm 'shamed o' ye. Woman alive, what have I done to ye, or what's come over ye all in a day? Just because I spoke a sensible word to ye this mornin'! Ah, go to your reapin', an' do somethin' that'll be a credit to ye. I'll not hear ye," cried Anne, spreading a hand against Judy's protests; "an' I'll not quarrel wi' ye; an' I'll strive no more wi' ye. Go your ways, Judy Brady, an' ask the Lord to give ye sense——"

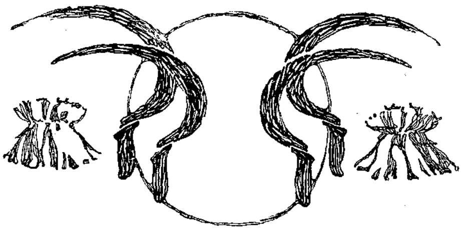
At sound of shrill whistling behind her, Anne paused, looked round, and saw a boy come slowly through the heather, carrying a basket and a small tin can.

"Sure," said she, "it's Johnny comin' wi' the tay, an' I'm dyin' for want of it." She threw down her hook, walked a yard along the stubble, halted, and turned again to Judy. "Listen, Judy," she said; "quit your capers, an' come and have a sup. There's enough an' to spare, an' you're welcome."

"Not if I was dyin' for it," answered Judy, defiantly; "not if me tongue was parched would I taste your tay, Anne Daly." Then she slowly went down the furrow, and came to her stubble, and bent low, and went on with her reaping. Very hungry she was and tired, sore racked in mind and body; but still was her spirit untamed and her will unbroken. "I'll beat her yet," she muttered. "I'll not give in. No, never." Steadily she worked on; then, quite suddenly, stood upright, looked towards Thrasna River, and softly laughed. "Ho, ho," she laughed. "Ho, ho!"

Judy had an idea.

Then the sun fell; the shadows died upon the hills; in the valleys the mists began to creep, and down from the west stole old Night in his cloak, with gifts of peace and rest and sweet sleep in his hands.



III

ABOUT ten o'clock that night Judy slipped out of bed, dressed quietly, crept noiselessly down to the kitchen, there drank some tea from a porringer that had been standing in the hot ashes on the hearth, laced on her boots, threw a shawl about head and shoulders, and, munching a piece of bread, stepped softly out into the moonlight.

Leaving the boreen, Judy turned along the Bunn road, walking swiftly in its middle through the gray dust, went up the slope toward Lackan, turned at Stonegate down the Clackan road, and at foot of the hill turned again along the lane which bends round into Emo bog. Along this she went, her shawl loose on her shoulders, for the night was warm, and her eyes roaming nervously here and there; presently, turned her back on the turf-banks, struck through the potato fields, and came soon to the narrow plank that stretched across a ditch from the bog to the wheat field.

Timidly, her arms balancing up and down and eyes bent on her halting feet, Judy crossed the plank, hurried over the stubble, and came to the patch of wheat that still waited the sickle at head of her first land. A goodly patch it was, offering maybe a matter of three hours' work, and showing to a straw how much, through a twelve hours' day, Anne Daly was a better reaper than Judy Brady; a goodly patch to which Judy had come from her bed for a while of diversion under the moon.

Just a minute she stood looking at the long row of stooks on her left, at the shorter row behind her, at the gleaming plot before her; just a glance she threw at the moon, the hills, the shining walls of Emo above in the trees; just a moment stood mumbling a prayer; then flung down her shawl, pulled her sickle from a stook, and set to work.

It was the first time that Judy had worked by moonlight, and she found the task not easy. The light was wonderfully soft and bright; but it seemed rather to lie on things and embellish them than to make them stand out naked and clear as in the broad shine of the sun. It was like working by candle-light, Judy thought. She was afraid to cut boldly; now she filled her hook to overflowing, and now gathered but a straw or two into her hand. Then the shadows troubled her. She seemed always to be working in her own light, just as though she were at home in the kitchen, she thought, with her back to the candle. And they were so black, too, were these shadows, and mocked her movements so solemnly, and dogged her steps so grimly; ah, sure, thought Judy, what with the light and the dark it's woeful entirely.

But more than all this did the unearthly loneliness trouble her. It was all so quiet, so big and empty, so bright and strange; from herself away up to the big sky, and away all round everywhere, was just one great well of silence and strangeness, with only her one self awake and striving in it, and only the creatures of dogs here and there to keep her company. Ah, if it hadn't been for the dogs, thought Judy, she must have snatched her shawl long ago and run. If only some one would shout somewhere; if only a cart would go clanking along the road; if she could only see a light, or could think that a friend was near her, things would not be so bad. But there was no one, nothing—nothing but her one self bending there in the big, empty world. She dared not look up, dared hardly think. The sound of her heart beating in her ear was, at times, like the call of terror. There were times, odd moments and minutes, when it needed but a cloud to darken the moon, or so much as a mouse to stir in the wheat, to send her shivering to her knees, jabbering to the saints with her face in her hands.

But nothing happened, nothing. Steadily, serenely, the moon held her course across the heavens; far and wide the land lay sleeping in the soft magic of her light; and there, in all the glory of the night, went plodding that weird little figure of a Judy, groping and stumbling, muttering and praying, cowering in sight of such beauty and splendor from she knew not what.

She had been at work maybe an hour, when suddenly it was borne in upon her that something was nearing her. At once she crouched, trembling and stricken; presently found courage to rise a little and timorously to look around her. There was no one on the stubble, nothing on the hills; but coming slowly across the field on her left was the figure of a man. A man? Or was it a ghost? Again Judy crouched, crouched low, and, like one fascinated, watched the figure come nearer, make the gap at head of the field, and turn toward her along Anne's land. Who was it? What was going to happen? And then, from behind a stook, stepped out the battered figure of Mike her husband.

Ah, the blessed relief! Like heaven itself was that sight of his face. But what had brought him? How did he know? Judy rose; and seeing her, Mike halted, head forward and his chin in his hand.

"Aw, you're there," said he; then slowly came forward. "Tell me, Judy Brady, what in glory's name brings ye here?" Mike stopped, looked at the scattered sheaves, then at the narrow plot of wheat, then at the hook in Judy's hand. "Why—why, it's mad ye are. Reapin' be moonlight—all be yourself! Why, it's mad ye are," repeated Mike, and stepping close to Judy took her by the shoulder. "Here, come away home to your bed," he said roughly; "come away."

Judy twisted from Mike's clutch, looked him boldly in the face, and answered defiantly.

"I'll not," she said; "not a foot. I can do as I like, I suppose? An' what brings you here, may I ax? Can't a woman come out for an hour without bein' followed like a child?"

Never before had Judy spoken to Mike in such fashion. He was taken aback; forgot to assert himself; stood looking at his feet and wondering if he were asleep or awake.

"I'm not goin' home; not a foot till I'm ready to go. I'll stop till mornin' if I like. Where's the childer?" asked Judy of a sudden. "Where are they, I say?"

Mike looked towards Rhamus Hill.

"They're yonder," said he, with a nod; "yonder at home."

"At home?" cried Judy. "Yonder be themselves? Ah, the cratures! Suppose the house goes on fire? Suppose some one comes an' kills them? Ah, I'll go home," cried Judy, making for her shawl.

This was just what Mike wanted her to do; but, man-like, he had to say so, and with the word Judy stopped and turned.

"No, I'll not," she said; "not a foot. It's yourself that'll go, Mike Brady. Away wi' ye, I tell ye. Don't waste one minute. Suppose the goat got at them, or the pig——"

Mike had almost found himself. He snorted.

"Ah, quit your foolery, Judy. Have wit. Didn't I latch the dure after me? Isn't the fire raked? What'd ail them this night more'n another? Are ye comin' home, I say?" asked Mike again. "I'll not go without ye. Not a wink o' sleep could I get after I heard ye let fall the latch an' missed ye from the bed. Are ye comin', I say?"

With her hook Judy pointed at the plot of wheat. "Naw; I'm not—not till that's finished."

Mike stood rubbing his chin and looking sideways at Judy. He could not understand her. What had come to her? he asked himself. What, in the king's name, had come to her?

"I know," he said at last. "I see." He looked at the wheat patch. "It'll take ye mebbe two hours yet?" Judy did not answer. "When it's done," Mike kept on, "you'll be level with Anne?"

"That's so."

"I see. Now I see." Mike smiled knowingly. "An' what better'll ye be then nor ye are now?" said Mike, cocking his wise head. Judy kept silent. "Ah, woman dear, come home wi' ye, an' quit your foolishness. What'll people say? What'll Anne do but laugh at ye?"

"Will she?" muttered Judy, with a smile. "Ah, will she, indeed!"

"Ay, will she. An' what better'll ye be in the end for all your slavery? Wait." Stepping aside, Mike ran an eye from head to foot over Judy's land. "Why, it's foolery," he said, coming back; "fair foolery. You'll not be two shillin's richer for it all. Two shillin's," cried Mike, and shot out an arm. "Why, it's shameful. Two shillin's! Two shillin's!"

Then said Judy: "Ah, whisht. Ye know nothin'. It's not the money; it's not that. Ah, whisht," said Judy, walking to her patch. "Ye know nothin'."

"An' you're not comin'?"

"I'm goin' to finish," and scrunch went Judy's hook through the wheat.

Mike turned away in wonderment and disgust. 'Twas pitiful, he thought, and looked at the moon. All for two shillings! Ah, the foolishness o' women, the contrariness o' them. And to think of himself, too, moiderin' there like a fool in the middle of the night, missing sleep and rest, and him hungry as a trooper. And all because o' women and their whims! Ach! Should he go home? No; sorrow a foot. What was the good, if he couldn't sleep? No; he'd wait for herself, thought Mike; then pulled out his pipe, sat down on a sheaf, and with eyes steady on the hedge before him began to smoke. Not a thought had he, or an eye, for the matchless beauty of the night; not a thought, except one of mingled wonder and disgust, for his wife toiling there behind him, not a thought of sympathy or admiration. She was a fool, he said; an unknowable fool. He would have stared at you (and Judy, too, be it said) had you hinted that sleep might come the sooner did he seek Anne's hook and reap a sheaf or two. Stolidly he sat there, blinking at the hedge; presently rose, yawned heavily, and stretched himself; then pulled some sheaves together, lay down upon them, and with his face to the stars went to sleep.

But Judy wrought on. The night had no terrors for her now, now that Mike had come. She felt brave and strong; the shadows, and the loneliness, and the strange light, troubled her no longer; twice as fast she could work, now that Mike had come. If only the children were safe, she felt gladder than the world to see his face. She hoped his sleep was sound. She hoped the damp might not find his bones. Listen! There were the cocks crowing above in Emo, crowing for twelve o'clock and morning. Morning? But what matter now, thought Judy, now that Mike had come? Another hour or so and she was done—was level with Anne. Ah, but that would be great. Think of Anne's look in the morning; think of the joy of seeing her face. Who'd boast then? Who'd have the laugh then? thought Judy, and smiling to herself went swiftly on.

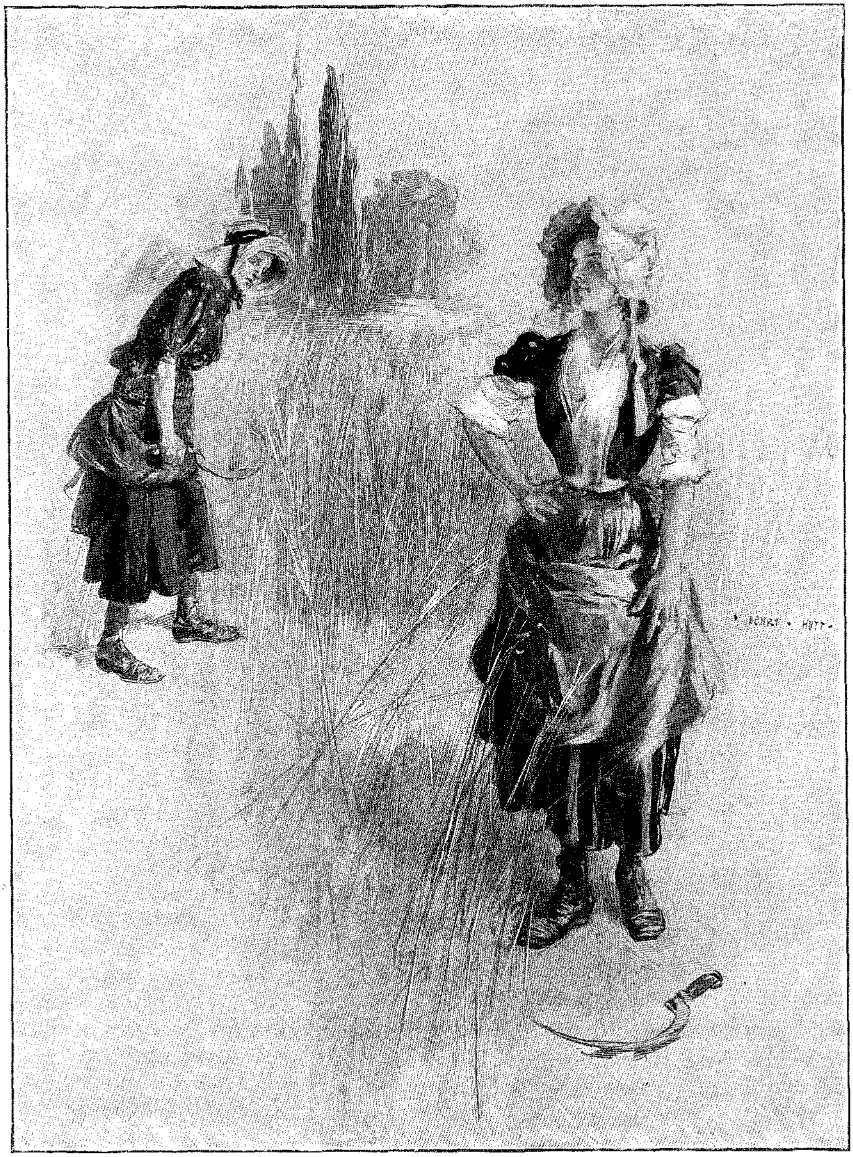
Finished at last. It was great, thought Judy, and standing back ran her eyes over the long row of stooks; it was prime. Now who'd boast? To see Anne's face in the morning, to hear her remarks! And not a word of explanation would Judy give; oh, not one. Quite calmly she would take her hook, bend back, and just as if nothing had happened, start fair on a new land. . . . Start fair? A new land? Ah, yes. But what about afterwards—the long day, the weary striving, the same toil and dread maybe through half the night—what about all that? thought Judy, and stood looking at the stooks with joyless eyes. 'Twould be bitter; she'd never be able to bear it; she'd— Eh? What?

Suppose, thought Judy—taken, as she said, with a sudden notion—suppose she worked on for another hour, just to get a start of Anne? Her triumph then would be the completer, her work for the day made easier.

She felt not a bit tired or hungry; a couple of hours' sleep was all she needed; the children were surely safe; Mike was sound and fast; there was nothing to hinder her, nothing. And to think of Anne's face! She saw it now, there before her, all big and red and angry. Yes, she'd do it; and the next minute Judy was reaping again as if for dear life on the next land.

More than an hour she wrought; then, sleep and weariness at length mastering her, flung down her hook, threw her shawl over her head, crossed and shook Mike awake.

"All right," he snapped. "Leave me alone, Judy. Dang it, I am awake." Mike sat upright, rubbed his eyes, blinked a while, looked at his boots, then at the stubble, then raised his eyes and saw Judy standing beside him, with the big moon shining over her head.



"STILL STOOPING, JUDY LOOKED ROUND AT HER, BUT SAID NOTHING."

"And is this where I am still?" said he, twisting round on his knees.

Stiffly and slowly he rose, rubbed his eyes again, and stretched wearily; then, with a growl and a shiver, thrust hands in pockets, and, by way of the turf-banks and the hills, set off homeward with Judy at his heels. And as they went, a miserable couple trudging below the stars over the moonlit fields, their own shuffling steps in the rushes and the grass made the only sound that broke the quiet of the night. "Aw, but it's cowld," shivered Mike. "Will we niver get home? Will we niver, niver get home?"

"Ah, to be sure we will," said Judy, at last; "to be sure we will. Man alive, aren't we at the dure?"

It was between three and four o'clock that morning of the new September day when Judy got to bed; by six o'clock she was up again and busy preparing breakfast; by seven had started Mike for work, had taken her Indian-meal porridge and tea and bread, and was hurrying once more for the wheat field. "If I can only be there before her," she panted. "I must be before her—I must."

Breathlessly she sped over the hill, across the bog, up the stubble; and there at top of the field, her back to a stook, and her eyes on the scattered sheaves, sat Anne Daly.

Judy stopped, hand on heart and her face haggard.

"Ah, I'm late," she gasped; "I didn't see her face— Still, what odds, anyway? Sure it's all the same." A moment she wavered, standing there among the stooks, lips tight and her eyes hard on the crown of Anne's sunbonnet; then set her face, stepped out bravely, and coming to the new land, found her hook and prepared for work. "Sure, it's all the same," she said, and with her back to Anne, stood rolling up her sleeves; "if I didn't see her, sure I can guess how she looked. Aw, it's a sore day for her, so it is, a sore day. Think of her sittin' there glowerin' at me! Ah, but it's great! What'll she say, I wonder; what'll she do? Ah, but it's great," said Judy, and spat on her hand, and twirled her hook, and stooped to cut the first band.

It was just then that Anne rose and spoke.

"Aisy," said she; "aisy wi' ye for one minute, Mrs. Brady, ma'am. Sure I'm mortial obliged for all you've done for me, but I'll not be troublin' ye to do any more."

Still stooping, Judy looked round at her, but said nothing.

"Aw, ye needn't be starin' at me," Anne went on, in that easy, matter-of-fact way she had—a way which seemed, that morning, the very voice of her strength and freshness; "sure it's not meself's to blame. If so be people are neighborly enough to come doin' me work for me, I'm not the one to grumble. Aw, no."

Judy straightened herself.

"I'm bad at riddles, Mrs. Daly," said she, and steadily met Anne's eyes.

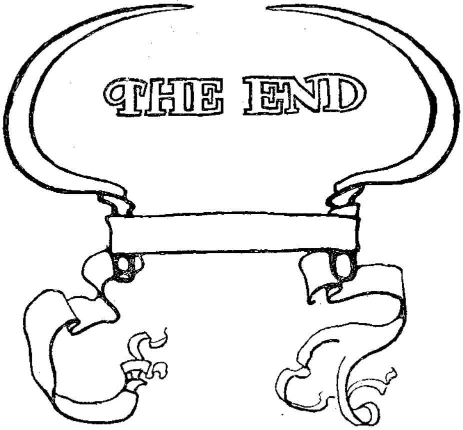
"Are ye, then?" came back. "Riddles, ye say? Troth, an' it's yourself's the riddle this mornin', Mrs. Brady, dear; for if ye can't see you're standin' on the third land an' grippin' a handful o' wheat that be right belongs to me, then you're a bigger fool than ye look."

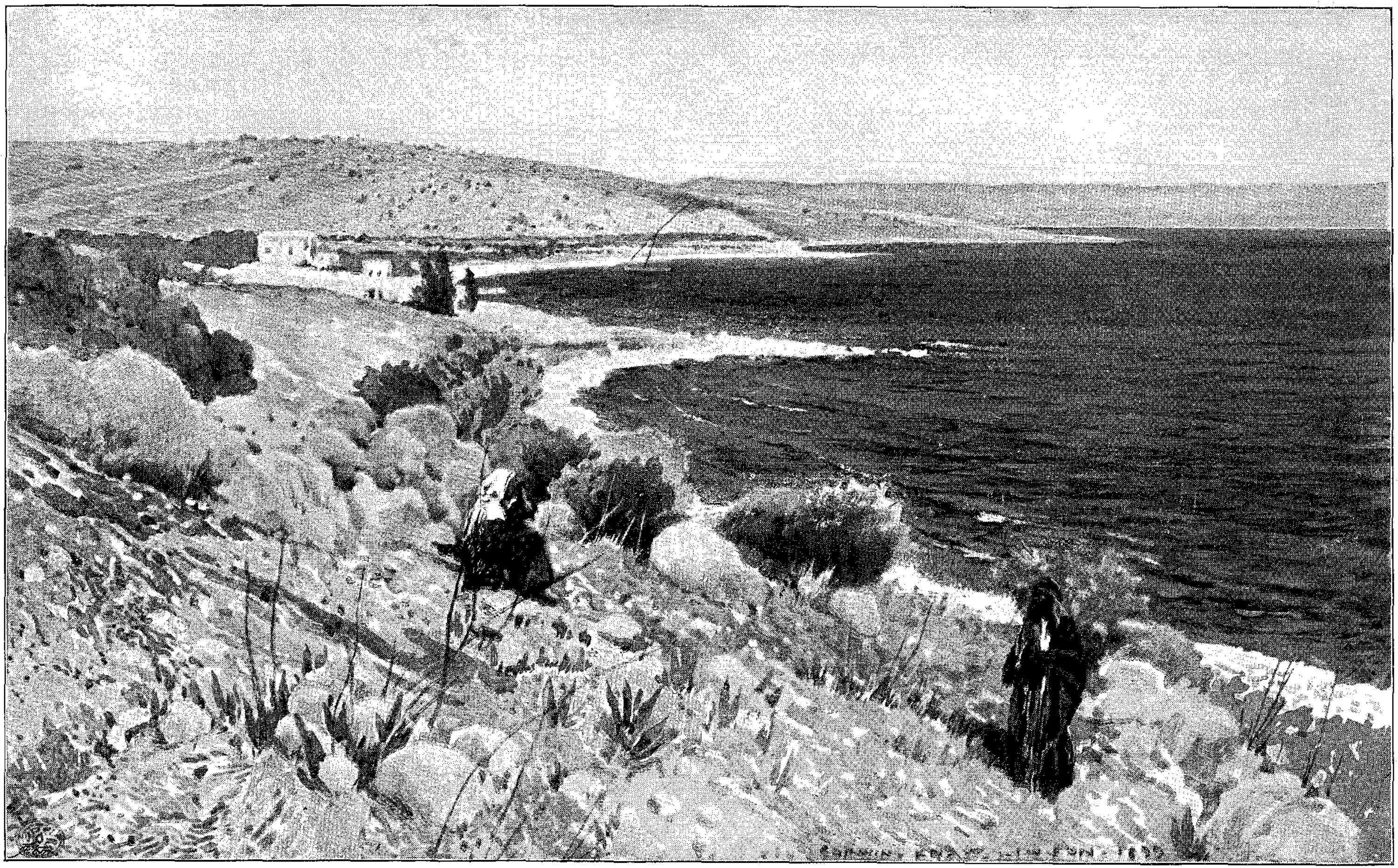
Haggard to the lips and scarcely breathing, Judy stood looking before her. The third land? Anne's land! This was what she had done? This was the result of all her striving? "Ah, but it's cruel!" thought Judy; then, the tears big in her eyes, and her face quivering piteously, turned and plodded through the sheaves—Anne's sheaves reaped by herself that morning—to the top of the fourth land.

But Anne followed and caught her arm.

"Judy," said she. "I say, Judy. Listen to me, woman. Och, quit your foolery. Come back, I say. Sure I wouldn't be takin' your work from ye for the world. Come back, I say. An' listen to me. I'm sorry for what happened yisterday. Sure I meant nothin' at all. Come back wi' ye, Judy; come back."

And Judy went.





SITE OF BETHSAIDA, ON THE LAKE OF GALILEE.